

Ryan **Flying Reporter**




PUBLISHED BY AND FOR EMPLOYEES



RYAN AERONAUTICAL COMPANY

Vol. 2 No. 1

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RYAN FLYING REPORTER

Published by Employees of the
RYAN AERONAUTICAL COMPANY
through their Welfare Department

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"Al"
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T. J. Johnson

Departmental and Organizations:

Dope Shop	A. Dope
Ryanettes	Flora Rosado
Camera Club News	Bill Keller
Lofting Dept.	R. L. Hayward
Heat Treat	The Furnace
Welding Notes	?????
The Ghost Talks	Whooooo
Manifold Department	Russ Nordlund
Modeling	Paul Dawson
Ramblings from Third	"Al"
Maintenance Dept.	Pat Kelly

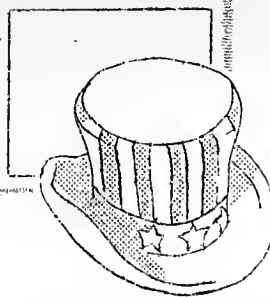
THANKS FOLKS

Our special thanks go this time to J. C. Stuart for his clever poem, "Night and Day", and to Wally Mallot for his appropriate art contributions; also to T. J. Johnson for an excellent article giving us some dope on the Ryan "Sailors". And welcome to the newcomers in our contributor's list---Flora Rosado, R. L. Hayward, and "Al". New faces are always welcome so-----don't hide your light under a barrel.

HAD YOU HEARD ?

That latest visitors to the plant included Frank Tichenor, publisher of Aero Digest, Sportsman Pilot and Revista Aerea; and Max Karant, editor of Flying and Popular Aviation.

That a PT-20A was on display in the Plaza downtown for several days during Flying Cadet Week, May 18th to 24th and that thousands of San Diegans took advantage of the opportunity to stop and look at it.



night
AND
day

Making Army Trainers
for the U.S.A.

Now the boys at Ryans are a motley crew,
Some smoke, some drink, some even chew.
The Humphrey boys you all know well;
If they ever work -- it's hard to tell..

There's Harvey, yes; he's a mighty fine
lad,

They say he looks just like his Dad.
There's Walt and Kell and so many more
But all they do is pace the floor.

Oh yes, and Sachs and a few more too,
Who play around on this old night crew.
The best by far of this motley crew,
Is Mr. Harper, "Mr. Boss" to you.

Oh yes, there's Tom, who is growing old,
And works like --- so he won't get cold.
Chuck's the guy, you can hear him say;
"I don't think I'll go to work today."

But every job --- they do just right,
Because these boys all work at night.
Now everyone here knows Dan Burnett,
Whose watchful eye they won't forget.

And now a smudge on the day crew's nose;
They run like --- when the whistle
blows,

And leave behind the mistakes they've
made,

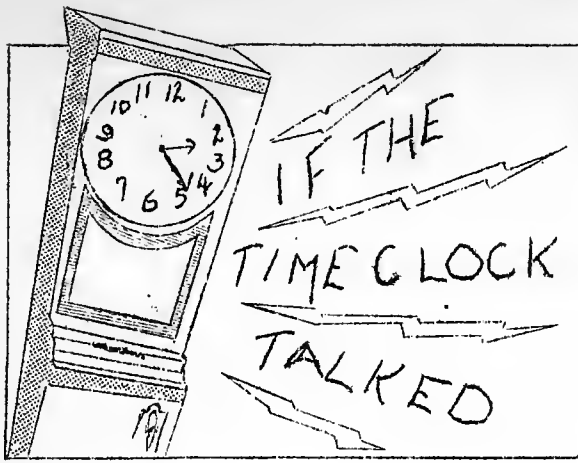
On the night crew's shoulders the blame
is laid.

Now if this poem they should read,
They'll know the reason they have turn-
ed to seed.

They're farmers one, they're farmers
all,
Farmers they'll be 'till judgment's
call.

But all together we strive with might,
Whether we work by day or night,
Faster and faster, day by day,
Making Army Trainers for the U. S. A.

J. C. Stuart



LIFE LINES FOR HIGH PLACES

Joe won't punch me or any other time clock anymore!

He didn't work in this department. He was a maintenance man and a good one, I've heard the boys say.

Yesterday he was up 80 feet on the trestle at the power house, tightening up some fish plate bolts.

They found his body on the ground about half an hour after he went up to do the job.

Maybe his wrench slipped! I wonder if his wrench fitted tightly and if he was using it properly with the jaws aimed in the direction of the pull.

Well, a lot of things might happen to a guy working on anything above ground level.

If Joe had only looped a piece of line through his belt and lashed the other end to a tie before he started to work, he'd probably be O.K. and on the job.

Everyone around here is pretty blue today!

*drive carefully
you might
meet a fool*

CAMERA CLUB NEWS

by Bill Keller

The Ryan Camera Club held its 5th meeting Wednesday, June 4th, at the home of A. M. LARKIN.

The attendance represented a number of departments, among them; Engineering, Inspection, Experimental, Maintenance and Lofting.

The program got under way about 8:00 P.M. with a review of stills contributed by members and a demonstration of the process of making an enlargement. After that there was a showing of projected color stills followed by a short period of movies. Film, both in color and in black and white, was shown with a very interesting two-reel trip through an apple dehydrating plant.

The evening's program was interrupted at the finish of the apple picture to allow for the consumption of sinkers and coffee.

It is our opinion that that part of the program is definitely in from now on. Place and date of our next meeting will be announced later. The club cordially invites anyone who is interested to join in our fun.

RYANETTES

by Flora Rosado

Congratulations and best wishes to MRS. CHARLES FREDERICK SPRINGSTEAD, formerly EVA LEPORE of the Accounting Department. She has asked me to thank the Ryanettes for the lovely bouquet of flowers sent to her the day of her wedding.

In spring a young man's fancy usually turns to love, but up in production its ———well anyway, those new shades of pink, blue and biege are really swanky. Fellows, you're just plain irresistible.

Boy, does LARRY MARTIN's heart beat fast when he sees MARGARET EVILSIZOR! Cute isn't she, Larry?

I noticed Material Control has two new girls, Welcome, (Miss) SHERIDAN HARVEY and (Miss) MARGARET EVILSIZOR. You've got some stiff competition now, PAT! But at least they don't have red hair.

By the way, Ryanettes, what happened to our Spring Dance? Kind of went by the wayside didn't it? Well, it's a little late now so how about talking up a sum-
(continued on next page)

More Ryanettes

mer formal instead. If you like the idea how about bringing it up at the next meeting? We should have it sometime before winter comes.

I always wondered why the fellows in Production didn't mind working overtime but when the Planning Department reeked of perfume (Paris best) at ten o'clock



Monday night—that must be the answer. Whose boy friend brings her to work every morning, shares his lunch with her in the car, even phones her as soon as she gets back to work at 12:00 o'clock, takes her home at four and then calls for her every evening? You don't need to guess because it's ALICE BACHMAN's beau, WARREN MARCOUX. Love is really grand, isn't it, Alice and Warren? But more power to you kids. That's what makes the world go round.

About a week ago the girls from Ryan Consolidated and Solar received invitations to the Aircraft Dance at Camp Callan. Many who were free went and even those who were "going steady" almost left their "Sweeties" to dance with the Selectees. Boys, better watch out for your girls! You know it's all for the National Defense!



A DOPE FROM THE

DOPE SHOP SAYS

All the eligibles already have or soon will get their long awaited questionnaires.

To keep the boys happy for the present, please, please don't sing, hum or whistle any military airs around the plant. I, myself, on hearing said songs get lower than a snake's solar plexis. But enough of this dribble.

The new paint shop will soon be finished—we hope. Ah, just imagine being able to work without getting your tonsils lacquered or getting dope in your eyes. Well, I can dream, can't I?

The paint shop crew is enlarging with leaps and bounds. Greetings, you new arrivals! Yes, we're a queer bunch. But ere very long you too will be one of the
(continued on next page)

LOFTING DEPARTMENT

by R. L. Hayward

The Lofting Department, better known to old timers (of three months or more) as the Layout Department, is finally making a bid for a little space in our Flying Reporter.

Yeah, I'll bet a lot of you guys don't even know where the loft is. I'll have to admit it is on the ground floor, but it is in the section of the plant just to the left of the main gate as you enter. We have a long narrow room that is two stories high, so high we call it "the loft", see?

Now to be more honest. Since we acquired such a nice new soundproof room for our department and put a taboo on all noise, the front office regards us with a little more respect (we hope) and gave us the fancy title of Lofting Department. By the way, don't any of you guys forget that taboo on noise I mentioned.

A while back, a certain foreman of Sheet Metal used to barge in and shout for whomever he wanted to see, so we proceeded to shout back at him till he finally produced better manners.

A few days ago a couple of fellows from the offices upstairs adjoining our department asked me what all the yelling was about every so often, and I had to tell him it was our little cowboy, "PAN-CHO" TEX RECCARD just yawning. He makes a yawn sound like a yodel when he gets sleepy right after lunch time every day. By the way, by the time this is published our little friend Tex may not be with us any more. He is planning on accepting a Civil Service job in aircraft work. By the way, Tex, have you found a cure for sea sickness yet so your next fishing trip won't turn out like the last one you took. I hope he gets this issue so he appreciates the send-off I'm giving him.

One of our newer members is turning out to be a knight of old. He left his home town and his lady love six months ago to seek his fortune. Now he is making airplanes for Ryan and has sent for his lady fair. They plan to tie the matrimonial knot upon her arrival on or about June 15th. Well, lots of happiness and so forth from the loft, CARL SULLIVAN.

Ryan's lost a good man when MUIR of the 1st left its employ. However, the greater loss was suffered by the 3rd by the transfer of SCATES to the 1st to take his place. We wish to welcome to the 3rd CHADWICK and "JERRY" CONNALLY. Jerry was kinda whipped after the 10-hour-a-day week and transferred to the 3rd in order to recuperate.

We of the third wonder why a certain fellow is not on the air as "Baron Munchausen", after the story of planting radishes on Thursday and on the following Sunday night coming to work tired out from hoeing same, because of their rapid growth. By the way, those of you who haven't heard it should get "SPIKE" to tell you the story, "Now let's suppose there were three pennies", believe you me, it's good. Not a soul has cracked a smile for him yet. But, keep trying Spike—someday you may find a sucker.

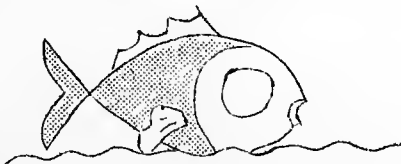
Note for the Ladies of the Office: God's gift to the women, (don't ask me why he's called that), "TED O'NEIL", is back in circulation after breaking his engagement. We think the real reason for the broken engagement is not so much a broken heart as that of the fact he found out that the good old U. S. Army made no deferments for those married after the conscription act went into effect.

We wonder what welder found out to his sorrow, or should we say woe to the pocket book, that "Stromberry Blondes" are expensive.

We wonder if BILL BILLS has ever heard that Keeping the Home Fires Burning can be very exhausting? If you want, Bill, we will ask for a leave of absence for you.

What man of the 3rd whose wife practically signs his pay check, recently was curbed still further when his wife took the new car away from him and gave him an old jallopy to drive?

We wonder what JIM "BOTTLENECK" SHARBER stands to gain by taking his fellow workers fishing—getting them sunburnt so that they are practically out of commission.



Why does JONES (not Al Jones) wear an Ice Cream shirt to work? Does he do it to make the rest of us feel bad?

Dudley, The able operator of number eleven hammer on the second shift was off a couple of days with a few red spots on his back. What would he do if he had freckles?

There seems to be no limit to the number of calls poor old pa stork has to make around our plant and among the expectant floor pacers LYNN HARRINGTON's name has been added. "LITTLE JOE" SKAINS name is up there too.

We always see Schell, the furnace operator, rushing out of the plant on Saturday nights, and most of us don't fully realize the significance of it. The only answer offered for such action on Saturday nights only is that he is hurrying to get up to Rincon so his plow won't get lonesome.

* * *

More Dope by A. Dope

bunch. You are now, of course, in a sense. But when you can go up to one of the boys, hit him over the head with a stool, revive him, and borrow a Five without his being peeved, then you will be one of the bunch—see, Stu?

A few ways to get acquainted are: Go to the nearest library, study upon the various topics discussed at lunch. Then get in an argument. Be sure to have pictures to prove your point. Some of the boys are hard to convince!

Another way: Toss your apple cores, milk cartons, and pop bottles at RASEY. Don't mind if he gets mad—he's even scared of BILL B. Gad, who wouldn't be! (If you feel a draft after Bill reads this, said draft will be me getting out of his way.)

JOHNNY R. wasn't satisfied with a three-day holiday, he had to have four days. Or maybe it was the brand of soda pop he used over the holidays (for a chaser). Says Johnny, "A cool brook, a shady nock, and thou!" Who is this "thou", Johnny? Tsk, Tsk.

After six months in San Diego, I finally got a date, but my style is cramped on a bus.

Talking about style, if you single fellers want a few pointers on the genteel art of wooing, see PRETTY BOY SMITH—badge 6004—he's a killer (to hear him tell it).

CARL PALMER has recently become the proud owner of a future milk wagon, I tink. Congratulations, Carl.

MEET JIM NOAKES *money mogul*

BY J. R. CONYERS

Well, children of the every-third-week friendship society, here is the all revealing on another one of our cohorts. We've snapped a different kind of a picture this time.

James C. Noakes would rather figure how much airplanes cost than make them. Imagine it. His job is to see that all of the money is kept track of.does sound pretty good at that.

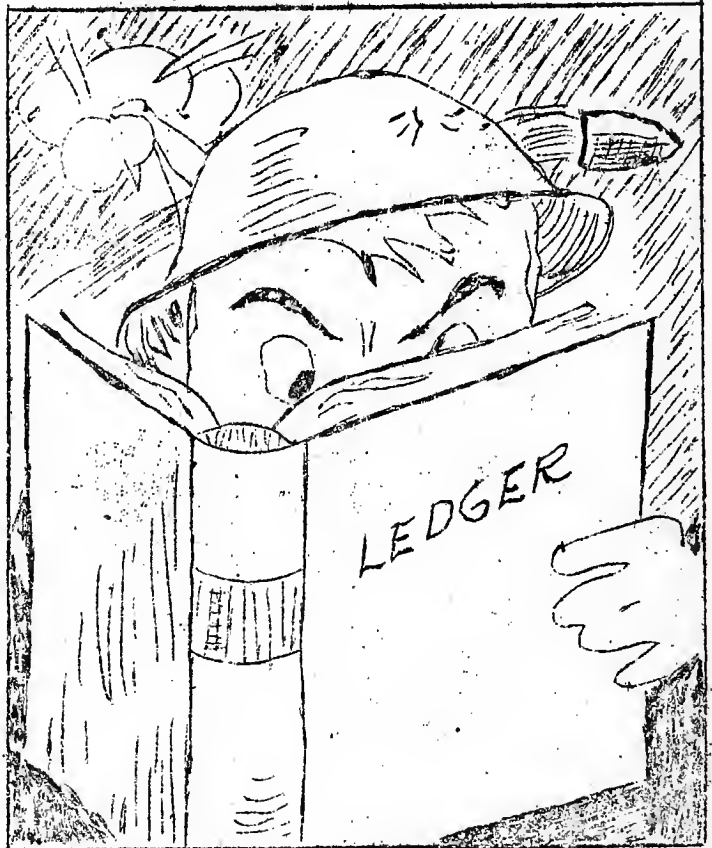
James C. was born in Syracuse, New York, in 1902 and lived there until.... whoops, we're going too fast. He was in high school there when that old fashioned world war broke out. Although just sixteen at the time, he joined the Marine Corps and served with the 5th regiment in France, finally attaining the rank of private, first class.

Here's one for the quiz kids. When Jim came home from the wars he finished high school and, while doing it, played on the football team. In this peaceful activity he knocked a shoulder out of joint. It still busts loose at the drop of a handshake.

In 1920, he started learning about money matters (business administration course) at Syracuse University. However, he had to pay his way and did it working as a machinist and production clerk in a factory. It develops that knowing a little about that sort of thing comes in to good advantage on his present job, Controller at Ryan. He says he can run any machine in the plant. How about it, boys?

In 1924, he went to work as a night auditor (clerk on the grave yard shift) for the Onondaga Hotel, later traveling for that concern as a full fledged auditor. Since his fondest hope was to be a Certified Public Accountant, he next got a job with the world's largest Public Accountant firm, the Price, Waterhouse Co., of New York City.

While here, he signed on for a La Salle Extension Course in accounting. Also he started to take a special coaching course for the C.P.A. exams—just started to. The course cost \$125 and didn't guarantee success, so money-wise Jim Noakes buys himself a flock of books



for \$15 and gives himself a coaching course. It worked, too. He passed the exams and became a C.P.A. in 1934.

Is there a moral in the fact that all of our big shots are married? There may be something in this, boys and girls; better look into it, if you aren't already under the influence. Anyway, Jim married a New York girl in 1936. Incidentally, he showed us...just accidentally, of course....a picture of her in the local newspaper. It was an announcement that a former prominent pianist of New York, Mrs. James C. Noakes, would give a recital in Coronado.

From 1936 until 1939, Jim was Controller for the Canada Dry Ginger Ale Co. Then he took the first vacation in five years and ended up in California.

Yep, it got him too. So next he's working for the C.P.A. firm of Arthur Young in Los Angeles. About now, when the future of the airplane industry starts standing out like a guard's badge, brother Noakes says, "That's the place

(continued on next page)

Here it is time to go to press and someone was really caught unprepared. Where time has gone I sure would like to know.

Things have been more or less quiet the last two weeks ever since LOU UPMEYER left our midst. It seems to be a set tradition from now on, that those who leave our department for the last time, will be thoroughly cleansed from all manifold connections in our ever-ready horse trough at quitting time. (As to what prompted this action, I haven't the slightest idea.)

I wish each and every one of you had been able to witness the facial expressions and wet dog droop when it became necessary for Lou Upmeyer to check out after his cold ducking. Those contemplating similar actions in the future, had best be forewarned and wear something old.

A little diversion follows to give time for thought---

It seems there was an English war refugee talking to a small boy in New York—"My uncle in England was tapped on the shoulder by a sword, and became a Knight." "That's nothing", said the little boy, "My uncle was tapped on the head by a policeman and he became an Angel."

One defense worker asked the other, "Are you working for National Defense?" "Nope! Just Plane Defense."

Now to go on, it is with deep regret that we all have to say goodbye to a swell fellow—DEL MEUIR—who is leaving us this week for a little different field of work. Good luck Del in your new duties; may you prosper and be as happy as we were to work with you.

That same old story started going around our department last week, when WAKEMAN showed up for work wearing a pair of dark glasses. There are those who may believe you were hit with such accuracy by a swinging door, and another thing, I didn't think they had swinging doors in dance halls that were in operation during sessions. But I guess, everyone can be sometimes wrong.

I presume each one of us has had at one time or another, the pleasure of visualizing a comical side of one's makeup, usually brought to your attention by others. Now as the opportunity presents itself, I shall take the liberty to show you all a regular fellow at play. From what has been seen up to now,



THE FINAL SCENE
FROM THE "UPMEYER"
OPERA PLAYED TO
CAPACITY AUDIENCE
IN THE "RYAN
THEATER" A FEW
DAYS AGO.
ACCOMPANYING
PICTURE SHOWS
MR UPMEYER
MAKING A CLEAN
BREAKOFF AS
HE SEVERED
CONNECTIONS
WITH RYAN
"HORSE PLAYERS"

he has developed his boys into a real power-house ready for all comers.

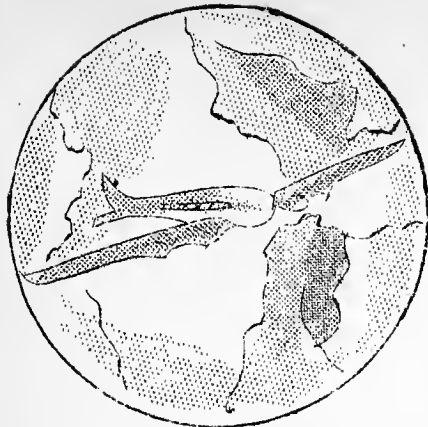
Let's all try to turn out for these games whenever it is possible, and give our Ryan teams a large noisy attendance for that is what really makes any ball game, and at the same time, boosting the desire for further victories.

In closing I would like to comment on how well C. E. SCATES is resuming his leadman duties among a number of strange faces after changing from third to first shift. From several opinions, I guess it is really a task of changing one's system away from those heavenly graveyard hours.

More about Jim Noakes

for me," and sells Claude Ryan the idea that what he needs is one of the Noakes boys for a Controller.

This is one time that we didn't ask for an opinion on the future of aviation. We didn't have to. If aviation hasn't a super colossal future, then Jim Noakes has sure wasted a lot of enthusiastic prophesying about it. Gosh only knows how many good substantial figures he rips out to prove it....and figures are Jim's business.



BEHIND THE SCENES

Editor's Note: — The following article on Ryan Universal Exhaust Manifolds which was written by Ralph Haver, Manifold Engineer, can also be found in the June issue of Aero Digest.

RYAN UNIVERSAL EXHAUST MANIFOLDS

Incorporating patented "Ball and Socket" Joints

The development during recent years of high horsepower aircraft engines and dynamic suspension mounts has brought about a great need for suitable exhaust manifold systems which will perform their intended purpose with long life and low maintenance requirements. A satisfactory manifold for present day high horsepower engines must adequately provide for the handling of the inherent movement, vibration, expansion and contraction.

The Ryan Aeronautical Company for many years has been vitally interested in the problem of suitable exhaust manifolds and after much research and experience has developed a collector ring which not only has long life and low maintenance features, but also adds life to the power plant itself in that the manifold is not supported on the engine as with other exhaust collector rings.

The type of collector which Ryan has developed and proven to be satisfactory in service is known as the Universal Joint Exhaust Manifold, and is commonly referred to as the Ryan "Ball and Socket" Collector. It is now used extensively in many models of America's most advanced-type military and commercial planes and has been manufactured in ever-increasing volume during the past three years.

Essentially, this type collector is supported by the engine mount or cowl well by means of a series of links, and is connected to the engine exhaust ports through the use of universal joints. This arrangement eliminates hanging the collector on the engine exhaust ports and permits the power plant to vibrate and deflect free of the collector ring body as the universal joints absorb the movement between the manifold and the engine. This type of installation adequately handles the excessive movement found in engines using dynamic suspension type mounts.

The principle of the Ryan built "Ball and Socket" Universal Joint is quite simple. It is essentially a tube with a cupped end enclosing a cast iron spherical sleeve, or ball. This cast iron ball has a conventional type piston ring in-

stalled around its circumference, thus assuring a tight joint between the ball and socket. The port tube or exhaust nipple in turn fits inside the cast iron ball.

By mounting the collector ring on structures other than the engine, the engine itself is free to operate in the manner intended without destroying the balance built into it by the manufacturer. On high horsepower engines it has been found that this balance is easily destroyed, and the life of the engine materially reduced when weight is hung upon it, as is necessary with the ordinary slip joint collector ring.

However, with the "Ball and Socket" exhaust manifold, the engine need only support approximately 15 pounds of the collector ring weight and this is distributed over the full 9, 14 or 18 cylinders as the case may be. The remainder of the weight is supported by the engine mount or cowl well.

This compares very favorably with the "slip joint" style collector arrangement in which the engine mount must support the entire weight of the manifold. Particular care has been taken to make the ball and socket manifold as light as possible without sacrificing strength or requiring "off gauge" materials. The cast iron balls incorporate lightening cut-outs; the stop collars have lightening holes; and, the collector ring body joints are light and rigid. The result of this weight saving, and the fact that the Ryan Universal collector does not require a collar to connect each port section, is that the weight of the ball and socket manifold is on a par with



DIE GRINDER

that of the slip joint collector for the same type of engine. For exhaust turbo-supercharger installations the ball and socket collector is lighter than the slip joint collector as the Ryan manifold can be made of lighter gauge material without sacrificing strength and safety.

The Ryan Universal Manifold is made in a complete ring of three or four sections which are bolted together for rigidity, thereby eliminating slip or

expansion joints which are a source of leakage and considerable wear. The "Body" of the collector is suspended by six or seven small links which are attached to the engine mount ring or cowl well. As the collector is made in a complete ring these links allow for circumferential expansion caused by high temperature operation.

The installation problem has also been simplified by use of the "Ball and Socket" collector since the manifold body can be installed before the engine is swung into place. After installation of the power plant, the port tubes are bolted into place and the collector ring adjusted and secured. This permits the installation of cowlings, tail pipes, exhaust turbo-superchargers, and other items prior to actual engine installation, which is exceedingly helpful in assembling aircraft on a production basis, and results in a very considerable saving of time.

The universal joint exhaust system itself is also simple to install as expansion joints, slip joints, and complicated "vibration joints" between collector and tail pipe are eliminated. Since the Ryan collector ring is mounted rigidly to the nacelle structure, there is no movement or vibration to be allowed for in connecting the collector to a tail pipe or supercharger.

This is very advantageous especially on exhaust turbo installations as vibration, which would be detrimental to the exhaust turbine's life and operation is not transmitted to it. The expansion of the exhaust collector and the exhaust turbine is taken care of through the use of a large "ball and socket" joint placed between the two units.

Recent development and use of exhaust turbo installations requires that a relatively high differential pressure be maintained between the manifold and the atmosphere, hence leakage becomes an important problem in this type of installation. The "Ball and Socket" is ideal to cope with this situation since each of the universal joints in the exhaust port connections is sealed with a piston ring, and the cast iron balls are machined to give the greatest possible accuracy and reduce to a minimum the clearance between the "Ball" and the "Socket". Also, these joints are of small diameter thus presenting a low area for leakage.

(To be concluded in the next issue.)

THE GHOST TALKS



Howdy Night Owls! Did someone say 3:30?

- o -

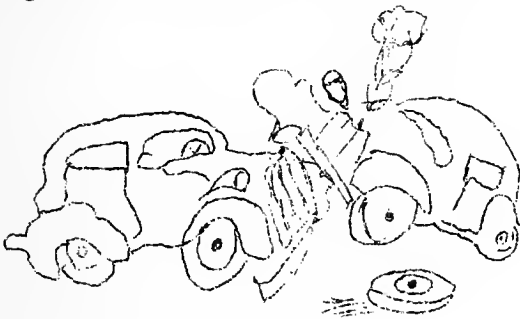
The second shift can now sing "Sunrise Serenade" on the way home and actually see it happen.

- o -

Say, fellows, how would you like to have a swap column in our paper. If you will take your swap problems to HARRIS, Bumping Department, 2nd shift, he will give you all the cooperation possible.

- o -

I hear "FRENCHIE", our "push her upper" on the 2nd got pushed up last ewe. A dark skinned gent very well "lit" didn't see "Frenchie" in that new Plymouth and really hit him. Of course if it hadn't been 3:40 in the morning when all respectable people are asleep, "Frenchie" might have saved this accident.



WELDING NOTES - To Paul Veal from ?????

A car without a tail light
And turning to the right
Is no reason to hit it
When going home at night.

The answer.—

If you park in a stranger's driveway
And go off to sip a few—
Returning you find a fender bent
Is there anything you can do?

PUN

Says one bumper to t'other bumper:

"Down Texas way we grow "Pumpkin Huids" so big they use the rinds for baby cribs."

Says t'other bumper:

"That's nothing--here at Ryans two Guards fell asleep on one small "beet".

- o -

TRADE

1 - 1938 Dodge carbureter A-1 for what have you? See Harris.

- o -

Our Super "DAPPER" DAN" BURNETT was remarking to "SLIM" COATES about the commercial appliances of today. "Well", says Slim, "commercial appliances are not new. Wasn't the 'loose leaf' system used in the Garden of Eden?"

- o -

SALE-OR-TRADE

1 - 32 Caliber Automatic -- \$10.00 or what have you? See Harris.

- o -

QUITE RARE

G. "SCUTTLEBUT" HARRIS has acquired a new addition to his family in the form of a wee scotty pup. Can't you imagine him up in the middle of the night rocking his pup and crooning "I can't give you anything but love, baby".

- o -

SALE

1 - 1931 Ford Cabrolet, runs good. See Bob Fullerton, Metal Finish, 2nd Shift.

- o -

"BILL" WIMMER has a very good idea that could be used by all the "sons of the beaches" at Ryans. It is a thermostatically "wow" controlled clock so that when they go to sleep on the beach, an alarm will go off every 30 minutes so they can turn over. P.S. Might be a good idea for the plant too..

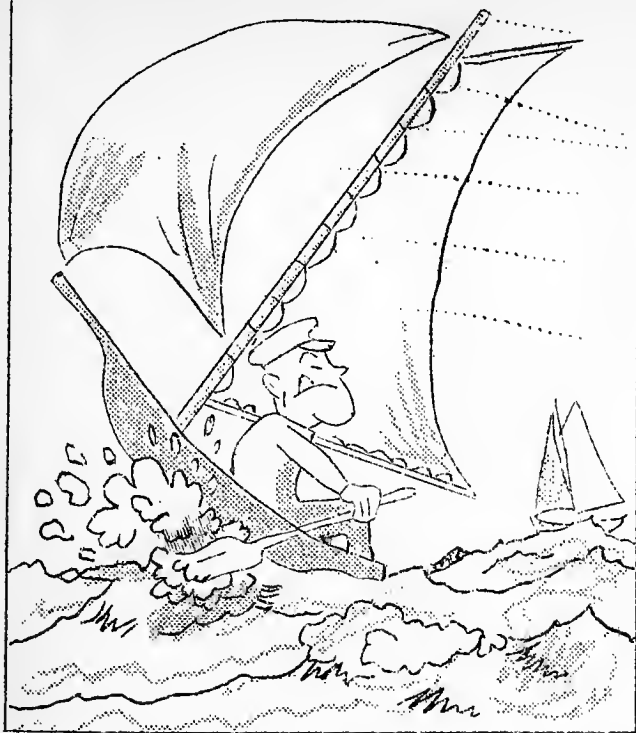
- o -

So says the stack -

You can cave me in
You can push me out
You can pound me around
In and about
But the man who treats me
With the greatest respect
Is the bumper who knows
What hard bumps you can get.

By your bumper,

The Ghost



RYAN BOAT NEWS

by T. J. Johnson

With all this talk going around about baseball, bowling, etc., I think it fitting and proper that a word be said in behalf of the Ryan boat owners and boat builders. I must warn you first that we are strictly of the monkey wrench sailor type, there being only one sail boat in the crowd.

So first off comes CLAUDE RYAN with his beautiful 38' cabin cruiser called the 'KISMET', a trim craft if you ever saw one. Then comes DON WILCOX of the Inspection Department with his 30' 'PATRICIA'. Don has owned this boat for several years and has made several successful trips out into the blue Pacific after the elusive Marlin and Swordfish. The writer of this yarn has a 26' cabin cruiser called the 'DORWIN'. The writer has also made several trips out into the blue Pacific after any kind of fish that would bite his hook. But he admits they always just got away as he brought them along side. (That's my story, anyway.)

WILLARD SANSFIELD comes next with his 24' 'SEA NYMPH',—also a Marlin fisherman of some note, having 'bagged' several last year. Then, of course, there is the great JOHNNY CASTIEN with his 21' boat called the 'LEXINGTON' because the birds are always landing on it. And let me say here and now, Johnny can tell and is telling the best fish stories of any one in San Diego. So if you see him with his arms outstretched talking to some land lubber, stand clear because just as sure as anything, Johnny is talking about the one that got away. Then there is BOB BLAKENEY of the "You can have it tomorrow Template Department" who with Don Wilcox again jointly owns a 20' sail boat that has to be towed in every Sunday, not because of the boat but they just can't control the wind, that's all.

Then comes CARL PALMER of the Spray and Dope Department who built a 17-1/2' cabin cruiser that he thinks so much of that he keeps it in his spare bedroom under lock and key. It's the only metal hull for miles around; the name is 'HOPE-SO'. MAC CATTRELL of the Engineering Department also has a 17-1/2' cabin job called 'JOTA'. Every three months or so Mac winds her up and takes a spin around the bay. (Right now the grapevine has it that Mac is applying for a job in the Drop Hammer Department so he can have more time with his boat.) I really don't blame him. Last, but not least, comes WALTER DEAN of the Inspection Department with his 16' speed boat which will do some 45 miles per hour. So any streak of white and red you might see going across the bay just might be Dean warming her up. Then of course, there is BUCK KELLY of the Sub Assemblys and Rejection Department who has been building a Hydroplane for the past three years. But he tells me he is going to stay with it until he sees it in the water or die in the attempt. We're all with you, Buck.

My apologies to any boat owners or builders I have missed, for I am sure there must be more; if so, I will try to write it up another time.

DID YOU NOTICE

The new RYAN FLYING REPORTER cover? Now that we have an "official" cover we can relax and feel like an old established publication. The opportunity for a picture insert will give us a chance to use current pictures of production, general activities, prominent visitors and the like whenever they are available.

EULOGY

BY AL

Beware the deadly sitting habit,
Or, if you sit, be like the rabbit,
Who keepeth ever on the jump,
With springs concealed beneath his rump.

A little ginger 'neath the tail,
Will oft for lack of brains avail,
Eschew the dull and slothful seat,
And move about with willing feet.

Man was not made to set a trance
And press, and press, and press his pants,
But, rather, with an open mind,
To circulate among his kind.

And so, my son, avoid the snare,
Which lurks within the cushioned chair.
To run like HELL, it has been found,
Both feet must be upon the ground.

We must have men who get astir,
Whose normal seat is on a burr,
We need the men who get amove,
Not those whose lives run in a groove.

The man who always does his whack,
Behaves as tho' there was a tack
Upon his chair, and in the raw,
Reminding him there's wood to saw.

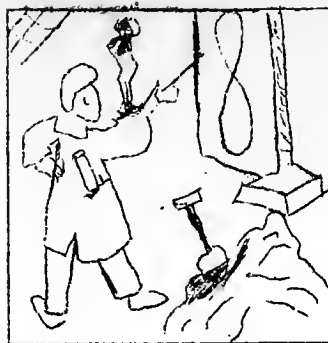
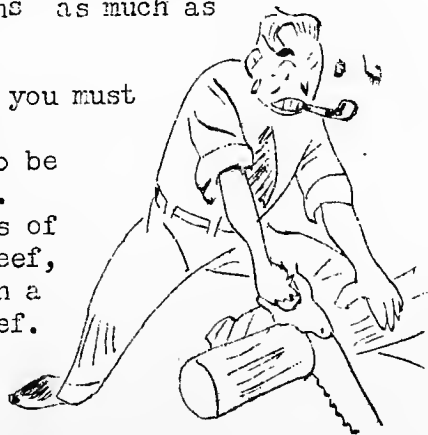
The man who's always worth his feed,
Shuts off the gas and does the deed.
If he has more than one straight gut,
He'll hustle when there's wood to cut.

The man who mid-nite oil does burn,
Must rest, of course, upon his stern.
He'll pad his head with heaps of facts,
But can't get down to real brass tacks.

The frenchies call 'em "Ronda de Guir",
Because to them a chair's most dear,
They sit and sit and gas and gas,
And soon receive a calloused a...

They also call 'em "Cul de plom",
Because the part of them that's round
Is just the same as if it's dead,
Because it weighs as much as
lead.

And so, my son, you must
saw wood,
If you expect to be
much good.
If life consists of
chewing beef,
You'll end up on a
barren reef.



MODEL- ING

by Paul Dawson

Well! Well! Good Morning — Glory!
Here we are home from a wonderful three-
day vacation with burnt backs and brain-
less beans wondering if it will ever
happen again.

HY-BISCUS CHAPMAN can't quite figure
it all out. He came out of work last
Monday night and swore someone had
stolen his car, then suddenly seeing it
right before him, remembered he'd paint-
ed it—ah, sweet mystery of life.

Jack Benny has nothing on ASHLEY
(Frontiersman) BISHOP. He ventured up
to L.A. in his new 1900 model Buick. The
car (?) got tempermental with all the
excitement and A.B. had to promise to
fix the roof that was damaged during the
San Francisco fire before it would come
home.

CARL "DAGWOOD" CLINE brought a new
car and shut himself in the garage for
three days—just to look at it. His
wife drives (?) too.

PAUL FREAM thought he ought to have
something to remember this unexpected
holiday by, so he asked his wife if he
could go out. He'll remember it!

Our Maestro JOHN CASTIEN surprised us
last week with some delicious smoked
barracuda, which we all enjoyed immensely,
and was looking forward to another week
end of enjoyable fishing but Johnny
bought a new pole and decided to break
it in without fish this time.

Some of the boys lazily soaked up the
unshine at home while JOHN "INFORMATION
PLEASE" BARBER reveled in Hollywood. He
told about the beautiful sights and in-
teresting lectures he attended while
there. Just call him Quiz—Kids.

All in all, everyone had a swell time
and we're all looking forward to another.

FOOD FOR THOUGHT

The reason a lot of people do not recog-
nize an opportunity when the meet it is
that it usually goes around wearing
overalls and looking like hard work.

BULLETIN NO. 6 - This is the sixth of a series of bulletins which are appearing regularly in the RYAN FLYING REPORTER describing for the American working man facts he wants to know about the American business system; telling how businesses are built; explaining how they are operated and defining the position that business occupies in American life.

ARE BUSINESSMEN SMART?

If you were asked to describe the men you know best, you'd probably begin to think about your neighbors. You might say, for example, that the man who lives next door to you is smart; another fellow down the street is not so smart. You say the chap across the way is lazy and shiftless, and the one next to him full of pep and quite likely to go far in the world.

You might think of some fellow who is mean to his wife and children, and then you'd remember some man who seems to be forever helping other people, or getting other people to help somebody.

Maybe your mind would turn to your

family doctor, or the laundry man, or to the clerk who sold you your last suit of clothes. Describing the average man would be a hard job, because it takes all sorts of people to make up the average. The average man is a mixture of every kind of man. Everybody is an average person except for a few traits that make him different.

The point is that business men are no exceptions to the rule. Most of them are just average people. Some are selfish, some are generous. Some are likable, others are not; some succeed, others fail. Some are smart and others are not so smart.

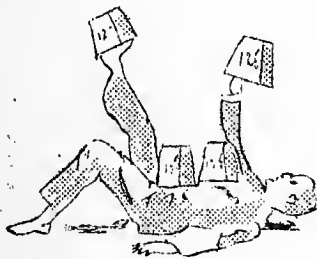
A SKILLED MAN IS NOT NECESSARILY A SMART MAN

Some business men are excellent salesmen but poor manufacturers. They can

sell at a profit in spite of the fact that their manufacture is inefficient. Some business men are very good manufacturers but poor salesmen. They are

able to stay in business because they manufacture products that people want and will buy, in spite of the fact that the quality of salesmanship is poor.

But such businesses are lopsided, are not as secure as balanced businesses and are easily upset by changes in condi-



tions. An inefficient manufacturer can get by as long as he can sell at high prices, but when recessions or slumps make it impossible to get high prices, the inefficient manufacturer will lose money and may fail. A capable manufacturer can get by with inferior salesmanship as long as many people prefer his product, but if he hasn't enough sales sense to understand changes in habits and styles, he may go broke manufacturing, efficiently, products that people have ceased to want. There was no profit in the efficient manufacture of the old-fashioned type of corset when it went out of style and some corset manufacturers lost a lot of money because they failed to sense the change in the buying habits of their customers.

(continued on next page)

AN EDUCATED MAN IS NOT NECESSARILY SMART

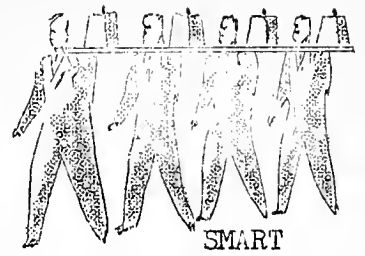
Business men who operate unbalanced or lopsided businesses may be well educated, may be experienced and intelligent about the particular divisions of business in which they were trained but they are not necessarily smart business men.

A smart business man realizes the importance of a good organization of people who can help him to achieve a reasonably balanced business that will sell intelligently, manufacture efficiently and finance soundly. A smart business man appreciates and employs the abilities of people who can do things that he cannot do himself.

But a business man cannot get full

benefit of the abilities of other people unless he can earn and hold their respect ability and integrity. If he

lacks either ability or integrity, his capable associates will not stay with him; he will not enjoy the benefit of intelligent assistance, he will not enjoy the security of a balanced business. So, he will not be a smart business man and he probably won't last very long in business.



SMART MEN ARE SINCERE AND TRUSTWORTHY

The men who build businesses that are permanent and profitable are smart men. Many of them started as errand boys and apprentices and never got past the eighth grade in school. Most of them are too clumsy and too busy to mess around in society. Many of them don't know how to cast a fly or play a fish. But they are earnest, honest men who can win the confidence, trust and loyalty of other good men and thus surround themselves with assistants of fine integrity and high ability who combine their efforts to create balanced and successful businesses.

Of course it would be foolish to assume that all men in business are smart men with fine characters, because some are not smart and some are not entirely honest. Nor are all of them successful. It is fairly easy to go into business in the United States and many men who are unfair and unqualified to run businesses will, nevertheless, go into business for themselves. A few such men appear to succeed, somehow or other, and people take notice. But most people don't take notice of the high percentage of failures.

A FEW SUCCEED BUT MANY FAIL

382,000 businesses failed in 1936 (according to statistics supplied by the United States government). During the same period 408,000 new businesses were started. These figures mean that, for every 100 new businesses that started in 1936, there were 93 businesses (old or new) that failed.

Some of the business men who failed in 1936 were honest men who were capable in some respects, but who operated poorly organized, lopsided businesses because the businesses were lacking in character and failed to fulfill their obligations to be fair and honorable to their employees, their stockholders, their customers and their competitors.

This large proportion of failures in business is reasonably constant in normal years and is higher in periods of depression. The failures are largely the result of incapable or shortsighted or unethical management and represent the process by which business purges itself of the inexperienced, the unfit and the characterless.

The businesses that survive this constant and automatic house-cleaning process and continue to operate and to provide employment, year after year, are those that possess a high average of integrity and ability. The men who manage those permanent businesses are smart business men.

HEAT TREAT

by THE FURNACE

You fellows have probably noticed the hair cut JOHNNIE CRAMER has been wearing the last couple of weeks. Last fall his girl told him that he was acting like a billy goat, so he said "If that is the way I act I might as well go ahead and look like one." There is no denying that he achieved doing just that, but what could she have said that caused him to want to look like a Grachie Blue Gum?

If, perhaps you and your better half don't get along so well you might try co-operating with her like one of the fellows in our department was seen doing the other day. He was hanging out the washing as we walked up and he went on about his business as nonchalantly as could be. You could tell that he is no amateur from the way he was working, and if any of you are curious as to who it was just come and ask us and we will give you the low down.

POP LINDERFELT forgot his identification card one day recently, and when he was reprimanded for doing something that even a recruit would be severely punished for, he remarked, "I'll admit that it looks bad, but it was really intentional. I left my identification card over by the heat treat tank last night, so that I would be sure to be able to be there in time for work today. Things have been moved around so much lately that a person needs an up to the

minute road map to find where things are, and when I left my card I knew you would make me produce it, and in order to do that you would have to show me where the tank is today."

CURLEY HOERNAN has started to build a model destroyer to add to his collection of model boats and airplanes. He has a nice collection and after all of the work that has been spent on them, it seems as tho he should bring them around so that all of us may get a look at them. He shouldn't mind if we try floating the boats in the quench tank and gliding his planes around the drop hammers. Or should he???

There has been some debate as to which system is best for the development of the muscles, pulling a drop hammer rope or ladling molten lead. The ladlers from the foundry seem to have the edge over the rope pullers, because it is they who are seen showing off their muscles most frequently at the beaches.

We would hate to have any trouble about being accused of slander, but we really would like to know if it is the food at Glenn's that holds such an attraction for DICK GILLAM, or could it be that little girl by the name of Helen. We know that she is his sister and all that, but do you suppose his wife does? I'll bet that this is one issue of the Flying Reporter that Mrs. Gillam doesn't see.



we'll meet at



OUR

BOARDING HOUSE



LEAD WORKER -

RYAN SOFTBALL TEAMS IN FINAL PREP FOR LEAGUE OPENING

With the San Diego Softball Association league play about to begin, the Ryan Softball Teams are hard at work finishing their practice schedule as well as smoothing out the rough spots. The teams as a whole are doing a fine piece of work. While there is nothing exceptionally outstanding about either of the teams, you may be sure that they are in there with a do-or-die attitude which in many cases is far better than a team of care-free "greats". The pitching found on both squads is far above the rank and file pitching that one would expect to find on a company team. All of the players are putting forth their best efforts and playing in a spirit of good sportsmanship and sincere effort. At the present the "Stacks" are undefeated in the pre-season playoff while the "All-Stars" have lost one game and that one was to the fast moving Reddy Kilowatts of the San Diego Gas and Electric Company.

Both teams are scheduled to play in the San Diego Double "A" League which is nationally recognized as one of the outstanding leagues in Softball competition. This in itself is a feather in the cap of the Ryan Teams. To make "AA" League is an outstanding victory and should be recognized as such by the Ryan "Rooters".

GOLFERS PREPARING FOR ANNUAL TOURNEY

With prizes the rule rather than the exception, the Ryan "Golf Bugs" are practicing hard for the forthcoming company-wide annual golf tournament. With three qualifying tournaments already under their belts, most of the Ryan Golf Club will be on hand Sunday morning, June 15th at 8 A.M. to try for one of the many prizes that will be offered for a host of various accomplishments. **EVERYONE IN THE EMPLOY OF THE RYAN COMPANY WILL BE ELIGIBLE TO ENTER.** There is just one restriction that will be enforced---No one will be eligible to compete for the LOW NET TROPHY that has not played in at least two of the three qualifying tournaments that have been held the past three months. This rule



The teams are out there giving their all and playing a brand of ball worthy of support, so---GET BEHIND YOUR TEAMS AND SUPPORT THEM TO A VICTORY THAT WILL GO DOWN IN RYAN HISTORY

is made so that there will not be a question as to the handicap that has been given to any of the players.

There will be prizes for all of the various classes and events. The above rule applies only to the low net trophy.

The players who have competed in the qualifying tournaments will be given handicaps computed on the standard handicap methods which until changed will serve as their Ryan Company Handicap.

This tournament will be the first of its kind to be held in the company so it is up to all of us to show that we can support such a tournament---come on out and join in the destruction of the Rancho Santa Fe Golf Course. The tournament will be at Rancho Santa Fe Golf Course; Sunday morning, June 15th, 1941 at 8 A.M. SEE YOU THERE!

MAINTENANCE

by Pat Kelly

Ye Gods, men. After months of weary toil and unrelenting endeavor to bring forth something a wee bit amusing, the writer finally found himself hanging on the ropes with nothing but the truth to publish. Lo and behold, the jack pot fell out! Anyway, it's refreshing to learn that at least one person reads this nonsense. Thank you, "CHIC SALE" HILL.

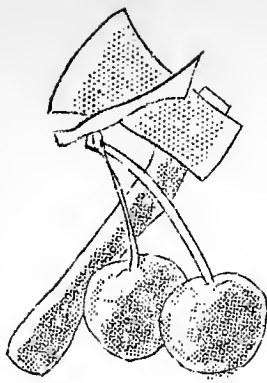
One dope in our outfit showed up the other morning in his house slippers and explained that he just forgot to change into his brogans. Well, that was a weak excuse, and "NICK" PETRANOVICH warned him not to appear in his pajamas. No names will be mentioned, but I will admit the slippers felt good.

Miracles never cease to happen. We are going to get a new building! That is, after the pipe racks and pig iron stocks are sheltered, we may have what is left. BOB FISHBURN is in ecstasy. Perhaps he will be able to put things where no one but he can find them. That will be a great improvement, for at present even he can't find anything.

Truth or not, it's mighty hard to get something on these roughnecks. Take RAPER, for example. He just plods along scattering sunshine wherever he roams. Twenty some years ago he was a pill roller with the Army of Occupation. He tells some tall tales, but who doesn't?

Then there's STARKWEATHER. Suppose you take him, 'cause the writer tried it once. Starky is one of the charming little sons-of---ah---guns from Kansas, always bubbling over with homely wit and awaiting an opportunity to tell about the biggest one caught this season. You'll have to get up early to get ahead of Shorty.

And last, and a bit on the least side too, is "GHOST" TREAHY. Ever notice how greasy and black he gets? He is a fine mechanic, but that grease pack he wears is not accidently applied. No-o-o-o Sir. That's put there for a very particular purpose. Whenever that black



smudge appears in an aisle, its a warning that Treahy is immediately astern of it and you are requested to give way.

'Struth, men, so help me!

Dear Editor:

Yesterday I happened to find the following document on the floor in one of the ee-er--let us say--"Rest Rooms". I have only been working at Ryan for a short while and do not know either of the men mentioned in the agreement. Knowing how high lawyer's fees are in California, I feel it my duty to try to save these gentlemen the price of having another agreement drawn up. I believe this would be possible if you would print it in the Flying Reporter so that perhaps one of them would see it and come to you for it.

Yours truly,
An honest man.

CHARLES E. KNURCK, here-in-after known as the party of the first part and HUGH MC MAHON, here-in-after known as the party of the second part do hereby solemnly, conscientiously, and fervently swear to the following agreement.

In the future the party of the second part will not refer slurringly about the bald pate of the party of the first part and, in return, the party of the first part agrees never to mention the loss of memory of the party of the second part sustained when he passed out at the sight of blood from his scratched finger and knocked his noggin on the dispensary floor. The party of the first part further agrees never to mention or cause to have mentioned that said loss of memory failed to return.

Signed _____
Party of the first part

Signed _____
Party of the second part

Witness _____

RYAN

Ryan **Flying Reporter**

RYAN AERONAUTICAL CO.



PUBLISHED BY AND FOR EMPLOYEES



RYAN AERONAUTICAL COMPANY

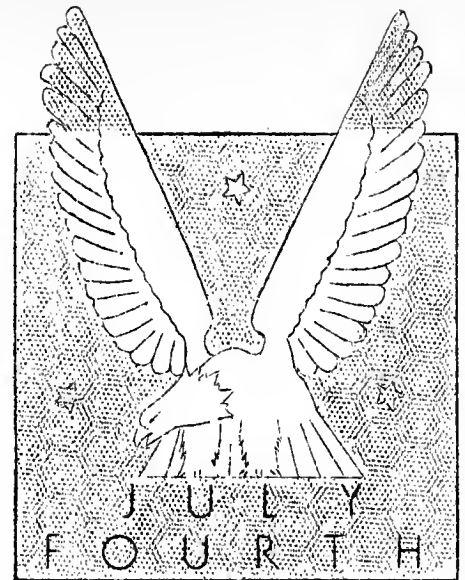
Group Delivery Of
Ryan PT-21 Trainers
Story on Page 2

Vol. 2 No. 2

JULY
3RD
1941

As we celebrate America's day of Independence we are reminded by President Roosevelt's recent "Four Freedoms" speech of some of the goals toward which we are all working these critical days to assure the continuation of our own way of life without interference from foreign ideas or systems as well as to help secure independence and freedom for others.

Taken from a Message to the
77th Congress
January 6, 1941



THE FOUR FREEDOMS

In the future days, which we seek to make secure, we look forward to a world founded upon four essential human freedoms.

- * The first is freedom of speech and expression---everywhere in the world.
- * The second is freedom of every person to worship God in his own way---everywhere in the world.
- * The third is freedom from want---which translated into world terms, means economic understandings which will secure to every nation a healthy peacetime life for its inhabitants---everywhere in the world.
- * The fourth is freedom from fear---which translated into world terms, means a world-wide reduction of armaments to such a point and in such a thorough fashion that no nation will be in a position to commit an act of physical aggression against any neighbor---anywhere.

Franklin D. Roosevelt

PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.

RYAN FLYING REPORTER

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Wing Assembly	The Kite Maker
Bolts, Nuts and Rivets	Noremac
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Ramblings from Third	"Al"
Maintenance	Pat Kelly
Manifold 2nd Shift	R. J. Morkowski
A Dope from the Dope Shop	A Dope
Ryanettes	Pat Kregness
Drop Hammer News	The Rope

ABOUT THE COVER---

Pictured on the front cover of this issue of Flying Reporter are a group of the new type Ryan PT-21 Ryan primary training planes delivered Friday, June 20th, in front of the factory to Air Corps officers. In the photograph you will recognize left to right in the foreground, Claude Ryan; Frank Moonert, Air Corps factory representative; Lieut. Donald Haarman, commanding officer of the Air Corps training detachment, San Diego and Works Manager Eddie Molloy. Back of them are the Air Corps officers and Ryan pilots who delivered the airplanes.

R E M E M B E R !

War never proves who is right,---
only who is left.

-o-o-o-

LARGE DELIVERY OF PT-21s.



Friday, June 20th at 2:00 p.m. was an important milestone in the history of the Ryan Aeronautical Company marking a large group delivery of the new type Ryan PT-21 trainers to Air Corps representatives.

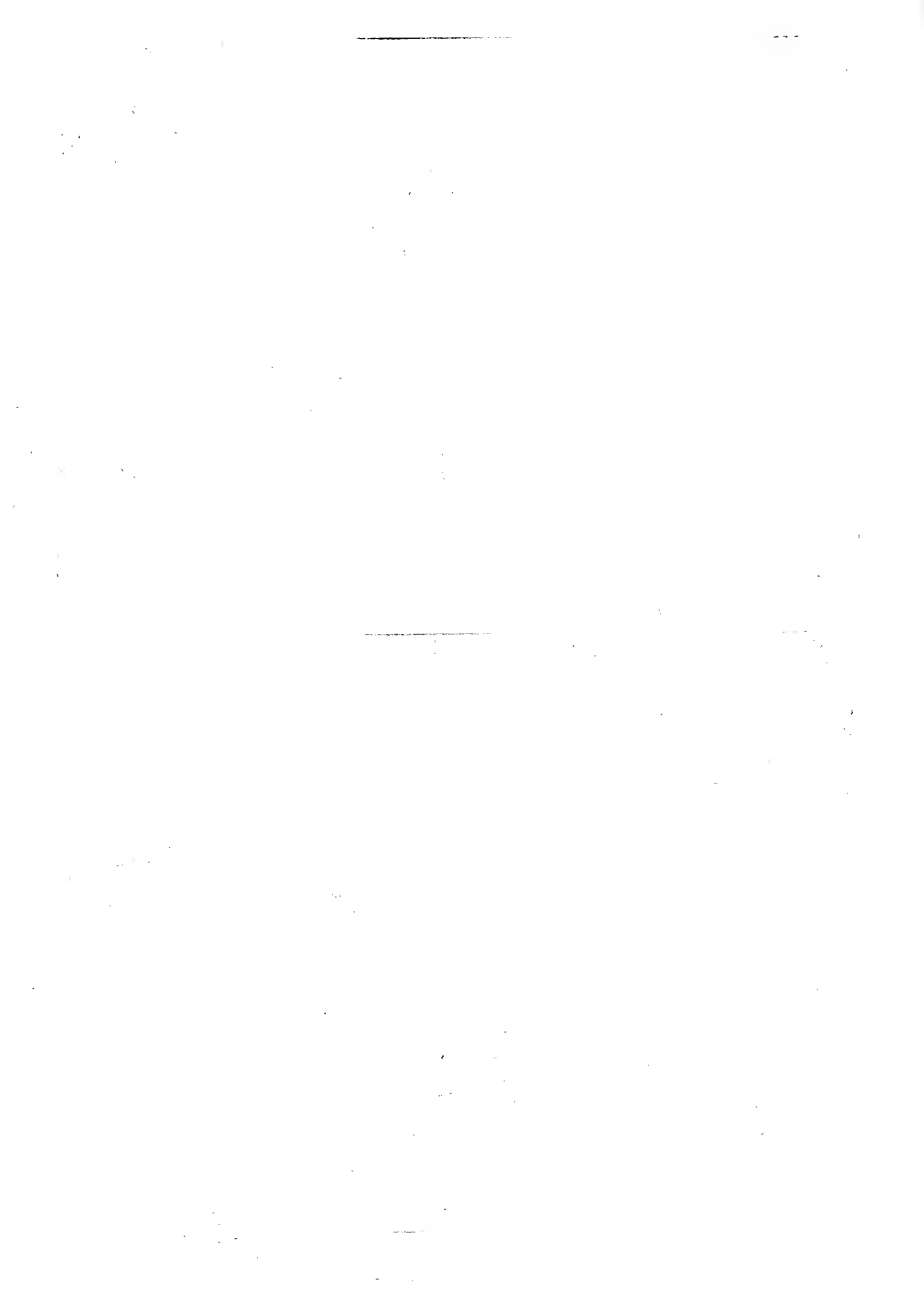
Precisely at 2:00 Claude Ryan turned over the necessary papers covering the airplanes to Frank Moonert, Air Corps factory representative, who in turn delivered the airplanes to Lieut. Donald Haarman, commanding officer of the Air Corps training detachment of the Ryan School of Aeronautics which will operate the new ships in the flying cadet training program.

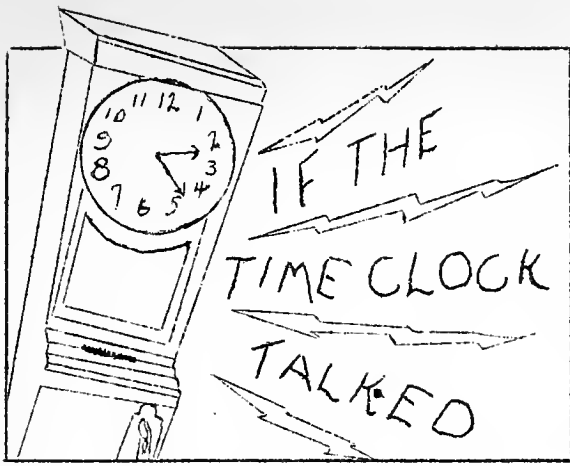
Test pilot Joe Rust, who has flown the experimental ST-3 and subsequent airplanes in all test work, had the honor of taxiing the first airplane of the group delivery away from the ramp at the factory field gate with Lieut. Haarman, Lieut. Merrill Carlton, Bob Kerlinger and Ryan School civilian instructors accepting delivery of the balance of the ships.

With all parts beginning to arrive at the factory from outside suppliers, production should really continue rolling at a high rate and it is expected that before many weeks, the yardful of completed airplanes will be on their way to various Air Corps training schools.

Friday the 20th was a happy day for Eddie Molloy, G. E. Barton and other factory supervisory personnel charged with the execution of the large Air Corps contracts on which our organization is now working. The Navy model NR-1 planes, too, are now rolling down the production line and one of these days soon similar ceremonies to those last Friday will be staged when the NR-1s are delivered.







WHAT IS "AN ACCIDENT"?

What does the word "accident" mean to you?

Is it a broken leg, or a bruised foot, or a burn?

Those things aren't accidents, they are injuries. The accident is the unsafe act which causes the injury.

As Foreman Rusty says, "Injuries happen as the result of an accident, too often caused by doing something the wrong or unsafe way.

For instance, a mechanic, without thinking, will pick up a hand file without a handle to do a small vise job. (You know that the tang of such a file usually rests about on the edge of the palm of the hand.) Well, that mechanic will use such a file once, or ten, or a hundred times and nothing will happen. But, finally, some day the file gets him and the sharp point will be driven into his hand.

In other words, that mechanic will get hurt sooner or later---he can't miss it---if he keeps using that file without a handle. If the mechanic slips a handle over the tang of the file before he uses it, he can never injure his palm because that's the safe way to use a file.

If we are going to cut out injuries, we must cut out the unsafe acts that cause the injuries.

And using a file is no different from sweeping the floor or handling material or operating a machine, or any other job in the plant.

Every job has to be done the safe way and it is up to every man to learn what that safe way is.

BE ALERT! DON'T GET HURT!

RYAN FACTORY EMPLOYEE WINS FLIGHT SCHOLARSHIP

Bill Holt, lead man in Final Assembly, has been declared one of the ten winners in a competition recently sponsored by the San Diego Junior Chamber of Commerce and will be given the opportunity to take a primary flight training course of between 35 and 40 hours flying time this summer. Bill competed against over eighty other candidates and we are certainly proud to have a "winner" in our midst.

At the completion of this summer course these ten winners will be awarded their Private Pilots license. Out of the ten, two will be selected to continue into the secondary phase of the Civilian Pilot Training Program. Upon completion of the secondary phase, they will become eligible for the Army or Navy Air Corps.

The Ryan School also claimed a winner in James Forgey, night check mechanic, who likewise was one of the ten selected to continue his training.

Another non-college class is due to start in the early part of this month. Anyone interested can apply at the San Diego Vocational School, State and Market Streets.

- o - o - o -

NOTICE

This may be a little late but "better late than never".

A short while ago we lost our receptionist--NORICE ALMA KIRKSEY. Good luck to this little Miss in her present job over at the Ryan School.

BERNADINE DEHM took her place with us and she is a swell gal. Let's give her all the cooperation we can and when we ask someone to call us here at the plant, give them the local number to call as well as the name. This will be a big help to Bernadine in learning to associate your name and local number.

Emmett Mallot, Personnel



MEET SAM BREDER

BY J.R. CONYERS

This interview was held in competition with a sales manager's regular duties. That means that we got in a short question every third interruption. Just how Sam managed to keep what we were there for in mind even, is puzzling. Don't ever envy a sales manager.

Sam Breder got around to the time of this article by a varied and interesting rout, starting in Buffalo, New York, where he was born. A few years later the Breder family moved out to Missouri. Sam spent most of his, admittedly undistinguished, school years in and around Kansas City. After graduating from high school he took on a civil engineering course but didn't quite get a degree, missing it by three or four credits.

When the opportunity to work for the Star Rubber Company of Akron came along, he forgot the few lacking credits and went to work. This was in 1916 and the first world worry was getting well under way. Sam joined the Army Air Corps.

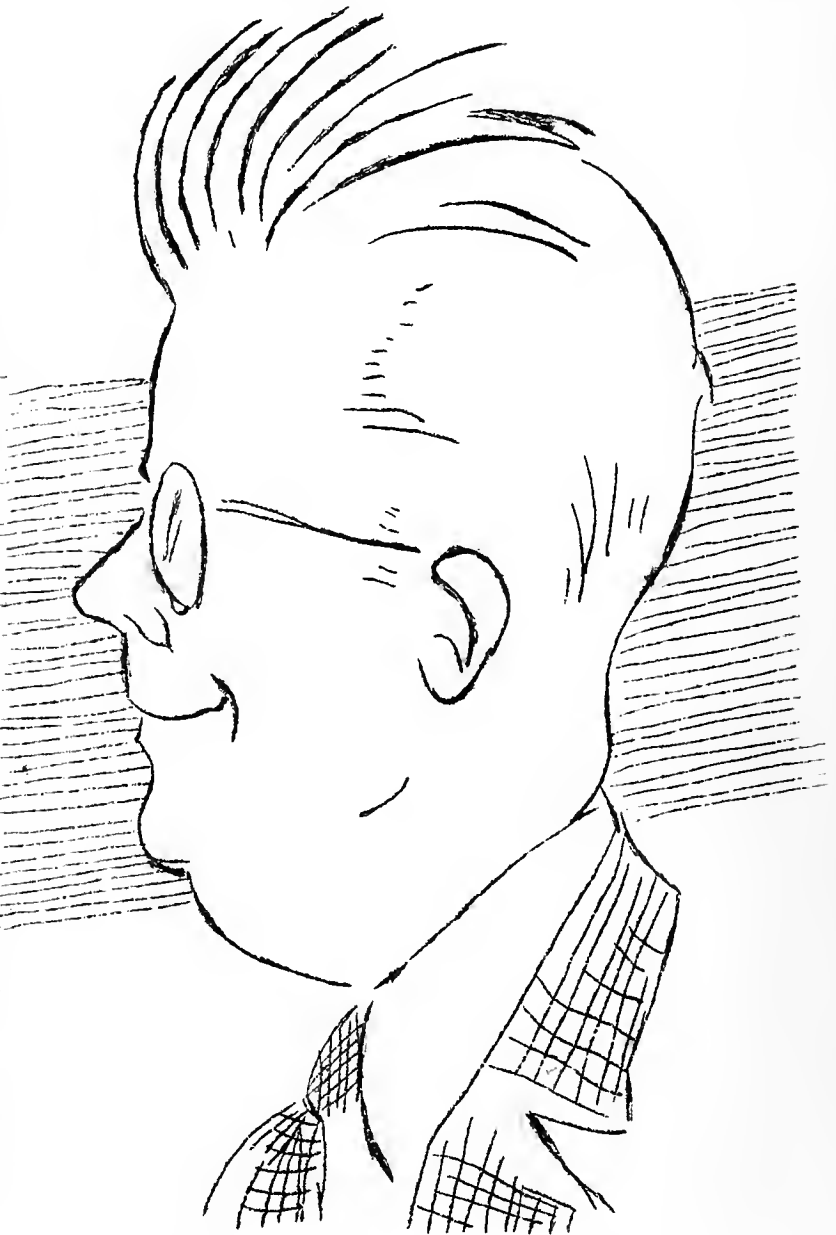
He took ground school training in Austin, Texas, and finished up, as a war bird, at Camp Dick, Dallas. Uncle Samuel then assigned him to the 345th Handley Page squadron at Mineola, Long Island, New York. He says he finished the war off in a blaze of glory, fighting the Battle of Long Island.

After being discharged, he went back to his old job with the Star Rubber. Shortly thereafter they sent him out here to the coast as Pacific Coast Manager. Sam says he went on bouncing around in the rubber business until 1924 when he came to San Diego to take a job with the Spreckels interests here.

In the fall of 1927 he joined the old original Ryan organization as sales manager. From this start in the aircraft industry, he went on to work for Lockheed, Northrup and Air Associates. He was, of course, connected with the selling end of it. During the depression he sold parachutes for a while. Sam says there was a big demand for them, for half-hearted suicide leaps from tall buildings.

In 1935 he came to work for Ryan as Sales Manager and he is still here.....but busily.

We didn't have a chance to ask for any prophesies or opinions. However, Sam Breder did drop a casual remark about selling you all airplanes some day.



S-T
S-C

particularly
amb - contract 4 -
Boeing finalizes

Douglas DC-8

Savage Line Co.
Sales
Mgmt.
Thompson
St.
Takes
to
Dec.
1938

FROM THE FRONT OFFICE

In expanding production on a large scale such as we have done in the last several months, a closely knit, well organized and efficient group of trained men are necessary. With this in mind, we have set up a program in the factory for the training of leadmen.

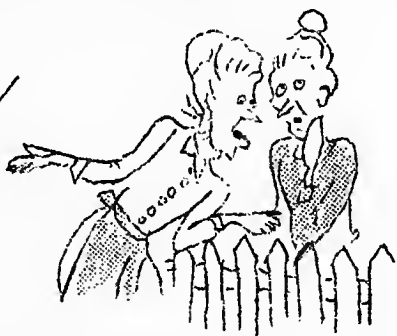
This program endeavors to train the supervisory structure in the technical part of their job---that is, to tell the leadman what is expected of him in every day contact with his job. Superimposed on this material is information and discussion that will help him in handling the human side of his job.

Actual shop projects are brought into the conference room for demonstration. Each leadman participates actively and receives help and instruction when necessary from a conference leader.

The program will be geared up in the future so that all the leadmen in the factory will eventually receive instruction in the technique of job instruction.

Ernie Moore
Ernie Moore

THEY
SAY



I liked his looks. He was wholesome. There was something in his clear eyes that suggested tender strength; something in the resolute set of his shoulders that said "I am master of myself."

"Who is that man?" I queried a casual acquaintance near by.

He named him. Then he leaned toward me confidentially: "They say---," and he repeated some idle, malicious gossip that had a sting in it.

She had never appeared to better advantage. The play had been made for her and she, it seemed, had been made for the play. Through the three acts of the tragedy she held her audience spell-

bound. One feared to whisper, lest he break the enchantment of such art. It was a triumph --- a new crown of laurel for the greatest tragedienne of the age.

Then --- I heard a murmur of voices from the orchestra chairs behind me. Faint, but clear, I heard her name spoken --- a pause --- then, with a rising inflection -- "They say --," I caught no more save a hushed, but knowing laugh.

They say --

Who are THEY that say? THEY-- the great unknown! THEY - the subterfuge of some malicious mind!

THEY -- the anonymous messenger of the slandered! THEY - the Borgia with a viper's tongue!



They say --

How -- thoughtlessly, I shall say, -- we preface many of our remarks with those qualifying words. As though with their utterance we neatly and adroitly passed the responsibility to another, and, consequently, felt free to say things we would otherwise never voice.

It's a habit -- a dangerous habit -- a habit with potential harm in it that is incalculable. For with that which almost invariably follows our "They say --", we create mistrust, breed suspicion, destroy confidence, assassinate character and do irreparable injury.

And it's all so useless. We simply traffic in gossip, in slander, in defamation. We gain naught and we lose much, for some of our self-respect is sacrificed every time we utter those fateful words.

Take this little preachment to heart: When next the phrase comes to your lips, deny it utterance. If you will not sponsor what you are about to express - or if you can't place responsibility for it upon a definite person or source let it remain unsaid.

Do this, and you'll be happier and you'll not rob others of their happiness.....

Dan Driscoll

for those who like music

We ran into a couple of factory workers the other afternoon in one of the local music stores purchasing albums of symphonic music for their radio-phonographs which leads us to realize that undoubtedly there is much interest in serious music among our employees. Consequently, we are giving you here a bit of information about the series of Midsummer Night Symphonies to be given this year in San Diego on Tuesdays and Fridays, July 18th through August 19th, at the Ford Bowl in Balboa Park....

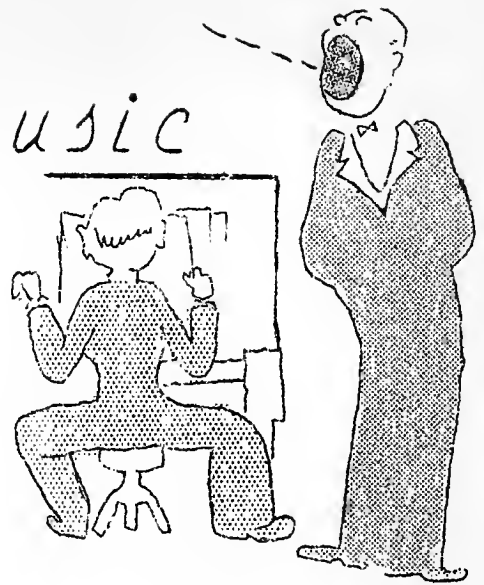
Nicolai Sokoloff has already arrived in San Diego where he will for the third successive season direct the San Diego Symphony Orchestra in a series of ten concerts. All programs will feature guest soloists with the exception of an all-Wagnerian program on the evening of August 15th.

The first program, starting at 8:00 on the evening of July 18th, will feature the beautiful young Mezzo Soprano MONA PAULEE, winner of the 1941 Metropolitan Audition. Other guest soloists for the season will include:

JOHN POWELL, Pianist. American pianist-composer--noted for his concert performances--will play his own composition, the famous "Rhapsody Negre".

RUTH REYNOLDS MURRAY, Mezzo Soprano--Miss Murray's Town Hall appearance early in 1941 received New York's outstanding "rave" notices of the past two years.

HOMER SIMMONS and GEORGE SCHARL, Duo Piano---An outstanding team of pianists from Los Angeles.



HOLLIS SHAW, Coloratura Soprano---San Diego's own---direct from outstanding successes on New York stage and radio.

CHARLES WAKELFIELD CADMAN, Pianist. The famous composer-pianist needs no introduction to San Diego audiences.

RAMONA GERHARD, Pianist. Beautiful young artist--sensation of the 1940 Minneapolis Symphony season---will play the Gershwin Concerto.

LOIS WANN, Oboe. Product of the San Diego High School Orchestra. Now a nationally famous oboist. On the faculty of Guillard Institute, New York.

Another guest violin soloist will be the Concert Master of the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Blinder.

Tickets may be obtained for each separate performance at the Ford Bowl,-- or reserve season tickets and reserve seats may be obtained at the box office in the Thearle Music Company.

W I N G A S S E M B L Y

by The Kite Maker

A lot of water has passed under the bridge since our last article. The women have taken over the Fabric Department and have moved it out to the Dope Shop and some of the boys went with them. If work in the wing department slackens up a bit, all the boys will probably be going out to help the gals, I wonder why!

"RAVING DOUG" BEEBE went back East to pick up a new Buick and has been raving ever since about driving it under 40 M.P.H. Well, I guess he had a pleasant

trip anyway. Some of the rest of us wish we had a Buick to gripe about.

But that is the way of life ...

DICK KOSKE went back to Detroit to pick up a Ford. When he got it, instead of green, it was a "baby blue". He drove it 200 miles and then installed a new motor. Oh well, there is a "lemon" in every make.

I hear a few of the wing boys are going to Catalina over the Fourth---ROCK FLEHLER and CHUCK KELLOGG---be good boys.

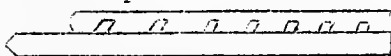
Good health is no doubt man's greatest asset, but sometimes too much of that isn't a good thing. If CHUCK KNUROCK, the second shift foreman, had a little better constitution, we would not have the pleasure of having him around now, the reason being that he received his orders to take his physical and "stand by" for the Navy. Fortunately for all concerned the doctor said "No dice", and so we still have our shining example of what a good hammer man should be. It isn't every man that can wash his hair with two swipes of a wash cloth and have a polish job like his. Some claim it to be a Simonize job, but from authoritative sources we find that it is Glitter Glaze, a new product on the market.

The second shift hand finishers welcome into our midst "SLEEP" WINMILL from the day shift.

We have found out what it is that takes "HOT BOX" SCHMELL, the second shift oven operator to Rincon County every week-end. It is paternal love, for up there he is called the Great White Father.

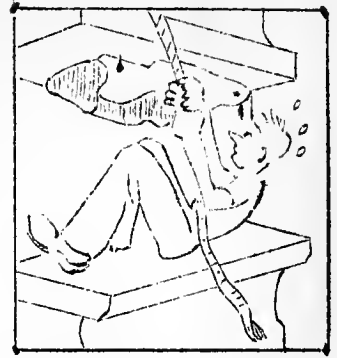
We aren't trying to strum up business for Earl Carroll up in L.A., but LONNIE SMITH took his own wife up week before last and found it to be well worth his money. We aren't trying to cast any suspicion on Lonnie, but when a fellow takes his wife out to nice places he deserves credit.

Rube Goldberg has nothing on one of our janitors, except that he draws diagrams to illustrate the way to do difficult tasks. One of the lights in the office burned out and the maintenance man brought a fourteen foot ladder to replace the bulb in the office with a ten foot ceiling. The poor fellow was stumped and was just about ready to go and get a shorter ladder, when one of the janitors solved the problem by telling him to go ahead and climb up the fourteen foot ladder and reach down to replace the bulb rather than to use a shorter ladder and have to reach up.



DROP HAMMER

by THE ROPE



It has been rumored around that Dirty Dan is planning to move around quite often and we hope that we can keep him out of our department. It wouldn't be so bad just during working hours to have him with us, but who wants him at meal time? Most of us eat right here in the department as do many from other departments and unless we clean up our mess after eating supper, he will be right by the lunch wagon to spoil our appetites.

JACK KENDRICK is back "on the beam" again with the Widow. Sunday was the first time since Easter that they have been seen together. The quarrel about the boiled egg that Jack could not, or would not find, seems to be over. What could be more romantic than to go to Jack's house for dinner and then the Orpheum for the evening? No more ball games, Jack?

MAJOR CANNON is now back with us and is doing the second shift Drop Hammer inspecting. He is really doing a thorough job of it too. A magnifying glass is inadequate so he has purchased a microscope for the job.

Due to unforeseen circumstances MRS. GILLAN came into possession of the last issue of The Flying Reporter. Now DICK claims that we owe him an apology for our statement about his spending his time at Glenn's in order to see his cousin. At the time, we were a little dubious about the relationship, but all has now been cleared up. She is not his cousin, and Dick doesn't spend his time there on account of her, because she doesn't even work there (any more). Even Dick hasn't been seen there lately so how can we say that she is attracting him there? Please forgive us for any misunderstanding that may have come about as a result of the last issue and rest assured that it will not occur again.

Well, that time is here again, and although we're not exactly caught short, we're doing a lot of writing at the last minute.

The "dope of the week" award goes to TOM "HELL FIRE" HARTFORD, the dashing Don Juan from Denver. He's finally going to buy a car on account of her. It seems that the bus drivers all refuse to either park on dark streets, or turn off the lights in the bus, while he's escorting his blonde around San Diego night life. Just one Majestic Malt Shop after another. So to you, Tom, goes the diamond studded socket wrench and the free ticket to the 1936 Olympic games.

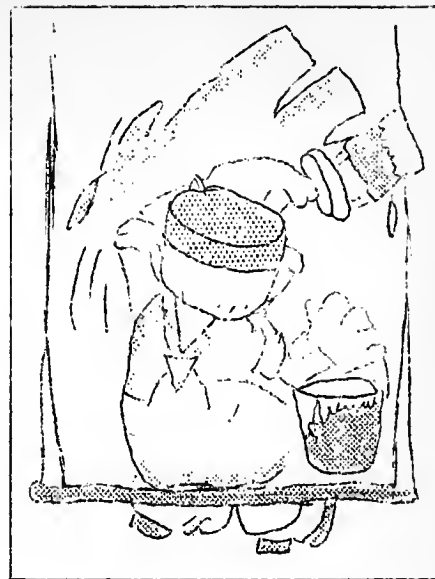
Rumor has it that Hollywood is sending a road show to Bostonia as a courtesy to their star customer, "CHEERFUL CHARLIE SHERMAN". It's to save him all the driving. They tell me he has a better attendance record than "Say No More Joe" himself.

After deciding that Badninton would be a great body builder, some of the "Stoop Shouldered Sampsons" from the Dope Shop got together after work for a few games. Next day JOHN BOTH hobbled up, and on being asked why he didn't just plain limp, he opened his blood shot eyes and demanded to know how he was to limp on both legs.

The same day BILL BOWMAN was seen in a doctor's office finding out why legs that had carried him for twenty odd years had suddenly ceased to function.

The KLASSEN brothers, HANK and PETE, are making investments, Hank in a couple of those blue diamond rings and Pete in a new convertible. Each wonders how the other is going to do it. It isn't the cost, but the upkeep that will get you in the long run, "chumps", so you haven't seen anything yet.

A DOPE FROM THE DOPE SHOP SAYS



CARL PALMER says he never fights with his wife when he comes home late. She knows he's lying, but he always makes up such interesting stories.

The "terrific pace" our inspection department has been forced to set, will be lessened a little now that our new feminine staff has been added. This will give CLYDE WILCOX more time to perfect his aim with that inner tube he uses.

We have another "muscle-less midget" out here who claims that he does all right with the fair sex, but when we interviewed one of his "many", all she would say about him was, and we quote, "He's the kind of a blind date who makes you wish you were." How about that, MAGGIE?

GENE WILCOX says that one thing to know if you want success with the girls is that you can always draw the queens if you've got the jack.

We'll close this now with the thought that a gal who swears she's never been kissed has a right to swear.

E N G I N E E R I N G

By V. J. Park

Missed the boat completely last time and am catching the second section this issue.

You will probably remember the old saying, when boys are good, they are good, but when they are bad, they are very bad. So the set up is this. When they are good it's no good for column

gossip and when they are bad, it's too damn bad and that is bad. Period.

WALLY BORDEN has become a father of a bouncing baby girl. Congratulations, Wally. The cigars were elegant.

And so help me that's all the good I could dig up. All the rest is bad, and as I've said, that's too bad.

I've spun in now, so that's all!

THE RYANETTES

by Pat Kregness

ORANGE BLOSSOMS ! WEDDING BELLS ! LOVE IN BLOOM ! (through special arrangement of Al Gee)

I do believe it must be true what they say about the Ryan Company Office Force. (You know, close competition to Earl Carroll's Famous Beauties.) Otherwise there wouldn't be so many of the girls getting married----right? From the time of the last edition of the Flying Reporter to this one, there are (to my knowledge) six young women who either "just did", or are "just going to". I don't know whether or not they're trying to keep it a secret. I don't believe HELEN BUTLER of the Purchasing Department, or BETTY FRANK, Jim Noakes's Secretary, or JESSIE MOORE, and FLORA ROSADO of the Production Department, or MARGARET FUSON, nee EVILSIZOR of the Material Control, or SARA BRAUN, Adelaide Smith's secretary want to keep from shouting with joy; however, I had better check up before I get myself in the "dog house" with anyone. It really is getting to be more than we old maids can stand having the girls in such a dither, and over men, too! What's more, it's downright disgusting having to learn new names for all of them. Kidding aside, gals, we want to wish you all the luck and happiness in the world, and if you stay with us, fine, if you leave us, we're sorry to see you go, and we hope you will be very happy.

I saw in the last edition or two where we got bawled out for not introducing all of the new girls to the rest of the Company via our column. All I can say is, it is very hard keeping up with the growth of the office across the hall, and the good-looking brunette in the Purchasing Department, with the yummy clothes, let alone finding out who the cute little blonde in the other building is. However, I shall endeavor to do my best. Apologies, please, to those I might omit. Purchasing Department: CLEOLA BOYD, JEAN McNUTT (Mrs.); MAXINE MILLER (Mrs.), and RUTH BOWEN, all brunettes, and Mmmmm! Accounting: MARGARET TORRE, also brunette. Tabulating: HELEN CHOSIER, a brownette this time (for the benefit of the males, that means light brunette). Controller's secretary: MILDRED PRESTON, (you can call her Millie, I think) very dark, with big brown eyes. Material Control: SHERIDAN HARVEY, tall and dark, and MARGARET FUSON, small and blonde. There's now. Remember that is the latest census.

By the way, we are also curious about the women in the Fabrication Department. Now it's your turn to tell us about them. They're Ryanettes, too, I guess. Maybe with girls in the factory, the boys will be a little better behaved. (Am I kicking?)

The Fourth of July seems to be another one of those times, when we can run around the country taking vacation, (if we're not too broke from the last one) and just generally loaf, and have a good time. It means a wonderful trip for DOROTHY ARMENTROUT, CARLIE GROSS, MARZELLA AUBEN and GERRY WRIGHT. They're going to San Francisco by Streamliner, for the weekend, and on the return trip Dorothy and Gerry will drop by the way-side for a quick trip to Santa Catalina, not too short, but probably not long enough for the girls. We envy you.

I'm sure I'm not alone in my praise for the fine performance every one of you put on in "Our Boarding House". I still think the little boy in the audience who cried so

(continued on page 10)

Today---



But then---

BARGING



and this
is not
all.

contributions

Bearing in mind that the Ryan Flying Reporter is a magazine by and for employees of the Ryan Aeronautical Company we hope, too, that you will help make its content ABOUT RYAN EMPLOYEES.

That's why we are anxious to have all kinds of contributions for Flying Reporter from and about the whole gang from the front office to the back gate.

We're willing to bet that somewhere in the plant is someone who has traveled or lived in the South Seas, someone who has worked his way around the world on a freighter, or who has witnessed some event of world importance, or who has worked in the tin mines of South America or been a member of a big game hunting expedition in Africa or has an interesting or unusual hobby.

Well, if this description fits you, why not put some of your experiences down on paper so that the rest of us can share them with you?----Or if you don't feel up to the writing task involved, drop The Editor a note, tell him you have a story for Flying Reporter and one of our staff of 70 reporters will interview you or "ghost write" the yarn. How about it gang? It's your paper--and here's your chance to help make it interesting to other Ryan employees. Turn in your contributions to the Personnel Office.



RYAN FLYING REPORTER

more Ryanettes

sympathetically (and so loudly) stole the show. Incidentally, for the benefit of those who didn't know, the youngster turned out to be DOROTHY ARIENTROUT's 4 year old son, David, who couldn't stand to see his Mother so mistreated by the big, bad man with the whiskers.

We don't know who to thank for our lovely sun umbrella but to whomever the credit goes, thank you very much. Would I be mercenary if I said I wish we had a nice place to put it?

The dance at Camp Callan must have been quite a success as far as our girls are concerned. (Boy, they can hold their own with any of them.) I think it was okay so far as the draftees are concerned, also; anyway, a good time was had by all while they were "doing their bit for their country", ahem! Ask GERRY about it, I'm sure she'd be glad to fit in all the little details.

And now, in closing, I want to say goodbye, with a tear in my eye, to my old side-kick, BETTY (short, fat, and wacky) FRANK. I don't know why in the world she resents the nickname "GENIUS" GARY ADAMS attached to her? The next time I'll hear from her (in fact, when this comes out) she'll be well on her way to Texas with her husband, Jack Taylor. It's not that I'll miss her but what will poor JOHN WILLIAMS do without her to kid?

Yes, wasn't June a lovely month!!! Ah; me Eh, Gen???

RYAN PLAY HAILED AS GREAT SUCCESS

After many months of hard work and long hours spent in the rehearsals of "Our Boarding House", the Ryan Dramatic Club presented the initial play of a series that will follow at intervals throughout the entire year. I say, that if all of the plays are as well presented as the one that most of us had the pleasure of witnessing June 19th, none of us can afford to miss any of them.

The entire organization express their appreciation to the cast of "Our Boarding House" for their splendid work, and their contribution to the employees' general welfare fund.

Everyone that attended the play was

loud in praise of its professional presentation by employees of our company. The Director EDDIE O'CONNEL can write "well done" in his book as he turns the final page of his first efforts with the Ryan Players. We will all be looking forward to the next play, as one success merits another.

Watch your Ryan Flying Reporter for the announcement of the next dramatic triumph.



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FINAL ASSEMBLY CHAPTER

by Nick Livingston

The yard is full of planes and many more are now coming along the assembly line but it is going to take lots of team work from the whole plant to meet our production schedules.

RALPH CALEY is our new Final Assembly Air Corps inspector replacing JOHN COOK whom we were sorry to see leave.

Friday, June 6th, ART NOTEBOON left

for Mancato, Minnesota. We hope he returns for he was a swell mechanic.

HENRY ONTIVEROS became the father of an eight pound six ounce baby boy on Friday, June 6th. Congratulations from us all, Henry.

The Fuselage Assembly put an American flag on that important double O ship as it came off the jig on Saturday, June 7.

- o - O - o -

MANIFOLD SECOND SHIFT

by R. J. Morkowski

Well, fellows, we are a bunch of average guys and human beings. Being human we take the good things for granted and often forget to express our appreciation for them. So this column is a meager attempt to show how much we appreciate a "regular feller", our superintendent "DAPPER DAN" BURNETT.

EXTRA! EXTRA! READ ALL ABOUT IT! "President Roosevelt proclaims an unlimited emergency exists and requests the cooperation of every individual in the nation." That is an exaggerated idea of Dapper Dan passing out the notices of the above excerpt from the President's speech of May 27th—I say exaggerated because he did not go about shouting, but if you could have seen him, you would have no doubt in your mind that he was passing out information that was not to be slighted. That, my friends, is just a sample of the way Dapper does things.

The next time Dan Burnett passes your way just notice his bearing and his manner; he is the very essence of quiet forceful authority—the type of authority that an employee welcomes. If you are skeptical, just take notice of the enviable record of his men. He takes the time to chat with fellows at random and would recognize his men anywhere and wouldn't hesitate to acknowledge it.

If the gang is anxious to know the outcome of a fight or a football game or any other event that might be taking place while the fellows are working, he goes out of his way to oblige them. Dan Burnett realizes that a man with his mind at ease is an asset. We know that he is always in there pitching for us. Dan Burnett is highly responsible for keeping Ryans 'A Good Place to Work'.

These are not only my personal views, they come from the entire second shift to a man.

With three teams going full pace the Ryan Softball activity hits a new high this year. The Ryan Employees Recreation Association has placed three teams in the city leagues. Two of these teams are in the flying company of the city's "Crack" Double "A" League and are in there fighting from the "Play Ball" of the Umpire to the final "Out" of the last inning. There is no doubt that this will be a fight to the finish this year as every team competing in the "AA" League is "plenty tough".

There are a lot of teams out to win this year and it is going to take the support of the entire Ryan organization in back of our teams to make for Ryan victories.

The All Stars are riding high with one win over the Strong Reddy Kilowatt team.

The Ryan Stacks are standing with only one defeat and that by no means a bad one. There are so many things to be taken into consideration in a game that

all the points can never be counted as against the losing team.

Speaking of the last, but by no means the least, we find the Ryan ST-3s undefeated in the City "DD" League. It is true that this is the lowest league in the city but to our way of thinking, it is much better to be a big frog in a small pond than it is to just be a frog.

We are proud of all of the Ryan Ball teams and are pulling for them in every start. In this week's Diamond Warfare, we find the Stacks trying to cut a slice out of the very tasty Bridgeford Ham outfit. Should they get their knife sharp enough that ham would really taste good. In the other Double "A" encounter we find the All Stars locking horns with the Elks and boy, I mean they are really
(continued on page 13)



MANY WINNERS IN GOLF TOURNAMENT

The Ryan Semi-Annual Golf Tournament with prizes in all classes, was a great success and for proof of this statement, just ask anyone that was connected with it. All of the play-

ers had a great game and all of the spectators had a great look. What more could one ask?

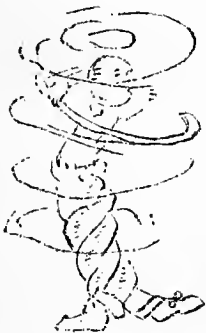
All of the contestants report that they are all set for the next divit party to be held in the near future. With everyone playing the best golf that has been seen in any company tournament thus far and the weather, for once, suited to golf, the last one was extra good. Let's make the next one extra better!

Did you say "Who won the big affair?" Following is a list of the winners and the prizes they carried away: First Low Gross went to LARRY GIBSON with an 80. At the present writing Second Low Gross

is undecided as there was a tie and the playoff is still unplayed. First Low Net Honors were carried away by "HAPPY" HOAVATTER with a net 62; Second Low Net went to DARWIN WHETSTIEN with a one stroke difference, 63. All of the above will receive a very appropriate trophy for their day's work at Rancho Santa Fe.

Third Low Gross went to "BILL" RODGERS, the hard riding fuselage riveter and with it went three good golf balls. Third Low Net went to STEVE DEEVER, the Welder of Welders on Second shift; he also carried off three golf balls. The Blind Boggy winners, all of whom received three golf balls for their efforts, are as follows: JOE LOVE, "KNIGHT OF THE NIGHT SHIFT" PETTERSON, RUSS NORDLUND, ED BERLIN, "SAFETY" CLANCY, and there you have it, boys. And so to the next tournament and let's make it a wow.

For your information the next meeting will be a Scotch Foresomes with just as much chance for the beginner as for the expert??? SEE YOU THEN!



San Diego housing opportunities

It would be impossible to say too much about the San Diego Unit of the Federal Housing projects. After a tour of inspection of the various projects, I am convinced that San Diego Defense Workers have no longer any cause to worry about the problem of housing their families.

The first unit that I had the pleasure of visiting was the trailer project at the foot of 28th street. Here one finds a well-prepared plot of ground with adequate sanitary facilities and ample play space for both adults and children. The trailers, the best fitted and most comfortable that can be obtained, are set in rows with enough space between them to lend an air of privacy and seclusion. There are central units for laundry, bathing, and general household utilities, that surpass in convenience many of our so-called modern dwellings. For the person that is just getting settled in the city and wants a place to think it over, there is certainly no better place than in the defense housing trailer project.

The next stop on our visit was the dormitory project. This is without a doubt one of the finest of its kind in the nation. Here one finds the homelike atmosphere of a large central reception hall where occupants can assemble for the evening, playing any number of games with adequate and complete equipment furnished for all who wish to participate. The central lounge of the dormitory is also a very satisfactory place to entertain guests which, by the way, are welcome to all of the projects.

It has been said that there are guards at every turn and that freedom is the exception rather than the rule. I can say that such is very definitely not the case. I have had a long talk with the general manager of the housing projects and I am convinced that anyone living in the single men's dormitory, the trailer project for families, or the Camp Kearney housing project will find that it is the sincere aim of the project management to make the living quarters of all of the projects just as homelike and livable as is possible.

The last stop on our visit of this past week was at the Kearney Housing

Site with which most of us are acquainted. This project is the largest and most permanent of the three major projects. Here we find a large group of homes well placed and, most important of all, well built. There are several areas set aside for playgrounds for the children; there are contemplated school sites; there are stores of all types both under construction and in actual service to the residents of the Kearney community.

San Diego is the experimental station, so to speak, of the Federal Housing efforts, and from the pleasing results that have thus far been obtained, I am sure that San Diego as a whole, as well as we in the vital defense industries, are happy and thankful for the efforts of our Government toward giving us adequate and comfortable dwellings for ourselves and our families.

Posted on the bulletin boards you will find all the information needed on how to avail yourselves of the opportunities of these housing projects—or if you have any further questions, we will be glad to help you in any way we can in this office.

Mervin Marco, Personnel

more about Soft Ball

going to throw sod until the stronger group of horns breaks the weaker group. May the strongest horns win the battle!

In the ST-3's bracket we find a tough opponent in the Rohr Aircraft Team. The ST-3s will travel to Chula Vista to find out just who is the best (of course I mean on the Diamond)—the other question having been answered long ago, and from where we sit, this should be a good ball game from start to finish. So you see that this is a week to long remember in Ryan Softball History.

HOW ABOUT SOME SUPPORT? THE TEAMS NEED IT! YOU CAN SPARE IT!

==RYAN==

Welcome to two new members on the third. J. D. CHADWICK, Manifold man transferring from first shift and EVERETT MOE, welder transferring from second shift. We have an excellent crew, fellows, and we are sure you will enjoy the change.

Recently one of our fellows, due to the graduation of his daughter from Grammar School, had to come to work with his good clothes on. One of our maintenance men spotting this, offered the loan of a pair of coveralls to protect the clothes for the night. Such a spirit of courteousness prevails throughout in men who work the third shift. Our sincere thanks go to WILLIAM CUNDIFF.

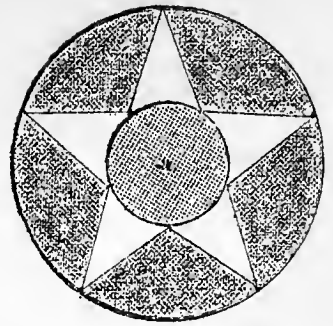
We notice that KENNETH ROSE has placed the plant guards in the position of being "Waker-Uppers", after the recent failure of one of his buddies to wake him. Rose, arriving a little early at the plant one evening, asked his buddy to awaken him prior to entering the plant at 12 and proceeded to obtain a few additional winks in his car. Awakening at 5 A.M. there was little use in coming in to work then. Now Rose checks in, goes to the main door, sits down beside it and catches up on his sleep, placing, as we said before, the guards on the spot as "Waker-Uppers".

We of the third, have a welder, WILLIAM MITCHELL by name, whom we believe to be the champion "Alfalfa Chewer", (Beechnut to you amateurs). From one to three packages per night is his official capacity. Anyone wishing to challenge his right to be called the "Champ" get in touch with the writer; perhaps we can arrange a contest.

We understand that CARL MIER's wife returns from a visit to the east in the near future. Perhaps Carl will then be able to get rid of his Kitten-Cat dish washer he has at that time, and be able to sleep on Sunday mornings. His main complaint of the cat is that it stomps its feet keeping him awake. Could Saturday's being payday have anything to do with that, Carl?

"College Days" are over, so we can welcome back to work JIMMY LEONARD. By the way, Jimmy, see either JIM SHARBER, or JORDAN BENNETT for tooth picks. They keep a plentiful supply on hand.

TO THE U. S. ARMY



As I gazed at the horizon
Of a cloudless summer sky
I saw a speck appearing
And watched till it went by.

Her body like the silver sands
Shown brightly in the sun.
She was swifter than the deer
Which through the forest runs.

Two stars were held in heaven
On the tips of her gold wings.
Her wedding to the clouds above
Was proved by two plain rings.

And as she passed above me
With a droning spark of life,
I felt a point of pride
Pierce me like a knife.

And as she sailed away
Across that sky of blue
I knew it was a trainer
Which we had built for you.

by J. C. Stuart

We wonder what deal FLOYD "SIDE-MONEY" BENNETT has worked out with the lunch counter man? For the past week or so Bennett has gone throughout the Manifold Department picking up soda bottles. Dame rumor has it that he gets a penny for every ten. How about being a partner on the deal?

WESLEY SHIELDS has finally beat the "High-Rent Landlord", taking possession of his new "Master-Bilt" trailer this week. No new "Daddy" is any prouder or talks longer in its praise than Shields. While not necessarily on display, Shields is at home in the Old Town Auto Trailer Court. Anyone interested may see it there. The writer has and it sure is all he claims for it. Happy "Gypsy Days" in time to come, Shields---how I envy you.

Here's one for Ripley . . .

During the past week, three of the third shift men, on the way to work

stopped in for a cup-o-coffee. From such small things history has been made.

While enjoying their coffee, a beautiful Blonde, slightly inebriated (?) sat down at their table. By invitation or of her own accord, I don't know---I wasn't there. (Have to clear myself---the wife reads the Reporter.) Now their story is that it was impossible for them to get away!!!! As a result they were an hour late in checking in.

This was not the end however. Our beautiful Blonde followed the boys to the plant, and attempted to enter with them, sans badge and identification card, at which point we bring in CAPTAIN PETERS and the Night Superintendent "DAPPER DAN" BURNETT. It seems that Captain Peters was attempting to convince the Lady that this was no place for her when "Dapper Dan" came along to say that "he would handle the situation!" We have been unable to get any further information from either Peters or Burnett.

It has been suggested that there was no gentleman among the original three. Why?--you ask. Since they were an hour late, it would seem that each one of the gallant trio were hoping the other two would go on to work, for who ever heard of three "Big Bad Wolves" not being able to leave one poor but beautiful blonde? It has been said that "The Pen is Mightier than the Sword"; there is, as well, an answer to "Discretion is the better part of Valor"; so, anyone who may be interested in a short pay check, please ask for names elsewhere--I won't tell.

The USUAL fish story--or the one that got away. Our intrepid fisherman, GIL LEFABRE, hooking his fish, used his reel to bring it in up until the point where he got a good look at what he had, at which time he dropped the line bringing it in hand over hand. When said fish shook the hook from its mouth, Gil laid down on the dock screaming and kicking his heels. Observers state that it was the largest Gil ever saw----let alone lost. Tut-tut--Gil, where's your sportsmanship? P.S. We would in all probability have done the same.



SLIM'S PICKIN'S

by Slim Coates

Reading the society page of the San Diego Union, (and a swishy page it is) we came across a column written by Mary Hampton who advocates saving old silk stockings for use in making parachutes. Can't you just imagine test pilots JOE RUST and EDDIE OBERBAUER bailing out and saying, "O for goodness sakes, girls, I have a run in my parachute."



From here on out I'll open the sweep-er and dish out the local dirt.

Nice to see "TINY" WERTH back from St. Paul. "TINY" along with RED "KEW-PIE" BECKER, BUTCH ORTIZ, and J. "FEATHERFOOT" RUPERT helps to comprise our Brawn Patrol.

When RAY MORKOWSKI says, "Oof oogle ump oop wop" he means, "May I borrow your wrench again." It's almost impossible to understand him when he talks with his mouth full of food, (which is all night long).

That stranger is JOE CASSON--he just isn't wearing that greasy hat any longer.

The boys, taking pity on HAP MILLER's bald noggin, made him a nifty toupee out of steel wool, sideburns n' everything. But EDDIE WEBER was green with envy and thinks he should have the skull doily because of his seniority.

BILL WINTER has a new girl friend-- "Lives there the man with soul so dead, who never to himself hath said, this one is different--".

FRANK FLINN still believes he could have found the dollar he lost if CARL KRUGER hadn't helped him look for it.

Have you seen DAN "WINCHELL" BURNETT around lately with the news flashes? By the way, Dapper Dan is known as the "Champ" since he won the rodeo at Reno, Nevada on Memorial Day. "BUTCH" ORTIZ has been passing out the checks with a good word lately. I was so busy working that I missed the good word last Friday, but I understand that it was a tip on one of STEVE "MURPHY" DEVER's horses.

(continued on page 16)

BOLTS NUTS & RIVETS

by N o r e m a c

BILL KELLER: Did I bring your golf clubs back last month?

ED. BERLIN: No, you did not!

BILL KELLER: Now what will I do? I wanted to play golf on the Fourth.

- o -

Old Lady (To JOE RUST with parachute) I really don't know how you can hang from that silk thing! The suspense must be terrible.

JOE: No ma'am, it's when the suspense is not there that it's terrible.

- o -

ED MORROW: You don't seem to think much of WALLY WALKER.

BILL CAMERON: If he had his conscience taken out, it would be a minor operation.

- o -

Mother: Barbara, did that young man kiss you against your will?

Barbara: He thinks he did.

- o -

Jack, dear, if I do all the cooking for a month, what will I get?

You'll get my life insurance and your freedom.

more Slim's Pickin's

Gold medals and orchids to the second shift bumping department. Without a kind word or a pat on the back, they can consistently be counted on in a pinch, and they are literally busier than a bird dog in a cuckoo clock. BOB HARRIS' new protege of the Texas plains, TEX MUIR, is working the cabinet blast until he can locate his "beatin arn". Did anyone ever hear VAN CLEAVE say anything? D. O. COVEY likes his new work suit, but doesn't think the pockets are waterproof.

Notice the personality smile that SCOTTY DERR gives you with his new store choppers? He left his old ones on a chair---oh, you're way ahead of me are you? Well, that's right, the lady sat down, and has hydrophobia. (Someone please explain that one to DON WILCOX). HANK DAUM's baby has more hair on its head than Hank has---it's curlier, too.

Ever notice the complete savoir-faire that attends a Kilowatt Kowboy? (Electrician to you). The boys gave SMACK

M. MARCO: Why did you not submit letters of recommendation with your application?

Applicant: Because none of them would do me justice.

- o -

Most any man can be an editor,---all he has to do is to sit at a desk six days a week, four weeks a month, and twelve months a year and edit such stuff as this:

"JOE LOVE climbed on the roof of his porch last week looking for a leak and fell landing on his back porch....While FRED FORD was escorting GENEVIEVE BOYER from Pacific Square last Saturday night a savage dog attacked them and bit Ford on the highway....KAY BURT, while cranking his flivver the other evening, was kicked just south of his garage."

- o -

The young daughter of a radio announcer was asked to say grace at a family dinner. She bowed her head and said in a loud clear voice, "This food comes to you through the courtesy of God Almighty!

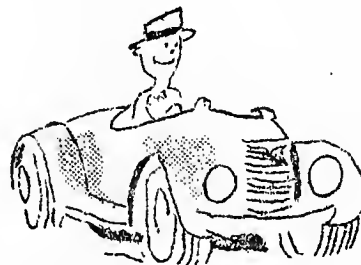
BURBANK a little farewell party when he left to join the city fire department, but they misunderstood him---they thought he was to be a life guard. Nice of R. E. FRAZIER to heat Smack's bath water. BILL JURNIEY says the fire department in his home town consists of a hose cart and three dogs. The dogs find the hydrants.

FREDDIE "N O

BRAKES" MOSSOP just bought a Buick, and hopes it will not be necessary to drive through the garage doors anymore to stop it. Notice too

that he combs his hair since he's married.

JIMMIE NEBEL-THAU and TIME KEEPER ATHERTON tried to write a new drinking song last night, but couldn't get past
(continued on page 17)



Journal of Management Education

the first two bars.

LYLE SMITH: "What's the penalty for bigamy?"

W. CRAWFORD: "Two mothers-in-law."

We've just received a card from STEVE DEVER who writes from Flagstaff, Arizona that he's just finished eating a large T bone steak. Doggone me, it's been several years since I've seen Flagstaff, or a steak either for that matter.

DALE FARIS used to deliver papers to O. J. THATCHER and JERRY CONNELLY in Casper, Wyoming. Old home week, eh boys?

WHITLEY RASMUSSEN wears his goggles on top of his head when he's grinding, guess it keeps the hair out of his eyes. "Yardbirds" WEMPLE, FARMER and EGGERT are convalescing after being run down by the "Thundering Herd". (Day crew leaving at 3:30.)

PONCHO MALLOT: "Mr. Marco, the bill collector is here. What shall I tell him?"

M. MARCO: "Tell him to take that pile on my desk."

HERB THOMAS has a new baby girl. As he was pacing the floor he said, "Thank Heavens it's a girl---I wouldn't want a son of mine to go thru what I've been thru today!"

The Fliers are doing a bit of cloud nudging lately: MAJOR CANNON and J. L.

BENNET of the Inspection Department have their commercials; JERRY CONNELLY has his new Private ticket, and the latest solo fliers are "SLEEPY" HORN, JENS NEWMAN, and TOMMY FEWINS. By the way, have you seen the new "lovely" that has joined the club? BUTCH ORTIZ took a short flight with BENNETT and CAMERON, and is now a qualified bomber, if you know what I mean. JOHN MONROE CAMERON left us for final assembly, but I know that his mind is on the little honey in Los Angeles, named Hermaine.

R. R. FARMER is back from Oklahoma, and hasn't been able to get all of the sand out of his hair. Candidates for the Camera Club are STEVE DEVER, and DAPPER DAN BURNETT for the marvelous pictures taken at Reno, and Virginia City, Nevada, and Lake Tahoe, and H. A. CAMERON who can finish and enlarge them to look better than the scenery itself.

NUMBER ONE ON THIS WEEK'S HATE PARADE is the snoopy guy who has to read everything over your shoulder.

LARRY (Host) GIBSON: "What kind of chaser would you like?"

MARGIE YOUNGBLOOD: "Tall, dark, handsome and wealthy."

If you don't care for this stuff, just remember there are two schools of thought for everything, and no recess.

M A I N T E N A N C E

by Pat Kelly



ELMER RUSSELL, second shift, is again in the limelight. Having taken unto himself a bride, he graciously distributed the cigars. At least they looked like cigars. Y'know, a few weeks ago Russ appeared

with crepe on one eye. We were unable to determine with any certainty whether there is any connection between that and this more recent tragedy. However, it's lots of luck, Ol' Boy, and a world of happiness!

BILL FREEBORN, Beau Brummel leadman, is afoot these days. It hardly seems possible that a brand new Hudson would be docked for repairs so soon after purchase. There are rumors that, though the Hudson may be blamed, the fault is not entirely mechanical.

All right, WEBB, you asked for it. Another clunk slap-slapped around the shop in his house slippers a few weeks ago with dour results and now you try to get away with it. Ah, Youth, with its spirit of optimism.

"EL TORO" JOHNSON, the wild bull of Jamul, sometimes known as the "Rabbi", has his troubles too. Anyone in the market for a well broken-in late model car that would fit perfectly with Major Bowes' descriptions, is advised to contact Johnny. As a matter of fact, Johnny paints a much more glowing picture than the Major.

Say, we surely miss CAPTAIN BENNETT on the highway these balmy mornings. Cap was a top hand with the traffic. He needed no red and green lights to convey his directions to drivers. Reckon he learned all the answers back in Van
(continued on page 18)



favorite hobbies



America is the hobby center of the world. More money is spent annually on hobbies in the United States than in any other country on earth. From old fashioned whittling to polarized-light microscopy, a thousand and one spare-time interests provide Americans with relaxation and amusement. Seeking relief from the strain of expanding war-time activity, millions of persons, in recent months, have joined the ranks of the hobby-riders.

Supplying the needs of America's vast army of hobbyists has become big business. Factories with incomes of millions of dollars annually cater to the wants of men and women who are following specialized hobbies. Each week sees an increasing number of hobby columns in newspapers and hobby volumes on the shelves of libraries and bookstores.

Among all these infinitely varied avocations, which are the favorite ones? Which attract the most followers? Which represent the greatest annual money investment? What are America's five leading hobbies?

Last year, 19,000,000 amateur camera fans clicked their shutters over 600,000,000 times to record still pictures in the United States. They spent during the year, more than \$100,000,000 for film, supplies, and new equipment. The simple box camera, stand-by of amateurs for decades, is still top seller in American photographic stores. In 1939, the latest year for which such statistics are available, box cameras outsold all other types two to one. Of the 1,500,000 new cameras purchased that year, approximately 1,000,000 were box outfits. Miniature 35-millimeter cameras represent only about one percent of those used by American amateurs. The film most widely in demand is No. 120. Most photographed



To find the answers to these questions, Popular Science Monthly recently conducted an extensive survey covering individual hobby groups, manufacturers in the hobby field, national organizations devoted in various ways to the furthering of hobbies. On the basis of the number of persons engaged in the particular avocation and the amount of money spent by them during a year, the following five active hobbies emerged at the top of the list:

PHOTOGRAPHY
STAMPS
MUSIC
MODEL MAKING
HOME WORKSHOP

Have you ever wondered how many Americans collect stamps or own cameras, how many people have home workshops or spend their leisure time operating model rail-ways? In this and future issues of the Flying Reporter, you will find such information. Up-to-the-minute facts about the nations' No. 1 avocation---photography---follows:



object in America is reported to be Oscar, polar bear at the Rochester, N.Y., Zoo. Eastman technicians try out new films by photographing Oscar's white coat against a dark background.

Besides America's 19,000,000 still-camera fans, there are some 500,000 home movie enthusiasts. Eight-millimeter movie film outsells 16-millimeter in this field and, in the production of America's leading maker of home-movie film, the Eastman Company, Kodachrome leads black-and-white. More than 200 amateur movie clubs are active in the country. Still-camera organizations, counting both junior and adult groups, exceed 9,000. There are about 5,000 adult clubs and approxima-

(continued on page 19)

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more about Hobbies--particularly Photography

tely 4,000 school and junior photographic organizations in the country. New clubs are being formed at the rate of more than one a week. Nearly 100 such groups are active in the New York City area alone. There are camera clubs composed of doctors, of chemists, of Wall Street brokers, of telephone-company employees, of bankers, of a hundred and one specialized groups--(not to mention "the Ryan Camera Club"). The largest photographic organization of the kind is one

devoted to snapping railroad pictures. With headquarters in New York City, it has more than 15,000 members scattered in virtually every state in the union as well as in foreign countries. Smallest club is said to be a pictorial group with only eight members, four of which live in New York and four in Cuba. They get together for meetings at intervals of two or three years.

(Next issue----Stamps)

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N O T I C E

For the benefit of those of you who have looked this far through the issue trying to locate the last install-

ment of Ralph Haver's article on manifolds, it just isn't here. We were caught short on space, but watch for it next issue!

- o - 0 - o -

more Maintenance

Buren where he and Burns were pals. More power to ya, Chief.

Alas, poor Joe. We knew him well. The Time Clock reports that he fell to his death, unhonored and unsung. It was suggested that, perhaps, his wrench slipped. Or, maybe he failed to "aim" the wrench jaws properly. Unfortunately it is not always possible to use a wrench according to directions. The answer to Joe's demise is quite simple----Safety belts. When a feller needs one, he seldom has time to go get it. The writer once fell into one, and it was a mighty welcome jerk when the tail rope took up the slack seventy odd feet above the derrick floor.

Permit the introduction of new hands. CARLTON and BUSCH on third shift. CORNELIUS, a welder from low-heel Texas. "HUHNKE", first shift.

Congratulations to all participants in "Our Boarding House". Much time and effort went into that production. We look forward to another real soon.

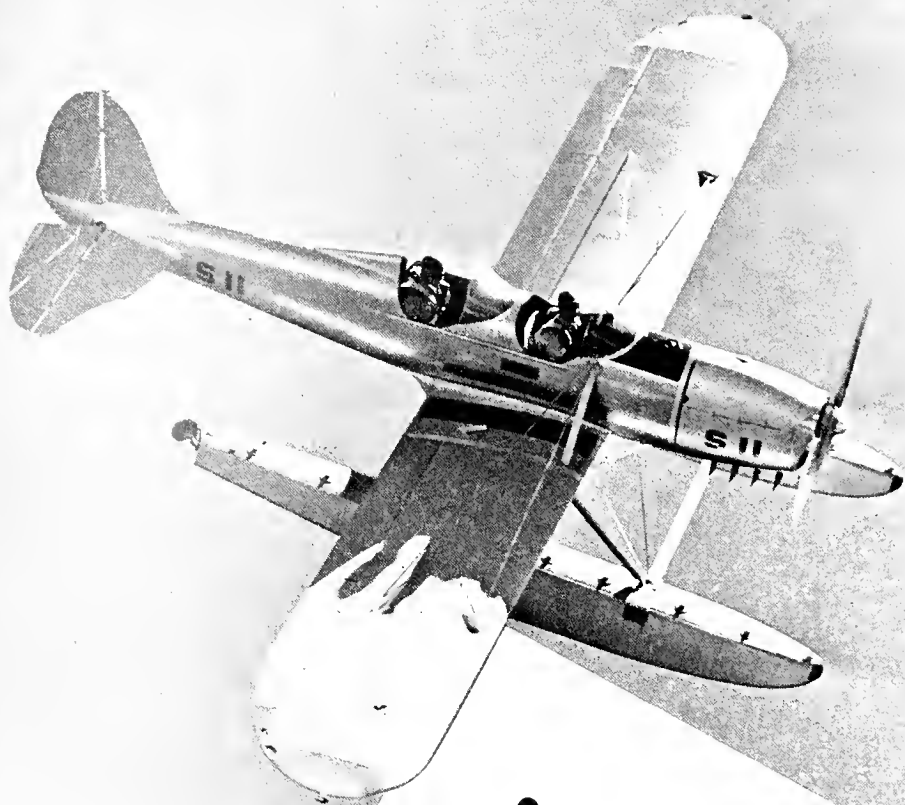
Now that the big fight for the heavy-weight crown is over, we must necessarily take up the mundane arguments on the war, automobiles and fishing. Lucky HAROLD HILL won the jack pot. Any of youse guys, from quarter-deck to bilge, are invited to join our "discussions".

We bar nothing but pick handles containing more than six inches of lead.

THINK. K. O. BURT nearly kayo-ed himself the other day. With an inimitable flourish of the cutting torch, he proceeded to demonstrate his dexterity in removing the head of a large drum. Residue of the previous contents of the drum resisted forcibly the application of heat. The drum grew and grew and GREW. So did Burt's eyes. Burt gracefully laid aside the torch, folded his tent and silently stole away. THINK.

So long, now ---





● For Land or Sea Pilot Training, Ryan S-T type low-wing monoplanes are establishing enviable records in the service of the United States and friendly foreign governments.

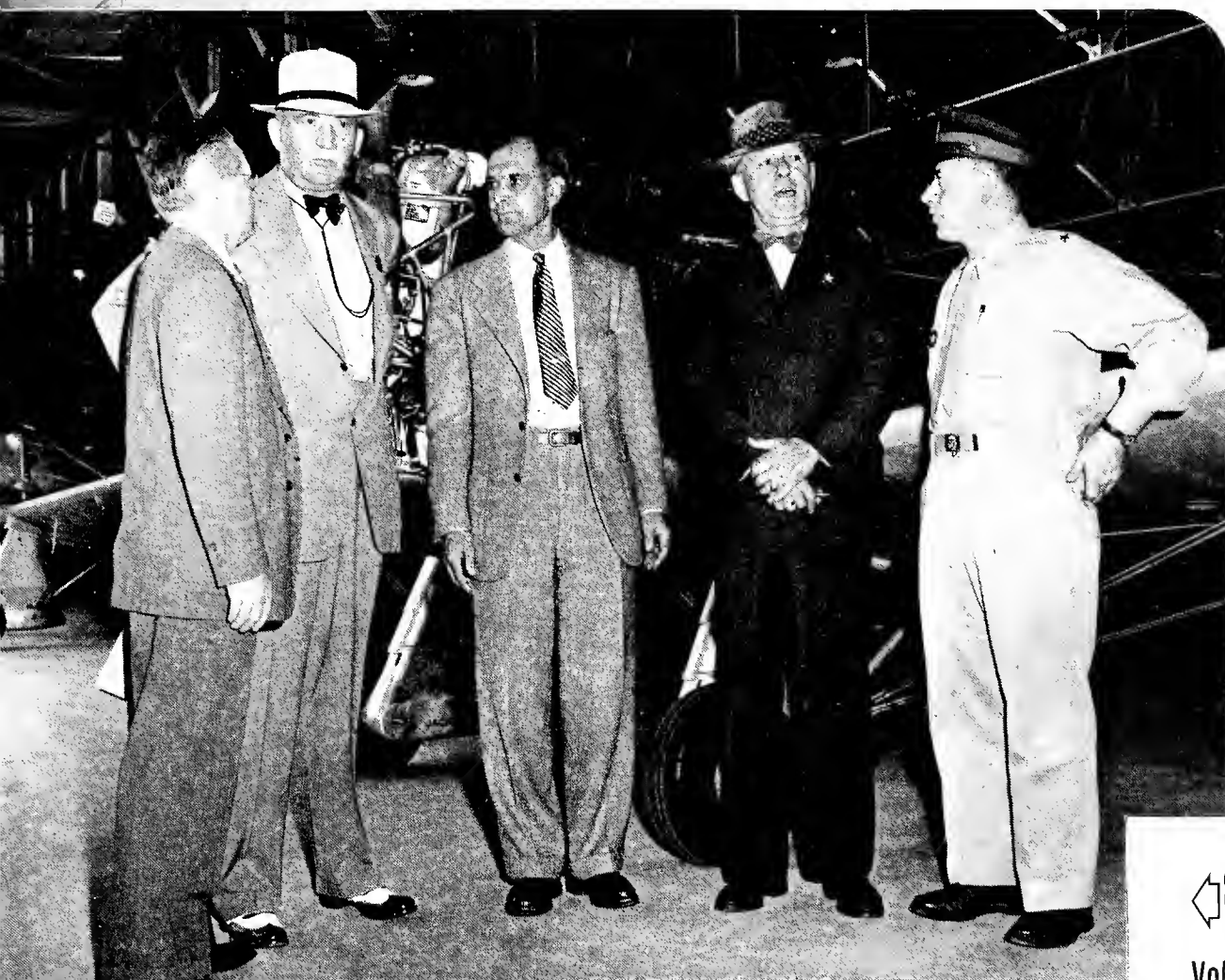


RYAN AERONAUTICAL CO.



SAN DIEGO, CALIF., U.S.A.

Flying Reporter



◀ OPM and AIR CORPS
CHIEFS VISIT PLANT
Story on Page 1

Vol. 2 No. 3

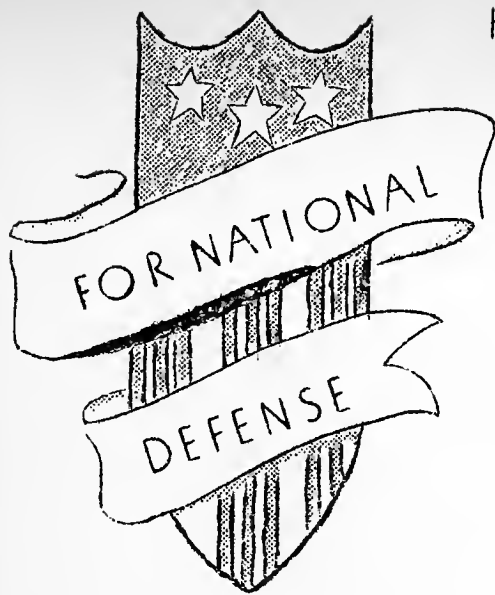
JULY
25TH
1941



PUBLISHED

RYAN

KNUDSEN AND AIR CORPS CHIEF VISIT RYAN PLANT



A scene of intense production activity greeted William S. Knudsen, Director of the Office of Production Management, and Maj. Gen. George H. Brett, Chief of the Air Corps, when they visited the Ryan factory on Thursday morning of last week. The increased production tempo evident was in sharp contrast to activity last August when Knudsen made his first visit to our then much smaller plant, for at that time necessary "tooling up" for mass production of the new trainers was just getting started.

As Claude Ryan, Eddie Molloy, and other company executives showed the distinguished visitors about the factory, there were obvious signs that the government's top Production and Air Corps execu-

tives were pleased with the progress which has been made. But as Claude Ryan remarked afterward, "No matter how good the production picture looks, Knudsen still wants more planes to roll out the back gate and into service."

It had been hoped that Knudsen's tight schedule might have permitted him to address Ryan factory workers, but due to other engagements and a desire not to interrupt production, it was impossible to make the arrangements. However, in speaking of our present production activities, Knudsen did say:

"Your layout here is well arranged, very clear cut, and I could easily follow the department's flow of work. You have a good type of plane, highly adaptable for production."

Speaking further concerning nationwide production, the OPM chief emphasized the important part workers are playing in national defense in the following statement:

"As I look at these men, my faith is restored in that native ability of the American to do the job assigned to him and do it on time.

"The greatest contribution the American worker can make to the national defense program is to give his job everything he's got. With the workman doing his part, America can make more planes and better planes than any other nation on earth.

"The manner in which the industry has designed new planes, made the tools to make them, built the plants to house construction and trained the men to build the planes is an achievement unparalleled in the history of the world's industrial progress."

Also in the inspection party were Gen. George Kenny, Assistant Chief, Materiel Division; Lieut. Col. K. B. Wolfe, Chief of Production, Engineering Section, and Col. E. R. McReynolds. Lieut. Col. Wolfe is in charge of additional tests on our new PT-22 model.

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P R O M I N E N T A V I A T I O N E D I T O R V I S I T S R Y A N

One of America's best informed defense writers, Devon Francis, aviation editor of The Associated Press and president of the Aviation Writers Association, was last week shown through the Ryan plant by Assistant Factory Superintendent, Ernie Moore.

Following his trip through the plant, Francis, himself a pilot, took an hour-

long hop in the new Ryan PT-21 trainer by special arrangement with the local Air Corps Training Detachment.

Impressed with what he saw at Ryan Francis wrote the following for the Ryan Flying Reporter:

"I am completely flabbergasted at the speed with which airplanes are being
(continued on page 2)

Devon Francis visits Ryan

rolled out of U. S. factories. The rate of speed is much greater than I expected.

"I started from New York late in May to visit the plants of the United States. I had some apprehension about the work being accomplished, but up to now I am agreeably surprised by what is being done.

"Persons considerably removed from the industrial cities where American air power is in the making hear all sorts of stories about bottlenecks and retarded production which, in most instances, are proved to be false when one visits the factories.

"The trained manpower is coming into factories and entirely new production methods have been adopted almost overnight to increase the output of the war-plane plants.

"Nothing, however, is more important than the training of pilots in the American bid for greater air power. England had and still has a pilot problem. The pilot problem in the U. S. is emphasized by the Army's announcement that this fall it is pushing its training program to 30,000 pilots a year.

"The increased output of primary training planes at the Ryan Aeronautical Company plant, which I saw this afternoon, is being speeded by short-cuts in fabricating and is part and parcel of that effort to produce more pilots.

"Less spectacular than the production of bombers, the training of pilots receives less attention in the defense air effort, but in my opinion it is the most important problem before a rearming America today."



by J. P. Westler

Our nation, born long years ago,
Weaned on her martyrs blood, we know,
And warmed by bodies hell now burns--
Their lives forgot; Our nation yearns
For remembrance 'ere all is lost
They won for her at such a cost.

Her life seems threatened by machines,
And man forgot, as magnate gleans,
His profits climbing ever higher.
The robots wear but never tire
And are replaced, thus put the ban
On that existence called a man.

How can machines a nation love?--
A nation meant by God above
To harbor men in happiness,
Who see in her all loveliness
Of homes, built by untiring hand--
Their handicraft--their native land.

So now, seek not you men for rest,
But give our nation all your best
And strive, as our forefathers would,
For right to live! They showed they
could.

Think now, men, should our nation fall--
Or stand forever, o'er them all?

RYAN MAKES DELIVERIES TO U. S. ARMY AND NAVY

Our Uncle Samuel asks that we not publish any detailed information on production or deliveries of training planes, but we doubt if he'll send us to Alcatraz for reminding one and all that on June 10th Chief Engineer Millard Boyd turned over the necessary papers, and an airplane, to the Navy as they took delivery on their model NR-1.

Nor is it a sin to say that those Army PT-21s are now really rolling out the front door as fast as Joe Rust, Leonard Miraldi, Ed Sly, Roy Ryan and the

"back gate" gang can get them into the air and accepted by the Army. Fact of the matter is that the day after the Navy ran off with the NR-1 a mass delivery of PT-21 trainers, in charge of Capt. Hubert B. Duckworth, departed from Lindbergh Field for one of the Army's new primary pilot training bases. And nearly every day sees additional groups of completed Ryan trainers off from Lindbergh Field to their new bases.

LET'S KEEP THOSE RYANS MOVING
ALONG THE PRODUCTION LINE!

LET'S GO U.S.A. — — — — — KEEP 'EM FLYING!

RYAN FLYING REPORTER

Published by Employees of the
RYAN AERONAUTICAL COMPANY
Through their Welfare Department

- - - - -

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	Eddie Oberbauer
	Dan Burnett
	Ray Morkowski
	Ralph Haver

Departmental and Organizations:

The Ghost Talks	Who???
Slim's Pickin's	Slim Coats
Manifold Exhaust	Manny Fohlde
Welding	Ken Murray
The Ryanettes	Pat Kregness
Wing Assembly	The Kite Maker

- - - - -

COVER: Taken on the occasion of the visit of the OPM and Air Corps Chiefs to the Ryan factory last week, the cover picture shows from left to right, Eddie Molloy; William S. Knudsen, Director of the Office of Production Management; T. Claude Ryan; Maj. Gen. George H. Brett, Chief of the Air Corps; and Gen. George Kenny, Assistant Chief, Materiel Division. (See story on Page One)

FROM THE FRONT OFFICE

NEW FIELD SERVICE PERSONNEL

With the delivery of PT-21 and NR-1 airplanes now underway, several additions have been made to the Field Service personnel.

Eddie Oberbauer, formerly foreman of experimental, is at present working with the Ryan School personnel on service problems and listing the small bugs which are likely to develop in any new product. He will soon be leaving for Anacostia, D. C. and will then follow the Navy ships to Jacksonville, Florida.

Ray Clever, formerly of fuselage inspection, has been assigned to King City, California, to cooperate with the Air Corps Training Detachment at Palo Alto Airport in that city.

The writer has just returned from a visit to that station and found the personnel there very enthusiastic about the new ships. The Technical Sergeant there had started the usual round of minor complaints so the Engineering Officer bundled him into the front cockpit and proceeded to put the ship through its paces.

After going through all the maneuvers, the Sergeant decided the ship must be pretty good after all.

Walter O. Locke

Walter O. Locke

JUST A THOUGHT

All business as now conducted--particularly those lines of business which embrace the so-called industries--requires specialized training and technical education, in fact so much scientific knowledge that the distinctive line between "business" and "profession" is fast disappearing.

Any one who hopes to achieve success, even the average, must know more, or at least as much, about some one thing as any other one, and not only know, but know how to do--and how to utilize his

experience and knowledge for the benefit of others.

The crying evil of the young man who enters the business world today is the lack of application, preparation, and thoroughness, with ambition but without the willingness to struggle to gain his desired end. Mental and physical strength comes only through the exercise and working of mind and body.

There is too little idea of personal responsibility; too much of "the world owes me a living," forgetting that if the world does owe you a living you yourself must be your own collector.---Vail

- - - TIME IS SHORT - - -

the time clock says....

WATCH OUT FOR INFECTION

Mr. Finnelly, the Plant Nurse, just gave a little talk to the boys on infections, and here are one or two of his swell ideas:

"A bad infection is one of the worst things possible.

"Many husky men have died from infections.

"An infection can be pretty painful and, even though you recover, you may still be partly disabled for good.

"What causes an infection? Our skin protects us. When it is broken, as a result of an injury, whole armies of little bugs, which we can't see, are ready to march right in and begin to multiply fast inside of us. If they're not stopped quickly, they have us down with an infection.

"The sad part of most of these serious infections is that they start from very small injuries--such as a skinned knuckle or a nail jab, or knife scratch, or a scraped shin--THAT DIDN'T GET FIRST AID!

Then Mr. Finnelly took a small bottle out of his pocket and went on, "In this

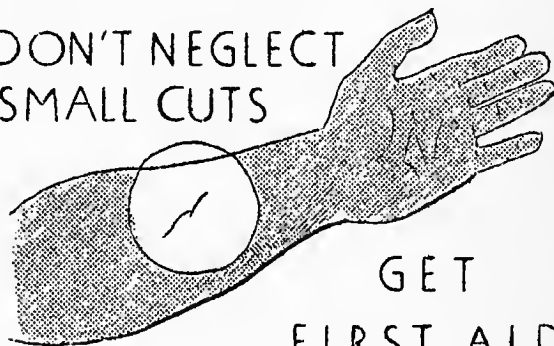
bottle are 100 yellow pills. Let's imagine that 99 of them are perfectly harmless, but that one of them is deadly poison. Notice that all the pills look just alike. If I offered you this bottle, would you take a pill and eat it?

"I don't think you would, because you wouldn't want to gamble even at odds of 100 to 1 that you wouldn't get the poison pill.

"Well, we can't gamble with those bugs that cause infection either!

"First off -- Don't get hurt, but if you do, even if it's a slight injury, come down and have it cleaned and dressed. That's what you'll always do if you remember this bottle of pills, because every time you don't come down and have a slight injury dressed, you're really just taking another pill from the bottle and eating it. If you continue to do this, sooner or later you're going to get that poison pill!"

DON'T NEGLECT
SMALL CUTS



GET
FIRST AID

TO THE "SOUTH SEAS" --- CATALINA

by Eddie Oberbauer

Say, do I like those three-day week-ends--you know, just time enough to make a trip to Catalina.

For those who have been there, they'll understand, but for you who haven't---say, bring on another three-day week-end and I'll be on the boat with you. You know, being single..(through no fault of JOE RUST's)....my! my! are there pretty girls over there!

Well, to go on, a certain young man by the name of NICK LIVINGSTON of Final Assembly and myself got on the boat at Wilmington and whom do we see from dear old Ryan but EILL MATSELBOBA who is all set for a ten-day vacation--reservations and all. We sure were in luck for you really have to have reservations if you want to stay anyplace there on holidays.

After two hours of swinging and swaying (and I didn't get sick!) we arrived. Gee, it sure looked swell.

Getting off the boat, people are waiting for you and under the direction of Gary Breckner, the radio announcer, they give you a rousing welcome with a lot of songs of Catalina and then a "Hi, neighbor"--so we "neighbor" right back.

It being the Fourth and all, those fire crackers sure were noisy. We felt sort of dressed up in our sport outfit with everybody around us in shorts or swim suits. We proceeded to hit for Bill's cabin. Ah, here come three pretty girls walking toward us. Let's see if it works---"Hi, neighbor". And right back at us with big smiles a "Hi, neighbor" and all. Say, that's the place for me. (continued on page 8)

MEET MILLARD BOYD

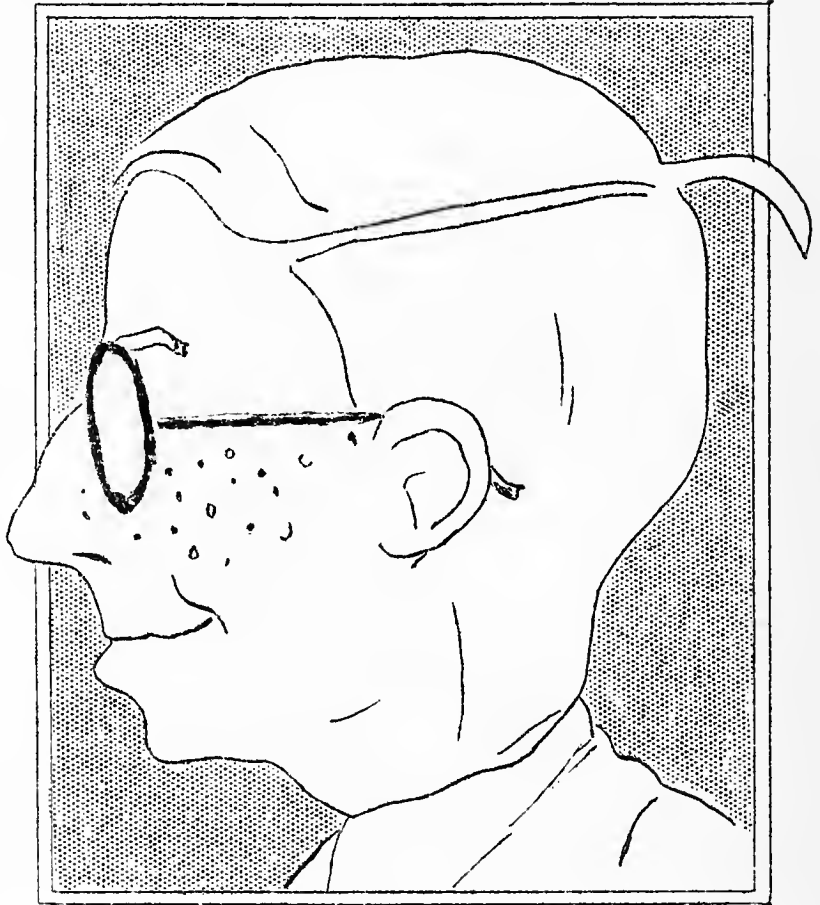
BY J. R. CONYERS

Wound up in the past, present and future of aviation—that's Millard Boyd. Whether to tell you the farm to factory history of the guy, or of his amazingly big ideas is a problem. Then, too, a sizable article could be written on "Boyd and Boats". He's nuts about them. He's a kid at heart. He's an under-sized bundle of ideas, energy and action. Some of these days he's going to break a neck leaping up and down those engineering department stairs.

From the figurative day he was born on a farm near Hornick, Iowa (1899), he has been engineering airplanes, from Wright brothers models to S-Ts. Since his dad moved the family half way across the country and back a time or two before Millard was out of grade school, we suspect that maybe Millard inherited his boundless energy. The schools of California, Iowa and Nebraska all had the laborious duty of trying to teach "that Boyd boy" something that didn't concern airplanes.

After a purely irksome journey through the grade and high schools he finally started on the nearest thing to an aeronautical engineering course that the times afforded. This was a civil engineering course at the University of Nebraska. During high school days, he had built and flown several gliders, the kind you guided by swinging your weight around. With the definite distinction of being a bonafide engineering student, came the urge to build bigger and better ships of the air.

The people of Nebraska thought he was strictly screw-ball. When a guy builds himself an airplane in his spare time and then starts to fly it with no more instruction than a ghost, he is a screw-ball. But that is what he did. Of course, he did have his glider experience to go on.



Comes War I, and Millard enlisted in the Air Corps. Uncle Sam took over the disciplining and training of one more typical American lad at Call Field in Wichita Falls, Texas. Even the hard part of his life was fun, according to Millard. The most notable thing he did as an airman was to rescue the Captain's swanky car from a burning hangar. In so doing, he earned the undying gratitude of, and a valuable inside track with, same Captain. He says it paid many dividends.

He went back to the University of Nebraska again after being discharged in 1919 and got his degree in Civil Engineering. California was then, as now the scene of most airplane activity so Millard hied himself to Pasadena. Here he got a job with the C. Robert Little Aircraft Company. They built the first twin-engine job on the West Coast. It was mainly a question of being handy

(continued on page 7)

A LETTER TO NIGHT SHIFT MEN

Editor's Note: Here's an interesting contribution from Ray Morkowi:

Well, fellows, I know it isn't fair to write about the same person again, but darn it anyway, I just have to pass on the letter of appreciation that we got from "DAPPER DAN" BURNETT for that article about him in the last edition. Before we get to that letter, though, let me tell you of a little incident that happened in the meantime to prove that "Dapper Dan" is Our Man.

When Carl Rasmussen had an accident in the Drop Hammer Department it was no accident that Dan was there to rush him to the clinic in his own car, then to the drug store to get a prescription filled and finally went home with Carl to make sure that he would get proper attention there. To cap it all, he personally saw to it that Carl's car was delivered to his home.

Now for that letter. My only wish is that it does not lose any of its sincerity in reprinting.

I want to take this opportunity to express my most sincere appreciation for the very fine article in my favor which appeared in the last issue of the RYAN FLYING REPORTER, in your column.

I am very proud to be working with all of you men of the night crew. I have enjoyed working with you, listening to your troubles and problems, whether they be about work, or about your outside interests. I sympathize with you in your sorrow and feel a swelling of pride in your accomplishment.

Too often in the great rush of modern industry one is prone to forget or neglect the human side of the great equation - "money-machinery-man". Each has its equal import and none should be neglected if we are to realize an efficient and profitable output of the worldly goods by which we all gain our livelihood.

Some men think, eat and sleep money. Some men see nothing but machinery--machinery for every purpose, even to the elimination of man entirely, if possible. Only too few see the man. Men, big ones, little ones, fat ones and skinny ones. Black men, white men, red and yellow men. Man is the most interesting part of the great equation.

Money:---anyone can spend or save money or make it work for them if they have it to start with.

Machinery:--machinery is a means to an end, a mechanical means. It is made to do a job with a trained man to operate it. The machine cannot think, it cannot even execute its own purpose without the aid of man. It would not even exist if it were not for man. Any machine has reached its apex when it has left the assembly line in the factory in which it was made.

But Man:--man has the greatest opportunity of all and should rightly receive the greater amount of credit and reward. Man can rise to great heights in any of the arts, trades, and sciences. He has been given a mind with which to think and plan, a spirit with which to survive, surmount and to conquer. To conquer his own fears, fears that he is not as good as the next man. A spirit of ambitious energy, ambitious to warrant advancement in his chosen line of endeavor. Yes, this goes all the way up to the top and most important, it should not be forgotten when one does reach the top, because getting there and staying there are two different things. The respect, admiration and cooperation of his fellow workers are important factors in getting and keeping him in his high office.

Men like to be lead by one whom they admire and respect, not driven by one whom they distrust and have no faith in.

I like to work with men, I like to help men on their way up. It has always been a thrill for me to see some individual whom I have had the pleasure of helping get their promotion up the ladder of success. Some of them have gone a long way.

So I say now, as I have always said, that honesty, justice and fairness, whether it be with other men or with yourself, it is the best policy.

Again I say that I consider it a pleasure to work with you all, and when I say good-night at the guard gate, I do so because I really enjoy the privilege.

It is certainly grand to be a man among men.

Very sincerely,

Daniel B. Burnett, Jr.
Daniel B. Burnett, Jr.
Night Superintendent

more about Millard Boyd

with a hammer and saw then, says Boyd.

In 1921, thinking he ought to be smart, he organized a company of his own to build airplanes. We'll make that singular. The Boyd Company built one airplane. Apparently the outfit was long on ideas but short on that green paper stuff. Not only that, but the Government started selling brand new war-made Jennies to all takers for about \$200. This kind of made it tough for people who were trying to make and sell their own product.....thus ended the career of Boyd's biplane with the converted Dodge engine.

This government act did create a lot of new flyers and made a lot of work converting, special designing and general changing on these planes. Millard got his share of that. Pretty soon the old Standards and Jennies started gradually disappearing from our skys and about then Lindbergh flew to Paris in a specially built Ryan Brougham. This was the starting gun for the public's interest in aviation. Among other things, during this period Millard designed a high wing monoplane for an individual.

In 1928, Boyd went to work for the Zenith Aircraft Corporation of Midway City, California. They designed and built a good sized biplane. It carried seven people or a pilot and a slug of freight. A number of these were sold in Alaska and the company was doing swell

(continued on page 8)

the ghost talks

Well, well, it sure seems like old times to see FLOYD "CHEW" BENNETT's smiling face around and I do mean around.

- 0 -

Talking about smiles--say, children, you never would believe there was so much gold bridge work in one place as was shown when our head man, meaning the honorable RAY "SUN BEAM" ORTIZ passed out the raise slips Friday. Floyd walked ahead with the checks but I noticed he was close

to Butch all the time. I guess it was to enable him to catch any of the fellows who happened to faint.

- 0 -

Our friend and pusher upper, no other than FRENCHY "BOY I TELL YAH" FOUSHEE really gets around in that new Plymouth convertible. You aren't using it for a taxi are you, Frenchy?

- 0 -

RAY MORKOWSKI demonstrated the Polish jig--odd thing for a Norwegian like Ray to imitate a Pole.

- 0 -

(continued on page 12)

more of Catalina

Cabins, yes---Villa park on Beacon Street. On the way---why there's FRED THUDIUM and Stella, LEONARD GORE and I forget her name---she's pretty though. Gosh, it looks like we'll see lots of Ryan folks before we leave.

There's a couple of other boys we know from San Diego and then two from the Paint Shop, three from Sheet Metal and Manifold, another from the Hammer Shop. Final Assembly comes through again and Production Planning. I guess we were pretty well represented, also the school with commanding officer Lieut. Don Haarman, Lieut. Merrill Carlton and a couple of the flight instructors.

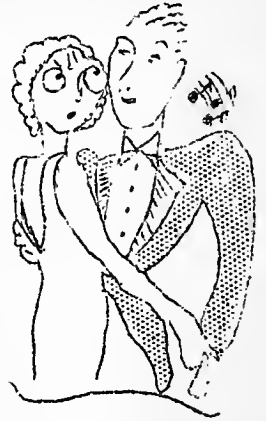
We heard also that CLAUDE RYAN was up there in his cabin cruiser. He went over to the Isthmus though. We did not have time to go over there as it's about 20 miles from Avalon so we are saving it for next time.

The Bird Park is really very interesting and worthseeing. If you are over

there be sure and listen to Jimmie--he's quite a bird. The glass bottom boats to see the marine gardens, the night trip out to see the flying fish, seals--and fishing--oh, boy.

And, of course, the Casino we mustn't forget. What a grand place! We had a swell time dancing to Dick Jergen's Band and there were lots of girls to dance with, too.

Sunday afternoon came all too soon. We got on the boat; then with the strains of La Golondrina played by the trumpet section of the ship's band up on the bridge, the ship pulls away. Speed boats come out and wave farewell as Catalina fades into the distance. Our thoughts turn to just how soon we can be going back to this island in the sea.



more Low Down on Millard Boyd

until that old depression came down on them. The organization expired gracefully and Millard went to work for the Security National Aircraft Corp. in what is now the Vultee plant at Downey.

Millard met, wooed and won a California girl in 1930. She is as crazy about sailing as he is. (Oh, yes?---Editor) It's a family hobby.

Through a mutual friend Boyd had met our boss, Claude Ryan some few years before. During a visit the idea for a new highly specialized training plane was outlined by Ryan. It listened good, there was a market for it and there was Millard Boyd to engineer it. Ryan hires Boyd. That was in 1933 and since then our Chief Engineer's time and talents have been helping to make this outfit grow.

All in all, this Nebraska farm boy has built airplanes with everything from a hammer and nails to hydro-press stampings. He has been going like a Whirling Dirvish all of the time and isn't showing any signs of slowing down yet. Can you imagine a Chief Engineer saying that airplanes aren't worth a damn yet? Just like you'd say a 1911 Model T isn't fit to drive, Millard says that we've got to

make a lot of changes in aircraft. They have got to be made safer. They must be made to sell for less. We gotta turn 'em out quicker. We've got to get at least one in every garage and have babies crying for 'em. This will be done and that will be done and there will still be room for a thousand improvements.

Yep, there he sits with the best training plane in the world in his lap and never even takes a bow. He just goes on and on about what we are going to do and how much there is to be done....and we can't write the finish yet. "Until we can," he says, "keep thinking."

THINK

Don't try to kid the foreman--he was on the job long before you got up. When they speak of K.O., don't forget there are two K. O.s in the factory. So---when you read, "K.O. stole silently away---", it wasn't K. O. BURT, it was K. O. STEWART who was running like h--- down the yard---





FRONT VIEWS AND PR FILES

by Ray Morkowski

People are the most interesting subject in the world and in order for us to better understand and know the ones we work with I will attempt to give you all a little dope on them in this and future editions of our great little paper the Ryan Flying Reporter.

I sincerely hope that in doing this I will not write anything that will in any way hurt the ones that are interviewed. I would like to put all of you in this first edition but that is impossible, but you can rest assured that your turn will come. The first, of course, is the person that you are most interested in and the one that you all know, so without further ado, I present---

RAY ORTIZ.

Nick name---
"BUTCH". When asked where he got that name, he said that he was a butcher at one time, but he was just shooting the breeze. The truth of the matter is that when he went to work for Consolidated (that was before he found his present love, Ryan) he appeared ready for work in a butcher's apron and cap and the name stuck.

"Butch" was born in Albuquerque, New Mexico and came to San Diego when only a tot of two. He attended Sherman grade school, Memorial Junior High and Santa Ana Junior College. He never failed to make the varsity in baseball, basketball and football. The latter was his specialty and he often wishes he were still at it. He claims he has made some girl happy because he did not marry. He has had many opportunities according to "Slim" Coats who tells of the time Ray met him at a very exclusive night club in Los Angeles looking like an Indian on the war path with lip-stick of every hue and shade on his face. What's more, he's been an Iceman.

He also worked at the Lockheed Aircraft Corp. He is a member of the San Diego Rowing Club where he keeps himself in shape. He claims he led a very peaceful, quiet life but we have it on good authority that he did have some bombing practice over Mission Bay, but before he could get the range he ran out of ammunition. If only he had drunk a little more milk before he took off he would

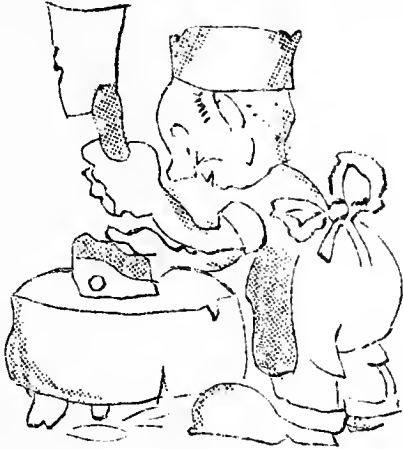
have made some direct hits.

Ortiz is six feet tall, weighs two hundred pounds, has dark brown hair and blue eyes. Oh, yes, girls he is available. You can reach him every night in the Manifold Department between the hours of 3:00 P.M. and 12:00 Midnight. You see, he is our foreman.

ROY (HEESIE, Manifold Assemblyman, was born in Tappen, North Dakota, on February 16th, 1915. He attended Tappen grade and high schools and then spent one year at the State School of Science where he completed a course in auto mechanics. He was married on June 4th, 1938 to a petite little Pole (but then aren't all Poles petite). He has no children--yet. Before coming to Ryan he had only one job but that was five years with Corwin-Churchill Motors Inc.

His wife tells of the time they went to a spiffy affair in Los Angeles and Roy wore some old duds so as not to soil his "Sunday-go-to-meetin'" suit which he carefully hung in the back of his car. But, alas and a lack, when he was about to change in-

to his finery he found that he had left his pants in San Diego. His ambition is to learn to fly and own his own fishing boat. Five feet 10½ inches tall, Roy weighs 157 pounds, has light brown hair and sports a pair of smiling blue eyes. Sorry, girls. (continued on page 19)



Here is the balance of the article on Ryan Universal Exhaust Manifolds by Ralph Haver, Manifold Engineer, which appeared in a recent issue of Aero Digest.

BEHIND THE SCENES...

The joints in the collector ring body are rigid with a minimum clearance so that leakage at these points is practically eliminated. As regards the leakage in a slip joint collector, each joint must necessarily have sufficient clearance to allow free movement and the variation of clearance is greater due to lack of machine accuracy. All the joints are subject to rough, shocking vibrations which promote both wear and leakage. In the ball and socket unit, a high grade cast iron of controlled growth is used, and wear, due to friction, is consequently taken up as the hours of service increase.

At the connection between the turbo-supercharger and the collector ring in other manifold types, a complicated "vibration" joint must be utilized to protect the exhaust turbine. These joints are usually packed with metallic packing. To date a satisfactory joint of this type for exhaust turbines has not been developed. The "Ball and Socket" type collector, however, does not require this type of "packed" joint because of the lack of vibration and movement in the collector ring body.

An interesting flight test was recently conducted on a Ryan manifold equipped for turbo-supercharger installation. The plane was flown to 20,000 feet where the engine was able to produce 95% of its rated horsepower, clearly demonstrating that the joints were all tight and were not leaking. As there was approximately a five pound pressure differential in the manifold on this turbo installation the test proves that the universal joints are capable of holding pressure in actual flying conditions. Tests are under way at the present time to determine actual leakage of the ball and socket joints up to 30" Hg. differential pressure. Indications are that the results will be very favorable.

Due to the fact that strains and stresses in the "slip joint" type collector caused by engine vibration and deflection are not present in the "Ball and Socket" collector, the life of the

manifold is increased and the need for heavy gauge material is greatly reduced. The expectant life of the "Ball and Socket" collector is at least twice that of the "slip joint" type collector, and in the case of exhaust turbo installations .043 material is all that is required as compared to .050 for the "slip joint" collector.

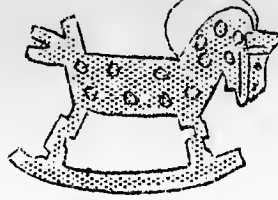
A Ryan manifold made from .032 stainless steel material was recently installed on an experimental engine for test purposes and was run intermittently for over 500 hours. During tests this engine developed in excess of 2200 horsepower and RPM ratings above 2500. Water manometer connections were installed at each exhaust port outlet and readings were carefully recorded throughout the test. At the end of 500 hours the manometer readings were the same as when the manifold was new thus showing that the joints were still tight and servicable. An inspection of the manifold showed it to be in very good shape with no cracks and apparently capable of indefinite service. Since this manifold was installed on an experimental engine, the condition of testing were more severe than those which would be encountered in actual service.

Universal Joint collectors require very little "Field maintenance". The connections between the collector ring are rigid, hence do not wear. The ball and socket joints have practically no wear. The use of cast iron in connection with stainless steel in these units offers an ideal situation in that no galling of the adjacent metals occurs, and further the formation of graphite from cast iron as the temperature increases makes the entire unit self-lubricating at both high and low temperatures. During the time we have manufactured ball and socket collectors, with thousands of units now in service, we have had practically no orders for replacement parts.

Columbium stabilized 18-10 steel is used throughout on Ryan manifolds, unless other material is specified by the

(continued on page 11)

favorite hobbies



STAMPS

Fifty million dollars a year, approximately, are being spent by the 12,000,000 Americans whose hobby is stamp collecting. The number of these enthusiasts, according to philatelic authorities, has zoomed from 2,000,000 in 1931 to six times that number in 1941.

During the Government's last fiscal year, the Post Office Department sold \$4,000,000 worth of new stamps to American collectors. The sum represented an almost clear profit for the Government. In New York City, more than 175,000 school children have stamp collections. Issues from countries overrun by Germany are now in greatest demand. All told,

there are more than 150,000 different kinds of stamps listed.

Many present-day enthusiasts are buying stamps as an investment as well as a hobby. A New York newspaper a few weeks ago carried an advertisement reading: "An entire lovely island, south shore, Massachusetts. Will consider exchange for North American stamp collection." At least 10,000 persons in the United States are following a budget plan of stamp buying to build up college funds for their children. There are, experts say, more than fifteen collections in the United States worth \$1,000,000 a piece.

more about manifolds

customer, but in any case the ball and socket units are of cast iron and stainless steel. 13-10 stainless steel is a very durable material and is not affected by the extreme sudden changes in temperature encountered in exhaust manifolds.

In the cold condition the "Ball and Socket" joints are relatively loose. This allows for excessive engine vibration and movement during warm-up. Since the joint is relatively "thick", with the cast iron ball acting as a partial heat insulator, there is considerable difference in temperature between the outside of the socket and the tube inside of the ball. Hence as the collector heats up, the ball expands more than the socket, forming a snug leak-proof joint.

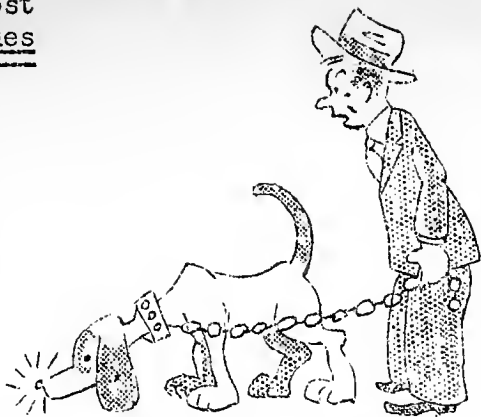
The angular displacement of the ball and socket joint is approximately eight degrees from either side of the centerline, or a total of 16 degrees. This displacement will adequately take care of the most extreme radial movement encountered in modern dynamic motor suspensions, but on special applications this displacement can be increased to suit individual requirements. The minimum distance between the centers of the individual joints is four inches. However, the minimum space required to install a universal joint assembly varies with the requirements. The usual dis-

tance required from the face of the cylinder to the beginning of the fair-in on the collector body is 8 1/2 inches. On special applications this distance can be varied.

Engines equipped with the universal joint manifolds may be easily overhauled and maintained without the necessity of disturbing the collector ring. Each port tube has a stainless steel collar which may be taken off by removing two bolts. When this collar is removed the port tube can be pushed back into the ball, thus disengaging the unit from the port nipple and allowing the individual cylinder to be removed in service.

After many years of development and three years of manufacturing experience with the "Ball and Socket" exhaust collector Ryan has devised highly efficient means of producing manifolds on a large-scale production basis. The line production system as used in automobile construction is being applied insofar as possible to the manufacture of collector rings to further speed up production.

Production capacity of the Ryan manifold department has been steadily increased until today the company is turning out exhaust collector rings at the highest rate since the company has been manufacturing these specialized engine accessories. A further increase in production capacity, which will approximately double the rate of deliveries, is already planned and will soon be in operation.



"AL NUBBIN" WEBER says he will trade his 40 Ford for a "Yaller Dog" providing the dog can cook and lead him home--which we are sorry to say is every Sunday A.M. We hope the dog is not a fanatic on Sunday School as it might interfere with "Nubbins" getting home.

- 0 -

All the boys in Manifold are trying to grow soup strainers. Must be a 49ers convention coming up.

- 0 -

BILL CORLEY came back from his vacation broke--must have seen some rare sights, eh, Bill?

- 0 -

RED "BIG TIME" BECKER has a new Olds. Well, we will hand it to him---when he dives, he goes under in a big way. Remember that favorite about "Won't you come with me, Lucille, in my merry Oldsmobile". Of course, we don't know if her name is Lucille, but Red won't have to sing so loud now.

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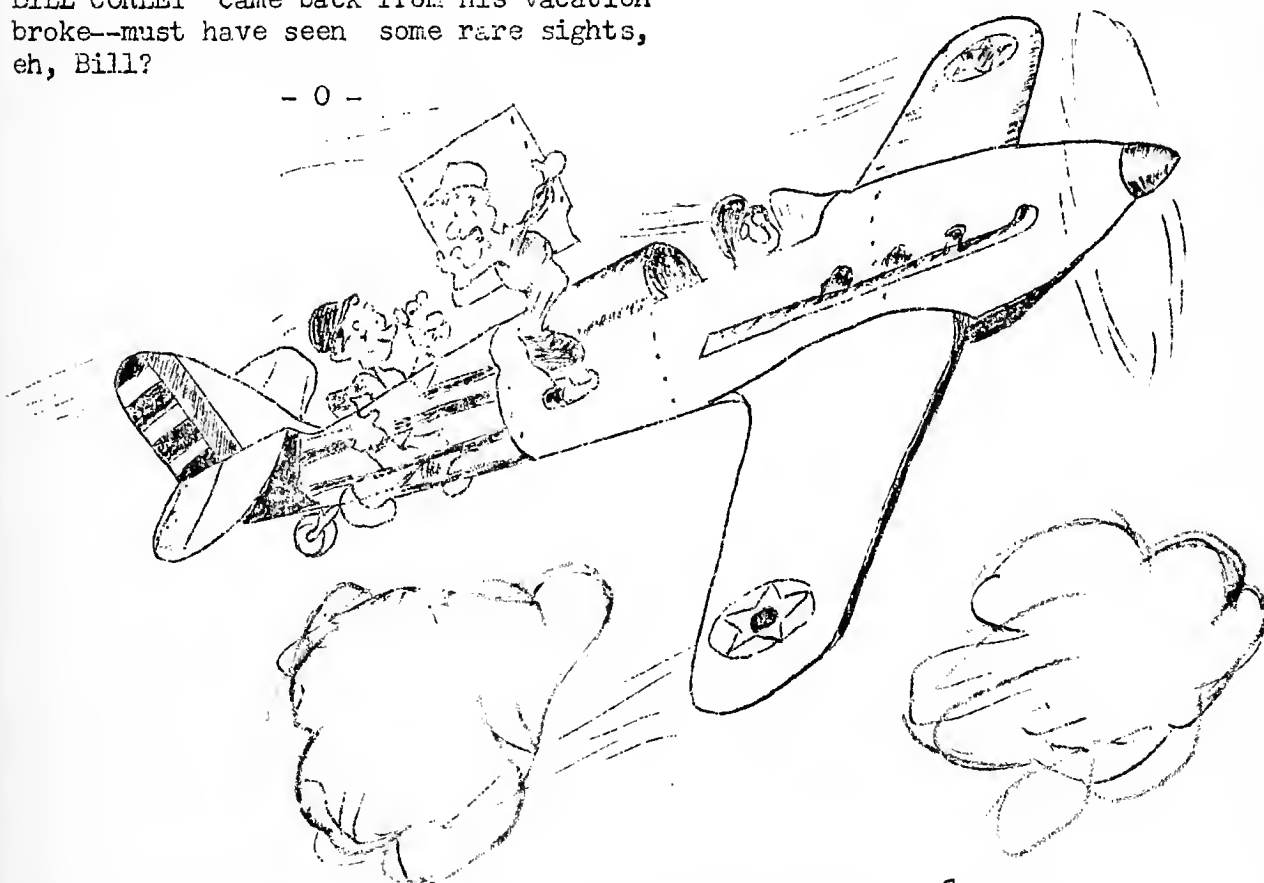
Who was it shouted, "My Kingdom for a horse?" We are going to have to have horses or roller skates if they keep spreading the Manifold Department out much more. It reminds me of the plains back "Thar" in Kansas---it is so far between stops that the jack rabbits carry their lunch.

- 0 -

"They have taken her away." Yep, the old Plating Department has been moved. Woe is us. We will not be able to silver plate any more slugs and use them for dimes. Oh, well, the Chuck Wagon boys were getting wise anyway.

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(continued on page 18)



"I DONT GIVE A HOOT WHAT KNUDSEN SAYS. —

I'D STILL RATHER PUT THE SKIN ON BEFORE
THEY TEST HOP 'EM"

- 12 -

DUNCAN
41

AVIATION PROTECTS OUR FORESTS

We hadn't seen "Sookie" Kern, a pal of Los Angeles days, for five years until this week when he dropped in to ask our help in letting Ryan employees know about the necessity of protecting our forest reserves. "Sookie"'s now Assistant Supervisor of the Cleveland National Forest and works out of San Diego Headquarters. Curiously enough Kern's article touches upon Claude Ryan's early days in aviation. -- W.W.

by J. C. Kern

Recently several Ryan families made a Sunday trip through portions of San Diego's forested back country. Being new to Southern California, their curiosities were aroused in the fire prevention warnings posted on the highways. The fire breaks wiggling over sharply inclined ridges were strange creatures for sure, and the look-out stations perched on lonely peaks and accessibly only by forest "truck-trails" suggested only a remote connection to them in the management of the public's forests.

Campgrounds developed for free public use in the higher country looked inviting, but somehow the group could not grasp the importance of restricting the camp and picnic fires to these areas. Some one of the party suggested that a stop at one of the ranger stations might help to answer their questions. It seems that the ranger had anticipated their visit, knowing full well that many thousand new people have moved into the San Diego area to aid in the aircraft production program. He outlined the public cooperation which is the key to the success of any forest protection plan and then being very much air-minded, he pointed out the valuable contribution which the airplane industry has and is making to his job of administering our National Forests.

In that short discussion several aviation men and a forester met on common grounds -- the mutual protection and enjoyment of our natural resources.

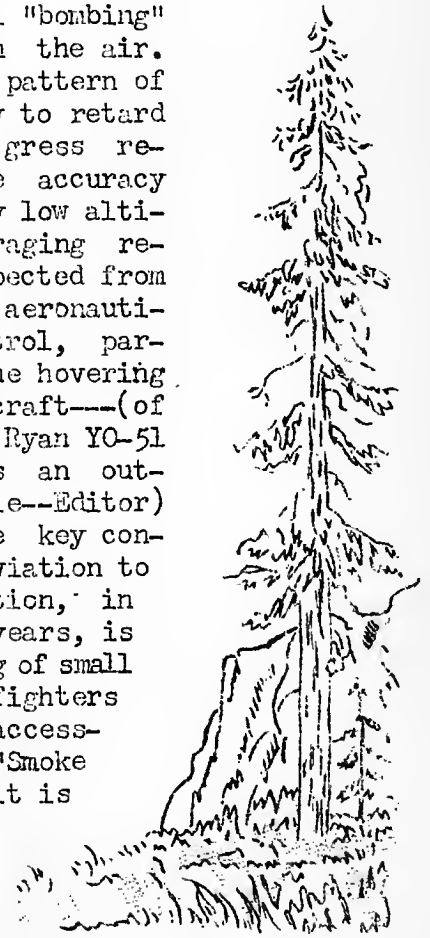
For over twenty years the Forest Service has recognized the importance of aviation in the widespread job of protecting and managing our National Forests. In 1919, five bases were established in California from which seven Army pilots and Ranger observers made regular flights twice daily looking for forest fires. (Claude Ryan was one of them--Editor.)

From these important beginnings aerial foresters have greatly expanded these activities, supplementing military assistance with private contract ships. The scouting of large fires with radio communication between plane and fire strategy headquarters is now common practice.

Aerial photography has been utilized on all types of forest land surveys and has proved of material aid in the mapping of fire zones. Recently, camera-minded Forest officers equipped their plane with a small dark-room outfit, flew over a going fire, snapped their muchly needed shots of remote sectors and dropped the pictures to the fire camp -- all in eighteen minutes.

During recent years considerable research has been carried on with actual "bombing" of fires from the air. An efficient pattern of hits necessary to retard a fire's progress requires extreme accuracy from relatively low altitudes. Encouraging results are expected from this phase of aeronautical fire control, particularly by the hovering types of aircraft--(of which our own Ryan YO-51 "Dragonfly" is an outstanding example--Editor)

Perhaps the key contribution of aviation to forest protection, in more recent years, is the parachuting of small crews of fire fighters to fires in inaccessible areas. "Smoke jumping", as it is termed, was considered as far back as 1935, but it was not



until 1939 that experiments under actual forest conditions were begun. During that year jumpers protected by heavy clothing, helmets, masks and steel in-step shoes made frequent jumps. They were equipped with special thirty-foot chutes with steering flaps and widely scalloped edges plus a section of sturdy light rope to lower the jumper in case of tree landings, of which there were obviously many. Speed is the essence of forest fire suppression, and since these early tests, the fire jumpers have proven their value in drastically reducing the elapsed time between origin and attack of forest fires.

There are of course tremendous losses in human life, property, natural resources and public finances each year from forest disasters. On all types of forest lands in the country fires occurred at the rate of one every two and one half minutes during 1939.

We have discussed the ever-growing list of developments in the aircraft industry which have speeded the progress of controlling these blasts at our natural resources. These vast forested areas furnish us homes and construction material, paper, plastics and a thousand other products vital not only to our everyday

needs, but essential to the progress of our national defense. Well managed forests mean protection to domestic and industrial water supplies, health giving recreational areas, wild life resources, protection to forage supplies for the cattle industry and to the timber now needed by a nation hard pressed to emergency action.

For every ounce of these important aerial cures in fire suppression, we need many pounds of fire prevention to meet the rapidly increasing use of the National Forests. Last year many million people visited the National Forests of California, and 5,300,000 of these went to mountain recreational areas of Southern California where fire hazards are most acute. In this battle to minimize the losses, every Ryan worker can play a part in assisting the forestry agencies who are charged with this protection responsibility. We of the Forest Service urge that every one of you familiarize yourself with the few simple fire prevention measures designed for your protection and the safeguarding of our forests. Many of you have come from out-of-state and do not realize perhaps the following fire laws which are in effect:

1. Since June 1st, smoking in National Forest areas has been restricted to public camps, places of habitation or specific places posted by Forest officers.

2. Campfires can be made only after obtaining at a ranger or forest guard station a free campfire permit, which states that campfires may be made only in stoves provided at improved campgrounds.

3. There are certain areas within the forest closed to public use except under special permit due to conditions of high fire hazard.

4. Federal, State and County ordinances prohibit the throwing of a match, cigarette, cigar, pipe heel or any ignited substance into any inflammable material where it will start a fire. This includes throwing smoking material from a moving vehicle.

In and adjacent to the Cleveland Forest, there are 30 lookout stations, guard and ranger stations. The forest officers you will find stationed there will be more than anxious to acquaint you with the fire regulations and give you any other information which we hope will aid and insure the safety of your Out-of-Door trips this summer.

The National Forests were created and are managed for the maximum enjoyment and utility of the general public. With your wise use and cooperation, these objectives can be reached. Remember "Forest Defense is National Defense".

(For the next issue of Flying Reporter, Jack Kern is going to supply Ryan employees with a list of Public Campsites near San Diego, and also tell how you may obtain an interesting map of the Cleveland National Forest.)

BE CAREFUL. REMEMBER, ALL FIRES ARE THE SAME
SIZE AT THE START!



SLIM'S PICKIN'S

BY
SLIM
COATS

hour assignment, JOE "WHAT A MAN" REDDING took time out for a little game of solitaire. BOB HARRIS wants to know how you can refuse your wife a surprise after she has bought it?

BUD "JUNK DEALER" FARR is erecting a new sign over his car wrecking lot. It reads, "Ford Parts and Near Beer". When we see B. AMISS and F. G. MOSSOP crowding into the same phone booth every night at lunch hour, we wonder if they are talking to the same girl, or just want to be alone. MYRT WILDER is back after having his appendix removed...too bad it wasn't his gall, eh fellas? KENNY and CLAYTON RUSH are back after fooling around with the deer (?) in Yosemite. "ACE" PERRY sneezed and lost part of his bridgework....watch that "Ace", you are apt to bite some of these barefoot hill-billys.

"Marlene Dietrich gives Private Scott a democratic handshake" says the caption under a news photograph appearing in one of the local "rags". That's the dopiast news item of the week. What do they mean "democratic" handshake? Are movie stars supposed to look at soldiers thru' lorgnettes? Who and what do these film magazine chatterers think movie stars are that they can assume a "being democratic" attitude toward members of the United States fighting forces? Well, that's neither here nor elsewhere.

After listening to the glowing description of INSPECTOR JOHN CAMERON's (sounds like the Northwest Mounted) trip to L.A. and the rabbit dinner, we have been unable to determine whether he is in love or just hungry. But after seeing several pictures of the lovely Hermaine, we are inclined to believe it's the former. He said they visited Slapsie Maxies "mill". I once saw a guy punch Maxie's nose so hard he had him rocking like porch furniture in the twilight.

SCOTTY DERR and a friend went to Mexico last Sunday, looking for frijoles, no doubt. This is a warning to FRANK SAYE not to turn his back while he has that luscious looking chocolate cake
(continued on page 19)

After that ten hour pre-holiday nightmare, and the "blitzkrieg" we had a pretty gloomy looking gang of men. Then as they say in pictures, "Came the Dawn". When the slips were passed out containing the wage increases, faces lighted up like four alarm fires, hammers beat twice as fast, and there was more work turned out in the last two days of the week than the entire four days previously. There was whistling and singing--and it was generally conceded that we are going to "Keep Ryan a Good Place to Work".

We've heard a lot about Births, Marriages, and Deaths lately. We think they should be in another column called "Yells, Bells, and Knells" or maybe the column could be called, "Hatched, Matched, and Snatched". RAY "ADOLPH MENJOU" MORKOWSKI is the proud father of a five and one half pound daughter.

Since the boys were shaken up like a box of berries, it has been hard to locate some of them. F. E. FLINN is now one of the "spare-ribs" in the wing department. PAUL MC OSKER is in the machine shop, and DICK WILSON in the Tooling Department.

Ever notice how much some of the boys resemble movie stars? R. HARLAN with his new moustache looks like Ronald Colman, and DON WILCOX looks like Gene Raymond with a hangover.

BILL "BUTTERBALL" BICE: "So your wife has a new job, eh?"

"WEASEL" EVANS: "Yes. It's hard work, and she says it's killing her, but thank goodness it's permanent."

This may sound like a movie gag, but it's really the truth. DEE FIELDS ate half of a cardboard plate, mistaking it for a piecrust. Despite the tough ten-

MANIFOLD EXHAUST.....by Manny Fohlde

Presses roar and I must meet the dead line. I undertake this task of following RUSS NORDLUND as reporter for these columns with a certain amount of apprehension, knowing, as I do, that it is going to be no cinch.

We are all going to miss Russ no end and we wish to take this opportunity to wish him every success at his new post.

First, I would like to assure all who may be a bit skeptical, that JOE LOVE can and actually does whistle! We heard him giving out on the Hut-Sut Song the other morning and concluded then and there that his "pucker" wasn't just a facial expression.

BOB GUYER returned from his vacation this past week grinning like a donkey eating briars to inform us, through the medium of cigars, (he passed me up, incidentally) that he had a good four hundred bucks worth of tax exemption at his house. Congratulations to you and your Mrs., Bob, and we trust that your big, expanded chest won't all go to waist.

Another returning vacationist, BOB BALLINGER, arrived at work with a very disgusted look on his pan and when asked the reason, he told us that his long anticipated trip to the east had wound up in the vicinity of Lakeside. We sympathized with him and agreed that it certainly was tough on the home team.

Anyone in search of someone to be a stooge for his jokes, contact BILL DUBELEMAN, inspection crib four, badge number 506. We find that Bill is very obliging and is willing to cooperate one hundred per-centum. Ask him about the Marine at the Picadilly Room.

It has been brought to the attention of several of us that our boss

man, REX SEATON, has been remodeling to a certain extent since the advent of soft ball season. Have you noticed his reduction in girth and increase in shoulder spread? It's quite becoming, too. Keep up the good labor, Rex.

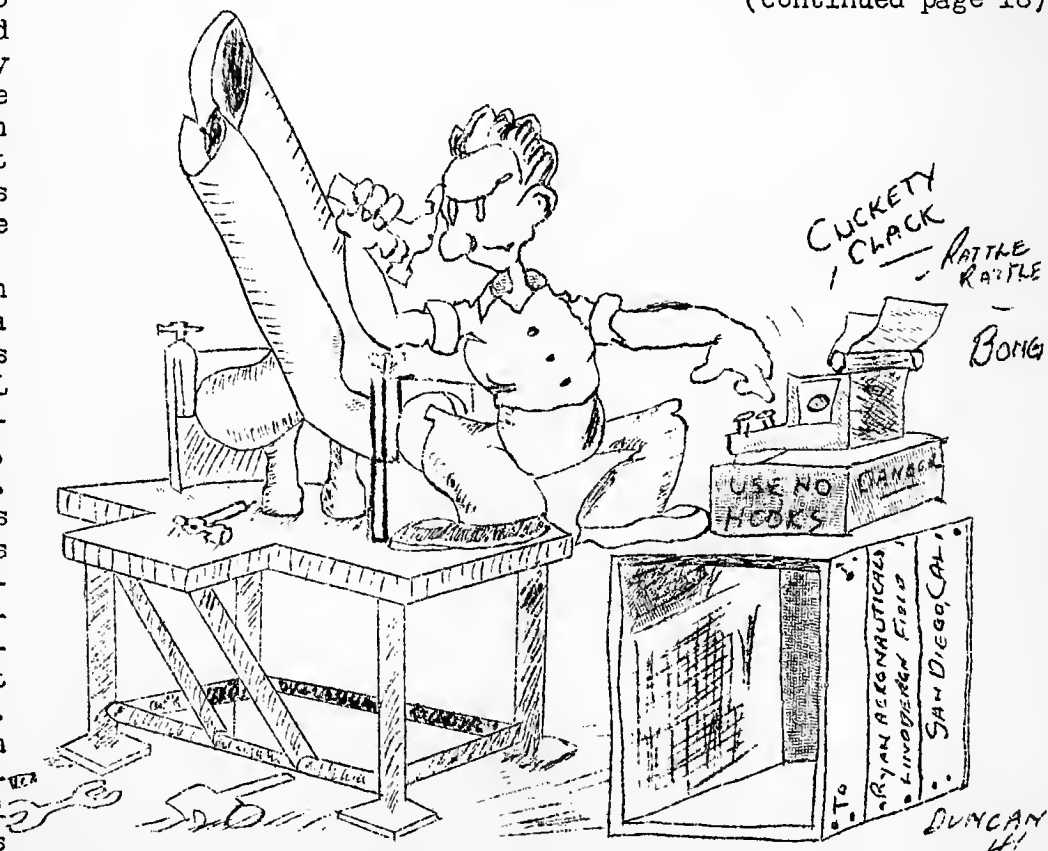
Note: All who are interested in music, fun and a very good time in general, see SHANNON LONG, lately of the cast of "Our Boarding House", who is keenly looking forward to the production of a good ol' black faced minstrel show. Long says he can use anything from a harmonica to a caliope. Look him up folks, and give him all the cooperation you can!

Definitions

Line-Up Man: One who arranges dates for visiting firemen.

Leadman: One who can drive a horse to water, but finds that a pencil must be lead.

EDDIE WOLBACH, manifold welder, first shift, seems to be head man ex-officio to the swap department. Nothing too large or small, says Eddie. Anything from a five-place perambulator with a broken wheel base to the largest deer gun obtainable. "If I can't find a deal (continued page 18)



Hello again!

Sorry I missed so many weeks, but I was asleep at the switch when the flyer came by. But here is not forgetting with a bit of hot news right out of the fire.

Flashes and Dashes from the burnt eye lashes!

ADMIRAL E. E. HYDER from chrome welding is looking for a rockless rocker or a boat without water. The Admiral spent 10 years in the Navy, so HOWARD CRAIG thought he'd be a good man to take spear- ing so he could row the boat while Craig speared the fishes. The place was Mis- sion Bay, the time—one night around 9:30. With two fish and a seasick Hyder, Brother Craig had his hands full. Eh, what, Howard!

Flash!

COBINA KOLB had a blessed event not too far back and a boy, too. Congratu- lations Mr. and Mrs. Kolb and may the rest of your troubles be cute little ones.



by Ken Murray

G. M. BOWMAN has a beautiful middle name but he won't admit it. But I know. It's _____. Hi, Buddy.

BOB "SOUTH OF THE BORDER" GARDNER has a brand new Ford station wagon these days and you can't guess what he named it—"El Sin Rancho", meaning "without a ranch".

Special News!

H. HARRIS, better known as Hi Gates, is about to take on a bride, and listen fellas, one with a job too! That's won- derful. All kidding aside, Gates, I ought to rate a drink or four when the occasion occurs. So congratulations and good wishes.

THE RYANETTES

by Pat Kregness

Hello, again! That goes for all those people back from vacation, and the others who are going. That includes everyone, so Hello! Vacations are won- derful things, I hear. Our bronzed beau- ties are a sight to behold; not only do they look tan and terrific, but good and glad they're back. I still can't under- stand that, but then I won't be leaving until next week.

People are still receiving postcards and souvenirs from CARLIE GROSS, MAR- ZELLA AUEN, and the rest from San Fran- cisco, and they've already been back a week. I suppose the "Friscoites" or whatever they call themselves are still talking about the girls from San Diego. LEONARE BARR (back from Yosemite), GERRY WRIGHT and DOROTHY ARMENTROUT are only three of the typical examples. After their return from Catalina with tan hides, and ravings about their wonderful vacations, guess where I'll be going. Ten more days, eight more days, seven, five, hurry, hurry....

Well, we bade SARA BRAUN goodbye with a lovely luncheon at the Cafe del Rey Moro, and it really was swell; so is Sara, and we hated to see her go. She's now Mrs. Willie Minor, kind of cute, isn't it? While we're on the subject of

this luncheon, it may sound irrelevant, but I think the Fur-Lined Bathtub ought to go to ADELAIDE SMITH this week: (Now there is a Lady Executive who is a Lady!) This great honor is bestowed on her for being such a swell sport, and believe me, she is.

We have a theme-song now, written es- pecially for the poor working girl, (don't we love that phrase?) entitled "Daddy". She was quite a working girl. We're still working on the idea of get- ting Ryanette pins.

Two more additions to our family group this time: Broad smiles of welcome are bestowed upon DOROTHY ALCORN, very at- tractive—you know, the type that always looks like a dream in pastels. She works in the Tabulating Department. To balance her, we have a brunette, BETTY CARR, equally attractive, slaving in the Ser- vice Department.

Finally got a peak at the girls in the Wing Assembly and I might add, it is time we bowed to them for handling their jobs so elegantly.

I guess the Summer brings us back to our childhood, or something. Otherwise what are GENEVIEVE BOYER's reasons for going up to Green Valley Falls and pad- (continued on page 20)

more Manifold Exhaust

for you," Eddie informed us, "my partner in crime, GORDON of small parts, can." Rags, bottles and sacks.

Well, hang on fellows, while I go in search of a goose quill with which to write something for the next edition.

An Ode to Something

A slice of cheese,
A bit of pickle,
A slab of rye
Or pumpernickle,
A potato chip
But better still
A beer or two
To drink your fill.
A spot of shade
A cool running stream
A fishing rod
And time to dream
About the things
That might worry some
The easy life
Of a contented bum!

DINNER



DANCE

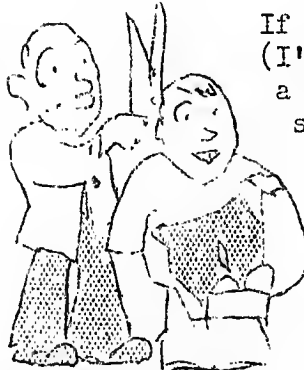
SPONSORED BY

ryan bozeman's
club

LA MESA COUNTRY CLUB

AUGUST 8

7:30 P.M.



If any of you "Gentlemen" (I'm sorry, fellows) need a shave or hair cut, just step in to SLIM "TRIM EM UP" COATS' barber chair. While Slim trims your hair and shaves your face (I hope) RAY "SHINE" MORKOWSKI will shine your shoes. They use all the tools in the plant to do it with.

A LITTLE GOLFUS

Out of a cloud of dust and divots, intermixed with the grim flash of steel and inarticulate yells, grunts and groans, there appeared four grim-faced men out to do or die for their respective ideals. Upon closer scrutiny we were able to recognize the members of this grim group as they shouldered the tools of their nefarious trade, and approached the next tee with grim determination.

After a sanguinary four-hour battle in which a dozen balls and 48 clubs were destroyed or put out of action, FRED FORD and BILL DARLING emerged the victors. The vanquished, JIM NOAKES and WALT WALKER, vowing never again to play with such crooks....

At the nineteenth hole, Ford was down in one, Darling down in two while Jim Noakes gleefully shot a par and had his revenge. Walt Walker is still there in a befuddled state trying to down his shot.

the Ghost concludes

When our friend "COOKIE" COCK took over the Fitting Department, he says it just wasn't fitting. They fit him for the job, then stopped fitting, so "Cookie" doesn't have "fits" any more. But don't worry, "Cookie", many better men have been unfit to be fitting.

- 0 -

HUGH "DOC" JONES says that cabinet blast stool fits him like his new uppers.

- 0 -

I see JIM "GAL SHY" RUPERT and BOB "NOT GAL SHY ENOUGH" FULLERTON have taken over GORDON "WRECK UM" MOSSOP's job. We knew Gordon was good but we did not think it would take two men to fill his shoes.

- 0 -

more Front Views and Profiles

NORMAN H. (refused to give his second name) EDWARDS was born in Compton, California, (quick, the smelling salts----- don't tell me we have a native son working at Ryan) on February 16th, 1908 at 2:30 A.M. (how awful to wake his mother at that unearthly hour). He attended Yucaipa grade school, Redlands High and San Bernardino Junior College. He is married and has a strapping young man for a son.

He did his share to make California the beautiful state that it is by his work as a forester. Norman would like to own a sail boat and do some fishing with surf-board riding as a side-line. He works in the Welding Department and is 5 feet 10½ inches tall, weighs 165 pounds and has brown hair and eyes. When asked to relate some exciting incident in his life he said that his life was as serene as a duck pond without the ducks.

* * *

EDWARD WEBER. You will find him in Sand Blast. He is the lead man in that department. 'ED' was born in Sioux Falls,

South Dakota, on March 18th, 1904. He did his bit for the good old U.S.A. in World War No. 1 when he served two years in the Navy. He also worked as a fireman and when asked if he ever put out any big fires or saved any damsels in distress, he said he wasn't that kind of a fireman. He fired for the Northern States Power Company in Kansas City and Council Bluffs.

He was married in 1934 and has one child, a daughter. His most vivid experiences were the times he fell out of the shore boat on his return from liberties. His ambition is to retire and spend his time on the beach. He is 5 feet 9 inches tall and weighs 148 pounds. He has grey eyes, and the color of his hair is---what hair?



more of Slim's Pickins

spread out on his bench. CARL "JITTER-BUG" THOMAS tried to get FLOYD BENNETT to go for a ride in his new boat. When Floyd found out he'd have to row, he said he had to go to Sunday School. No foolin'.

RED SCHAEFFER is back from his vacation in Oklahoma. Remember the time he paced off the distance around the shop so he could tell the folks how many acres it contained?

F. L. WALSH: "Your laundry came back!"

A. L. JONES: "My laundry came back?"

F. L. WALSH: "Yes, they refused it."

STEVE DEVER is back after spending his vacation in Osawatomie, Kansas. That's where the insane asylum is located. Well, your guess is as good as mine. G. L. HINCKLEY tells me he saw a movie with Americans in it, but I hardly think that's possible. MOSSOP is having his new car repaired since he played cymbals with another man's fenders.

GLEN CROCKER: "What kind of pie is this?"

A. L. KEITH: "What does it taste like?"

CROCKER: "Glue"

KEITH: "Then it's apple---the cherry tastes like putty."

The Fliers have taken a bit of time out to plan several parties, but in the meantime, NONA NEWMONT and HARRY MILES have soloed. All solo fliers are given a pair of gold wings. More news about the fliers later.

J. F. SHARBER: "Your daughter says she doesn't want to get married."

"DOC" MULLENS: "Just wait til the wrong man comes along."

Ever notice WALLY MALLOTT's sunburned beezer? Looks like a landing light beam. But he's not alone. Note to BUTCH ORTIZ: Just because beer is a food, doesn't mean that you should make a meal of it.

ST. PETER: "How did you get up here?"

LATEST ARRIVAL: "Flu."

Stuff happens, don't it? Stuff happens.

RYAN

more Ryanettes

dling around in the water. Yes, I said paddling. The rest of us are a little more dignified and go to the beach to get beat up by the waves. Oh, well, it will soon be over. BETTY WILSON's self expression comes in playing tennis at noon at the Coast Guard Station.

"PAT" SANFORD of Material Control is certainly a cute little redhead. I don't know what brought that on, but I was in their department this morning trying to get some good gossip out of BETTY HINES, who incidentally must be the type that people just naturally tell things to, because she keeps me in touch with the "goings-on" of people I don't see any



more, but Pat was up there working so hard, and I couldn't help sighing with envy at that beautiful hair.

Glad to see EVA SPRINGSTEAD back; she was quite ill with a streptococci, (did I ever take a chance with that word) now I'll have to pay her the seven cents I owe her.

RUTH BOWEN celebrated her birthday in a swell way. Congratulations and may you have lots more. (My birthday is coming soon, do you think I could put over anything like that, Ruth?)

I'm curious about CLEOLA BOYD's trips to Redlands. Aren't the Ryan Cadets up to standard, Cleola?

I guess if I haven't anesthetized everyone (there's another killer of a word) I will say goodbye now. Forgive me my meanderings, but you know how it is before you go on vacation....three days.

.....

Two days

.....

WING ASSEMBLY.....BY THE KITE MAKER

Well, I guess we're all pretty well over the "Fourth" by now except for a few memories. The boys who went to Catalina, ROCKY FIEHLER and CHUCK KELLOGG, got as far as the "club" from their hut and that seemed to be their limit. Rocky said he almost went swimming "once". CHUCK had enough money to pay his income tax when he got on the boat to come home but discovering a "bar" on the boat, he decided to let the Government wait.

"CURLY" JACKSON must have had a great Fourth planning his marriage to the little woman on Friday the 11th. He'll probably remember this July for a long time. Good luck, Jack, and if you want to learn how to duck rolling pins, ask some of the old hands at it---you know, SIMONIDES, MORGAN, KOSKE or any of those old vets.

Another one who will remember the holidays will be that "SMOOTH BLONDE GENT" from the Wing Department who left a beautiful woman in the lurch by climbing out of the back window in a Tiajuana night club. (Little did he know she was practically waiting outside the window.) "SNUFFY" SMITH, another boy who really gets around, ought to get together with

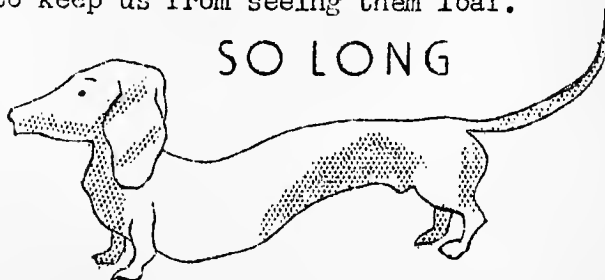
this "BLONDE JOHN DOE".

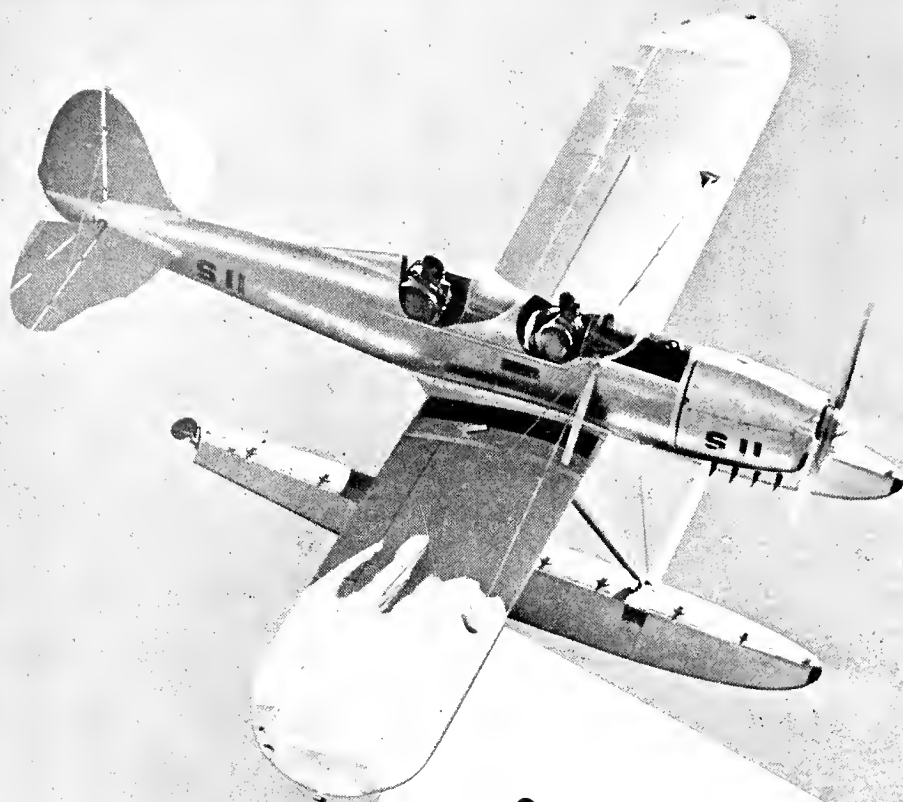
"TAILSPIN TOMMY" MAST is back after a tour of the North. He went to Canada to see about getting a commission in the Air Corps but after looking into it he decided to come back to San Diego. All he would have gotten in the pay envelope would be the rattle of a few grains of rice.

"HORSE TRADER EXTRA-ORDINARY" WILD BILL CLEVELAND, is now elevating himself socially. By this we mean he is not riding in an old broken-down car. Instead he has bought a La Salle convertible coupe--some stuff.

If you boys have noticed how dark it has been lately, don't blame the weather--blame Experimental. They had a plywood partition put around their department to hide their secret. The secret is to keep us from seeing them loaf.

SO LONG





● For Land or Sea Pilot Training, Ryan S-T type low-wing monoplanes are establishing enviable records in the service of the United States and friendly foreign governments.

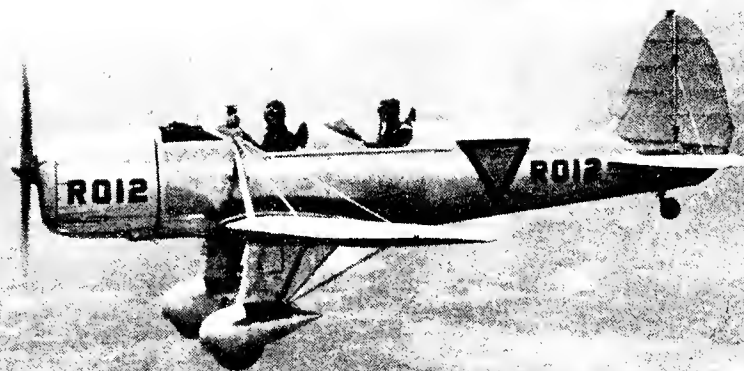
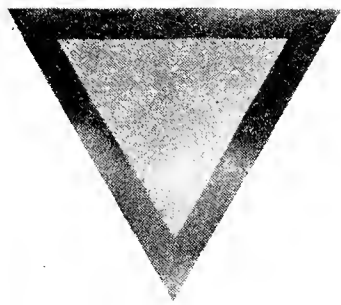


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Ryan **Flying Reporter**



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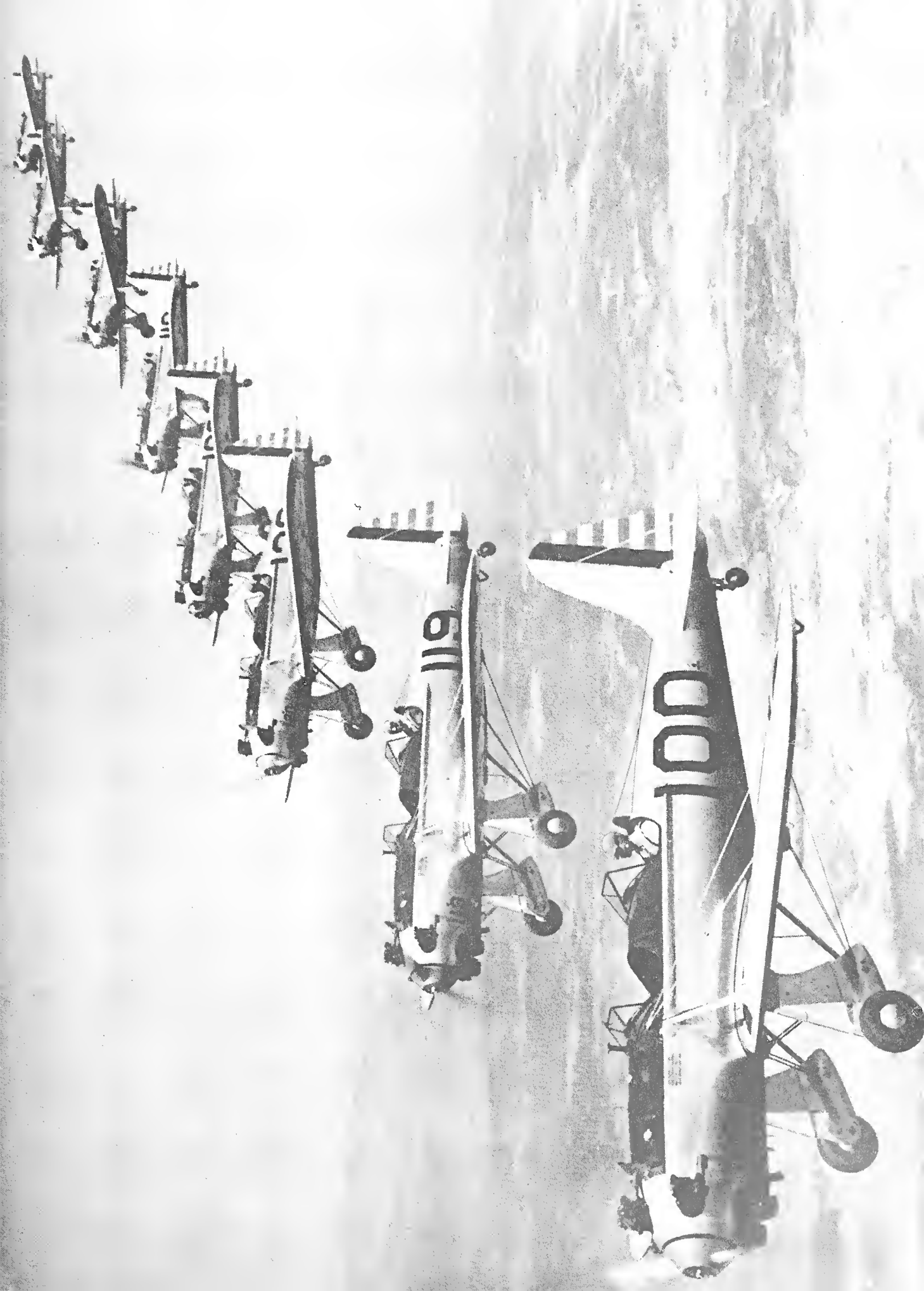
◀ Ryan SIM in the
Netherlands
East Indies

Vol. 2 No. 4

AUGUST

15TH

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FREEDOM IS MADE OF SIMPLE STUFF

From the archives of broken peace we are bringing out old words and dusting them off for use again as shining lanterns to lead us through the darkness of another war.

Words like freedom, justice and truth—all of them hard to define, none of them used more frequently than freedom.

You cannot say what freedom is, perhaps, in a single sentence. It is not necessary to define it. It is enough to point to it.

Freedom is a man lifting a gate latch at dusk and sitting for a while on the porch, smoking his pipe, before he goes to bed.

It is the violence of an argument outside an election poll; it is the righteous anger of the pulpits.

It is the warm laughter of a girl on a park bench.

It is the rush of a train over the continent and the unafraid faces of people looking out the windows.

It is all the howdys in the world, and all the hellos.

It is Westbrook Pegler telling Roosevelt how to raise his children; it is Roosevelt letting them raise themselves.

It is Lindbergh's appeasing voice raised above a thousand hisses.

It is Dorothy Thompson asking for war; it is Gen. Hugh S. Johnson asking her to keep quiet.

It is you trying to remember the words to The Star-Spangled Banner.

It is the sea breaking on wide sands somewhere and the shoulders of a mountain supporting the sky.

It is the air you fill your lungs with and the dirt that is your garden.

It is a man cursing all cops.

It is the absence of apprehension at the sound of approaching footsteps outside your closed door.

It is your hot resentment of intrigue, the tilt of your chin and the tightening of your lips sometimes.

It is all the things you do and want to keep on doing.

It is all the things you feel and cannot help feeling.

Freedom—it is you.

THIRD ANNUAL RYAN PICNIC PLANNED

BIG EVENTS TO BE HELD

SEPTEMBER 7TH AT DEL MAR



The third annual Ryan Aeronautical Company picnic to be held September 7th at the Del Mar Turf Club is for you and your family. We hope that you will make plans to attend.

There will be beverages and ice cream novelties for all. Each family will be responsible for their own luncheon basket. The picnic will start at approximately 9:00 a.m. and conclude at 5:00 p.m.

A notice will be handed to each individual in the factory at a later date outlining the program, how to arrive at the Del Mar Race Track and what and what not to bring.

Remember—this picnic is for you. Make plans now to attend!

FOREMAN'S CLUB DINNER DANCE A SUCCESS

On Friday, August 8th, the Foreman's Club played hosts to the employees of both the office and factory at a very nice dinner dance held at the Hotel San Diego. Some 250 well dressed people were there, and every one of them said they had the time of their lives. We all had a chance to see our fellow workers at their very best, with their very best girl friend, boy friend, wife or husband. There were so many beautiful girls there that the place really looked like Earl Carroll's Review on review.

Our management was there with 100% attendance—Mr. and Mrs. Claude Ryan, Earl Prudden, Mr. and Mrs. Molloy, Mr. and Mrs. Boyd, Mr. and Mrs. Barton and Mr. and Mrs. Burnett were just a few that showed what good sports they really are.

The evening started out with a Spencer steak dinner (of which the writer managed to get two). After that we had a word of welcome from our Maintenance Foreman, K. O. Burt.

The dancing started at 9:00 p.m. with Chet White and his band as music vendors. At 10:30 we had a special dance number by Eddie Carvajal of the Fuselage Department and his girl friend, Alice Copper. To say that they were good is putting it mildly. The dancing continued until 1:30 a.m. at which time our first dinner dance came to an end.

The Foreman's Club wishes to take this opportunity to thank everyone for the splendid turn out. It is our intent to get the gang together more often. We think it helps to make Ryans a better place in which to work.

T. J. Johnson

ABOUT OUR PICTURES

The whole gang in production is "Keeping 'Em Rolling" out the back gate and into the air so well, that we've overdone ourselves a bit in this issue of Flying Reporter by supplying a full-page picture of a group of PT-21s taken during a delivery flight. If you'll remove the binding staples carefully and not tear the picture, you'll have a nice 8 1/2 x 11 print suitable for framing.

The cover picture has only recently been received from the Netherlands East Indies government through their Information Office in New York City, which has made this beautiful picture available for use in Flying Reporter. It's good to know that these planes are receiving full use in the East Indies for training their military pilots.

CAMERA CLUB ANNOUNCES CONTEST



The Ryan Camera Club met in the Photographic Arts Building at Balboa Park last Wednesday, August 6th. The turn out wasn't up to par---but what can you expect in the middle of vacation time?

At our next and subsequent meetings there will be a more serious competition display of members' pictures with some very attractive prizes to the winners. Stills, color slides and movies will be the competition divisions.

Bill Wagner and Tommy Hixson, company photographers, have offered to give as first, second and third prizes some very beautiful airplane shots enlarged to 16x20s. Bill and Tommy will act as judges for us, but we'll have a chance to judge the judges work because they're going to exhibit some of their best work from which the salon contest winners will be able to select the pictures they want to have enlarged to 16x20.

The contest is open to all employees of Ryan Aircraft and prints entered on meeting nights will be judged at that time provided they comply with the club rules.

Rules and Regulations for the contest follow:

RULES FOR CONTEST

Stills

Max. No. of Entrees per Member 3
Min. size of print 4x5
No tinting permissible
Subject - anything unless specified.

All prints submitted must be mounted on standard 16"x20" salon mounting card-board. Entrant's name is to be on the reverse side, upper left hand corner.

Color Slides (Projection)

Max. No. of Entrees per Member 3
Subject - anything unless specified.

All slides must be marked in the bottom left hand corner of the lamp side., with a gummed sticker to assist in getting slide properly placed in projector. Entrant's initials may be printed on sticker.

Movie Films

Max. No. of Feet per Entry per Member. . 200
Film may be in black and white or color. Each complete film must be edited and have at least one title besides the opening and end title. Subject---anything.

RYAN FLYING REPORTER

Published by Employees of the
RYAN AERONAUTICAL COMPANY
Through their Welfare Department

Editor Larry Gibson
Art Editor George Duncan
Supervision M. Marco; Bill Wagner
Editorial Secy Sue Zinn

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to this issue: Eddie Oberbauer
Dan Burnett
G. Harris
Slim Coats
Mrs. Carl Palmer
T. J. Johnson
Wally Mallott

Departmental and Organizations:

The Ghost Talks	Whooo
Machine Shop-2nd Shift	Win Alderson
Drop Hammer Notes	? ? ?
Welding	Ken Murray
Flying Club News	Earl E. Byrdman
Modeling	Plaster Paris
Slim's Pickin's	Slim Coats
Manifold Exhaust	Manny Fohlde
Camera Club News	A. M. Larkin

COVER: See article on Page 1.

There is but one straight road to success, and that is merit. The man who is successful is the man who is useful. Capacity never lacks opportunity. It can not remain undiscovered, because it is sought by too many anxious to use it.

---Bourke Cockran

SOFTBALL TEAMS ENTER SECOND HALF IN CITY LEAGUE PLAY

With interest and spirit running at a new high, the Ryan All-Stars and the Ryan Stacks entered the second half of the city league play determined to increase the figures on the "win" side of the standings report.

There have been some changes made in the two teams which will make a difference as the season rolls on. DUD SHEARER, one of the better ball players, has left the All-Stars and is now playing under the banner of the Stacks. In another "switch" JACK BILLINGS, promising, young baseball player, has taken up duties with the All-Stars having formerly been connected with the Stacks. There have been other additions to both teams from the Ryan ST-3 team which completed their season, after a series of tough breaks, with a commendable record of only two losses throughout the entire season to wind up in third spot for the season.

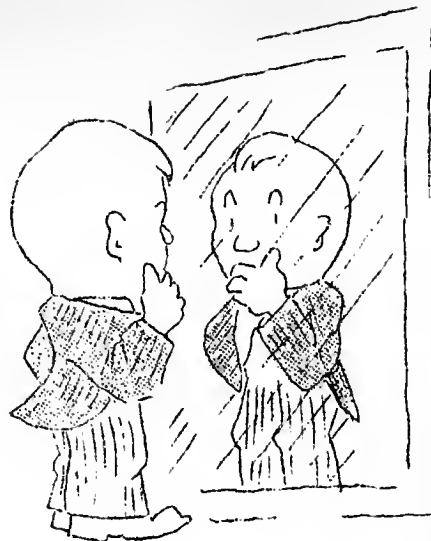
When this issue of the Reporter goes to press there will have been many games a week for the balance of the season which will wind up the Ryan Softball for this year in a hurry.

It is rather difficult to publish a schedule of games as it has been changed so many times that weekly scheduling has become necessary. The complete city softball schedule for the following week can be found in the sport section of the San Diego Union each Sunday.

All three of the Ryan teams have made a splendid showing in their respective leagues this year, and all of us can be well proud to be represented by such a fine group of competitive athletes. The remaining games of the season are very important ones as far as the Ryan "AA" teams are concerned. It is hoped by all connected with the game that the employees will band together and come out and support the teams as they charge down the home stretch in an effort to improve their league standing.

- o - o -

DRIVE LIKE HELL
AND YOU'LL
GET THERE.



THE GUY IN THE GLASS

When you get what you want in your struggle for pelf,
And the world makes you king for a day,
Then go to the mirror and look at yourself,
And see what that guy has to say.

For it isn't your father, or mother, or wife,
Who judgment upon you must pass.
The feller whose verdict counts most in your life
Is the guy staring back from the glass.

He's the feller to please, never mind all the rest,
For he's with you clear up to the end;
And you've passed your most dangerous, difficult test
If the guy in the glass is your friend.

You may be like Jack Horner and chisel a plum,
And think you're a wonderful guy,
But the man in the glass says you're only a bum
If you can't look him straight in the eye.

You can fool the whole world down the pathway of years,
And get pats on the back as you pass
But your final reward will be heartaches and tears
If you've cheated the guy in the glass.

Dale Wimbrow

FRONT VIEWS AND PROFILES

by Ray Morkowski

Skeptics (if any) please note! In the press, on the air, on billboards and most everywhere we look, we are told of unlimited opportunities in aircraft. We know that the industry has grown out of its infancy but it has hardly reached its adolescence and before it reaches maturity many of us will be in a position where we will be responsible for its habits and at the same time earning an enviable livelihood. One man who is a very good example is JOHN COOPER ZIPFWALD whom we all know as "Jack".

Zipfwald was born in Chicago, Illinois, on March 11th, 1916, and came to San Diego at the ripe old age of four. He says he vaguely remembers the cold, snowy winters there which is just enough to continue appreciating the wonderful climate in this "Heaven on Earth" city of ours.

Jack attended Lemon Grove grade school, Grossmont and San Diego High Schools. He began his career, as have many men who reached positions of importance and responsibility, as a truck driver, where he learned to take the hard knocks of life. His next position, which Readers Digest rated as number one formula for success, was a secretary where he became familiar with the heart of business.

His interest in aviation led him to Consolidated Aircraft Corp. where along with "Butch" Ortiz, he learned the rudiments of the trade in which he was destined to become successful. It was Consolidated's loss and Ryan's gain when he came, along with Ortiz, to seek his for-

tune and future here. Jack started as a manifold fitter on the first B-18 contract, worked himself up to foreman on the night shift and then things began to happen.

His next step was assistant to Rex Seaton and from there he was promoted to the Service Department as our outside service representative. His duties "wing" him all over the country spreading the advantages of our ball and socket manifolds to manufacturers of aircraft and doing a wonderful job of it.

Incidentally, if you want to know anything about cross-country flying, just ask Zipfwald. He married a very lovely little lady on September 23, 1939, with practically the whole staff of Ryan in attendance and has a son just four months old. His hobby is stamp collecting. He has a smile that is definitely contagious. Jack is 5 feet 11 inches tall, weighs 175 pounds, has dark brown hair and green-blue eyes.

- o - o -

// //

CHARLES FRANKLIN BENNETT, nicknamed "Poncho" by Al Gee, was born in Pomoroy, Iowa. His dad was a jeweler and his mother a practical nurse. He attended Broadway grade school and Van Buren High in Van Buren, Arkansas, home town of Bob Burns. His mother nursed Bob Burns' mother until her death and "Poncho" was once deputized by Bob Burns' famous uncle, "Peck" Garrett.

Captain Bennett saw a great deal of this country but always remained a true Westerner because he never went East of the Mississippi river. Aside from being a deputy he was an auto mechanic and painter and also ran a service station. He worked in a scissor factory and at the Nehi Beverage Co. in Fort Smith, Arkansas. He studied police work under the F.B.I. and is now a member of the

Special San Diego Police assigned to guard duty at our plant. He is the Captain of the Third Shift Guards.

Charles says that if we would cooperate with the guards we would find that they are really our friends and are ever willing to help us out of any difficulties. The truth of the matter, he avers, is that they have a job to do just as any of us and just because it is their duty to enforce rules and regulations is no reason to look at them in any other light but just as we would the fellow next to us.

(continued-page 17)



FROM RYAN'S JACKSONVILLE
REPRESENTATIVE - Eddie Oberbauer

I promised to write for Flying Reporter while away, so here I go trip and all.

I'll say right here, airlines are the only way to travel. That's "Me talking" because I didn't have to pay for the ticket.

I'll sort of give you a glimpse of my trip. First off out of San Diego at 9:15 p.m., we flew over the fog in the moonlight and say, those airliners do travel out to sea a long way. Why we could see the lights of good old Catalina not very far off. Los Angeles certainly was beautiful as it was clear, believe it or not. And it was the first time I'd seen L.A. in all its gleaming splendor from the air at night. 85 min-

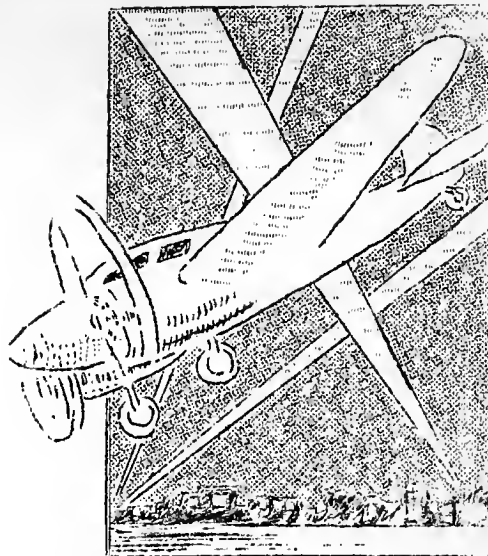
utes out of San Diego, we are on our way from L. A. to Kansas City. The sky sleepers sure are nice---especially the hostesses. Before being tucked in, I was asked what time I would like to get up in the morning. Well, I have been getting up at 6:00 o'clock, "Why not", I'd never seen the country before. The hostess looked at me in dismay. "You mean 6:00 P.S.T., not C.S.T. "Ho", I said, "6:00 A.M. wherever we are." I know now why she gave me that look.

I was next to the engine on the starboard side and it was really drumming away, thanks to Pratt and Whitney. After looking out and seeing the cowl flaps vibrating in the breeze, I thought our Kinner powered S-Ts can't be so bad. Tell that fellow Rust and also Miraldi to think nothing of it.

Six a.m. came and I was sort of dozing when someone shook me--"Six o'clock, you want to get up?" I looked out of the window---nothing but Texas under us, nothing to see. "No, I'll stay in for another hour." Seven came around pretty fast, so this time I said I would get up. The hostess suggested breakfast in bed, so I had breakfast in bed. She ate some with me--some life!

At 8:15 we were at Wichita--we weren't supposed to stop there, but it was fogged in so the earlier plane could not get in. Saw a few Stearmans outside but not as many as we have out in the yard. It was hot as blazes there, too.

Kansas City was only a short time away. After arriving I had a four-hour wait as they changed my route from via Chicago to St. Louis over to Dayton.



I looked up one of the old Ryan boys at Kansas City. Some of the fellows might remember him---Keith Marsh. He's married now and still working for T.W.A.

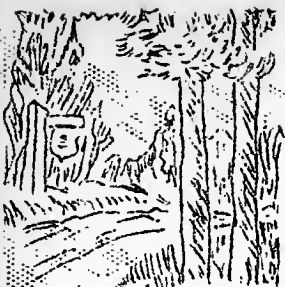
At 2 o'clock we were off again. Imagine my surprise when who should be Captain of the ship but John D. Milner, another former Ryan employee of not over 2-1/2 years back. I had the hostess give Johnny my card. She said he almost jumped clear out of his seat---same old Johnny.

We talked of old times. He showed me his end of the ship. Makes our instrument boards in the S-Ts look very small. Johnny had just been made Captain so he was a very proud boy. Also he married one of the best looking hostesses on the line not so very long ago. Anyway, he brought us into Dayton after going around one thunder shower safely and under another.

Wright Field is quite a busy place. After two days there, I was on my way to Florida, as the radio announcers say it here.

Cincinnati looked very nice. Saw an old river show boat going down the river as we came into land on the field. All the rest of the stops--Louisville, Nashville, Atlanta to Jacksonville were short; not over an hour's flight apiece. At Nashville, I left American, which I had flown from Dayton and got on Eastern Air Lines--the one that has Stewards instead of Stewardesses. I'll write and tell that guy Rickenbacker what I think. Atlanta was the busiest airport I've ever seen unless it just happened to be that way. Anyway there were ships com-

(continued on page 10)



Here is the information on campgrounds in this vicinity furnished us by J. C. "Sookie" Kern, U. S. Forest Service, who wrote the article "Aviation Protects Our Forests" appearing in our last issue. Maybe you can find a new spot for "week-ending" out of this list.

CAMPGROUNDS--CLEVELAND NATIONAL FOREST

DESCANSO RANGER DISTRICT

DESCANSO

Located 2 miles north of Descanso Junction, which is 42 miles east of San Diego, reached by a good road, 4 stoves, 4 tables and 2 toilets. Water supply from well. A small camp with limited space for camp trailers. Supplies at Descanso Junction, 1 mile east. Elev. - 3550.

GUATAY

Located along highway #80 and 1 mile west of Guatay, which is 45 miles east of San Diego. Eight stoves, 10 tables and 2 toilets. Water supply from well. Small area not suitable for camp trailers. Supplies at Guatay. Elevation 3900.

GLENCLIFF

Located on Highway 80, 1 mile east of Laguna Junction, or 50 miles east of San Diego. Seven stoves, 6 tables, well water, toilet facilities and trailer space. Elevation 3600.

KITCHEN CREEK

Located on Highway #80 at Boulder Oaks, 55 miles east of San Diego, Five stoves, 8 tables, 2 double toilets, and piped water. Adequate space for several camp trailers. Supplies at Boulder Oaks adjacent to campgrounds. Elevation 3000.

HAUSER CREEK

Located on Hauser Creek, a fork of Cottonwood Creek reached by road north from Campo, 5 miles to junction, then west 2 miles over a narrow dirt road. Six stoves, 12 tables, 2 toilets, water supply from Creek. Not suitable for camp trailers. Supplies at Campo, 7 miles. Elevation 1750.

LAGUNA MT. RECREATION AREA

BURNT RANCHERIA

Located in the Laguna Mountains, 11 miles north of Laguna Junction, and 60 miles east of San Diego via Highway 80. One hundred stoves, 150 tables, 9 toilets, piped water. Reached by paved road. Adequate space for trailers. Supplies at store nearby. Forest Guard Station in area. Elevation 6000 feet.

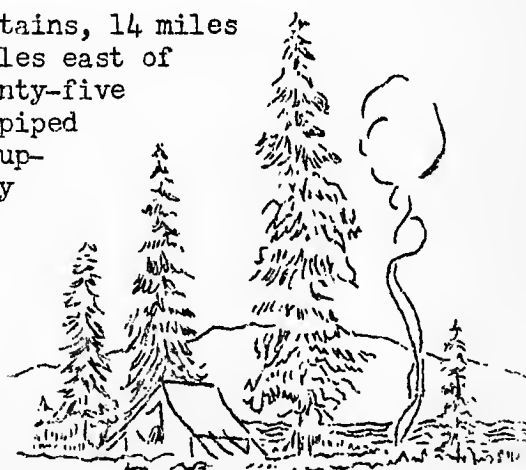
LAGUNA

Another campsite in the Laguna Mountains, 14 miles north of Laguna Junction and 63 miles east of San Diego via Highway 80. Seventy-five stoves, 75 tables, 20 toilets and piped water. Space for camp trailers. Supplies at store nearby. Reached by one mile of graded dirt road from highway. Elevation 5600 feet.

PALOMAR RANGER DISTRICT

BLACK CANYON

Located in Black Canyon about 10 miles from Ramona on Ramona-Mesa Grande Road. Has 12 tables, 12 stoves and pit toilets. Shade.



THE GHOST TALKS

Concerning the 172 stacks that SLIM "HALF PINT" COATS and RAY "POLITICIAN" MORKOWSKI work on, they say, and I quote "They will have to make the stacks bigger or the inspectors will have to get smaller stamps." According to "Half Pint", the inspector puts so much ink on the stacks that "Politician" is always getting his hands in it and it causes an awful waste of time, what with the inspector re-stamping and Ray running to wash his hands every minute or two.

- o -

Say, have you fellows noticed how our inspectors are on their toes now days. Inspector Stewart after looking a section over, got his red pencil out and marked a ring around a bad spot on said section, with a notice to burr said spot. Was he trying to fool the finish man or did he really know that it was a wad of gum.

- o -

Well, would you believe it, TIM "BUMP HAPPY" RASMUSSEN, traded off that 1912 Overland for a swell Pontiac sedan and boy what a radio it has. Tim is taking his family back to Iowa (his home) for a visit, and on a thirty day leave too. How does it feel to be a banker, Tim?

- o -

I hear KEN "BUMP" WOOD and WEST "AZ-USA" PIDCOCK are going fishing Sunday. You know the only thing good about going fishing with Ken is he really goes to fish. Just be patient West. There may be some blonde headed ones to be caught. Who knows? Strange things do come out of the sea.

- o -

Just a thought - -

He who knows the right principles and never uses them is not the equal of the man who uses the right principles without knowing.

- o -

Yes, he ran after her until he got caught. Our friend GLEN SCHADEL, got married yesterday. The boys started him off with a shower and it wasn't rice either. The lady's name I hear is Ann Sue Price. Of course, she being a Ramona girl, they were married at Ramona. Oh yes, Glen says she is a swell cook. More power to you, Glen. We all wish you a happy married life. -- The Gang.

- o -

This "Topsy's Drive-In" must be some place. There have been any number of the boys take up homesteads. I hear CLYDE FIELDS and ANDY FURDOCK are the latest to join the band. It couldn't be the food--or could it?

Limited space for trailers. Supplies at Ramona Elevation - 2000.

CRESTLINE

Located on Palomar Mountain. Reached by paved road which intersects the State Highway 11 miles west of Lake Henshaw and 5.3 miles east of Rincon junction. Has 3 stoves, tables and 2 toilets. Water piped to store adjoining campground. Elevation 5500 feet.

DRIPPING SPRINGS

Located 11 miles southeast of Temecula and 14 miles west of Oak Grove, on State Highway 79. Has 4 stoves, 4 tables and 3 toilets. Water supply from well. This small camp will accommodate a few trailers and is reached by good road. Nearest supplies at Temecula. Elevation - 1500 feet.

OAK GROVE

Located on the State Highway 79, 25 miles southeast of Temecula and 15 miles northwest of Warner's Hot Springs. Twelve stoves, 25 tables and 4 toilets. Water supply is piped. Suitable for camp trailers. Reached over a hard surfaced road. Shade. Supplies available at Oak Grove, Aguanga or Temecula. Ranger Station adjacent. Elevation - 2750 feet.

SAN LUIS REY

Located 2½ miles west of Lake Henshaw on the State Highway and the San Luis Rey River. Has 8 stoves, 8 tables, 3 toilets, with water piped to campground. Shade. Not suitable for trailers. Supplies available at Henshaw store. Elevation 2500 feet.

They may be a little late in taking a bow but this group of fifty-one boys is well worth a more intimate introduction. To single them out and give an individual write-up to each one is unnecessary. They are just a good natured lot of hard workers who are always willing to give each other a hand. To know one is to know them all.

Under the very capable leadership of CHRIS MUELLER, assisted by five accomplished lead men, the second shift has established the reputation for speed and accuracy that has long been the aim of the day force. "Time Study" is a fair referee. At this point I must mention DON WALKER, handsome slave to production. In spite of me, he has kept a steady stream of machined parts flowing into the inspection crib.

But let there be credit where credit is due. The little man on the burring bench, or the dark, quiet man on the boring machine, or some lathe or drill or mill operator has done the job as the engineering department meant to have it done.

I don't think I am going too far by including DAN BURNETT in the personnel

of the Machine Shop. You all know Dan. He is the man who is always doing the things that can't be done and we are happy to consider him one of the boys. When CHRIS MUELLER let it be known that he was going to build his own house and that any assistance offered would be welcome, Dan headed a construction gang of seventeen machine operators and laid the foundation. I hear it was an inspiration to see him in action with a shovel in one hand and his shirt in the other. But that chest line, Dan! I hear that Chris is now thinking of building an addition. Come to think of it, he is very apt to need one.

Yes, Chris Mueller is one of these lucky fellows like Mel Thompson, G. E. Barton, Eddie Molloy, Millard Boyd, Dan Burnett and many others I know. That is if you look at luck the way Elbert Hubbard does. He says, "Do I believe in luck? I should say I do. I have watched the successful careers of too many men to doubt its efficacy. You see a fellow reach out and grab an opportunity that the other fellows standing around had not realized was there. Having it, he

(continued on next page)



more Machine Shop

hangs onto it with the grip that makes the jaws of a bulldog seem like a fairy touch. He calls into play his breadth of vision. He sees the possibilities of the situation and has the ambition to desire them and the courage to tackle them. He intensifies his strong points, bolsters his weak ones, cultivates those personal qualities that cause other men to trust him and to cooperate with him. He sows the seeds of sunshine, of good cheer, of optimism, of unstinted kindness. He keeps his head cool, and his feet warm, his mind busy. He doesn't worry over trifles, plans his work ahead and then sticks to it, rain or shine. He talks and acts like a winner, for he knows in time that he will be one. And then---Luck does all the rest."

--- And Stuff ---

Everyone knows where the Machine Shop is located but those of you who have not been around lately would hardly recognize the old place. I don't know who to thank for the rearrangement, but with the mills and drills lined up in modern manner, more orderly work can be produced.

When Chris Mueller returned from his vacation I heard him remark that things were going so smoothly that no one would ever guess he had been gone. Accept a bouquet, Steve. Yes, STEVE FOUQUETTE, aviator, engineer, machinist, mathematician, builder, farmer and financier did a fine job when he stepped into Chris's shoes for two weeks.

It is amusing to see how delighted D. BEARY becomes every time he is able

MORGAN FINNEY WELCOMED TO RYAN ATHLETICS

Morgan Finney, one of San Diego County's outstanding athletes, has joined the happy throng of Ryan Workers. His addition to the athletic teams here at Ryan will be a welcome boost.

Finney is one of the outstanding softball pitchers in the county. He is also very clever and fast on the basketball floor as well as being a far better than average bowler. The greatest of all his accomplishments is his "Do or Die" spirit and the fact that no matter what the odds are, he is always out to win a clean, hard-fought contest. We all hope that you will have a long and happy experience with us here at Ryan, Morg.

to appropriate the inspector's stool. Could it be possible that the "D" stands for Dingle?

It has been decided that if ED RODGERS were a goose, he would rather be a gander, and if he were here he would rather be there and if he were in St. Louis he would be happy again. Have a nice trip, Ed.

I understand that Tiajuana turned out in full and played the Swan song for JACK MARTIN, SPOOK ADAMS and ROLLAND REED. The alcalde was heard to have said, "They made things interesting while they were with us. They won't be back."

BILL HUBBARD, engineer who handles the throttle of the Hubbard Lines Ltd. extends an invitation to one and all to meet him at the Hubbardville depot for a personally conducted inspection trip. He has a railroad that winds around his garage like the goat tower in Balboa Park.

It is good to see WALLY GERHARDT back in the shop. His recent contact with the office force does not seem to have been as damaging as was anticipated. It is strange to see him walking around with a stop watch in his hand instead of a monkey wrench but his smile is welcome anywhere.

George Rodgers will not need a number on the autocall. I understand that the machine shop is his headquarters and that he can be found there most of the time.

This is our first splash and I look forward to the answering ripples; friendly competition goes a long way toward making good, accurate parts.

more from Eddie Oberbauer

ing in every 10 minutes from somewhere. Several airliners pass through so that accounts for it, I guess.

The moon was shining and we passed several thunderheads between Atlanta and Jacksonville. I guess the pilots sort of skirted around them. It was a beautiful sight---and at 9:00 p.m. I was in Jacksonville.

Jacksonville is some town. It has growing pains like San Diego. The Navy, Army and Marines are here so I should feel at home---but I don't---it's too hot.

Will write more after I can get some information on our Navy ships. So until then, I'll be signing off with a longing for that cool San Diego sea breeze.

DROP HAMMER NOTES

The fellows in the Hand Finishing Department have been having no small amount of amusement at PHILLIP DAVID MOSER's expense lately, because his girl, Gloria Powers from Lake Charles, Louisiana, is supposed to be coming out to marry her boy. He has been pulling a fast one on the boys, though, because the ceremony took place last June in Yuma. The best man has given us the story about the wedding, that is probably enlightening to most of us.

The trip to Yuma was made after work one Tuesday afternoon, they were married Wednesday morning and got back to San Diego in time to go to work Wednesday afternoon. Phillip is reputed to have gone to sleep soon after the ceremony and to have slept most of the way home. The bride and groom had a short honeymoon from Wednesday till Monday, which was only interrupted by the fact that Phillip attended work each night as usual. Monday Mrs. Moser left for Lake Charles, where she has remained until the present. (continued on next page)

WELDING

by Ken Murray

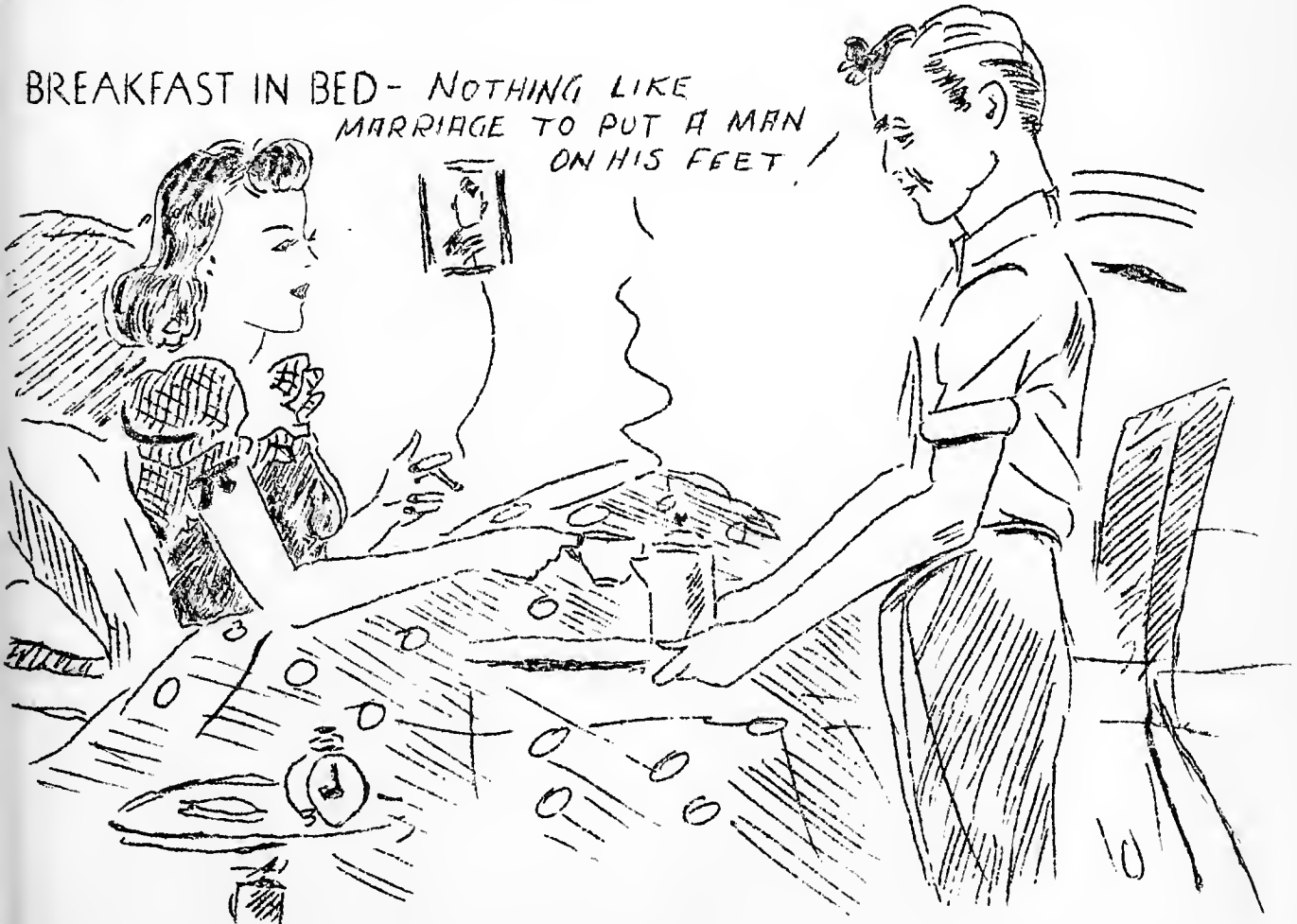
Well! Well! Train time again and here we are without much dope. In fact, the only dope in this department is yours truly.

Here is hats off and congratulations, good luck and stuff to BILL JURNEY and his bride of not quite two weeks. After a whirlwind romance of two weeks, they decided they couldn't make it without each other so married life began in the Journey family. Kinda short notice, ain't it, Bill? I missed out on the cigars so that's one you owe me.

Another newly wed is ELSTON DYSON of Ship Welding. He journeyed way back to the fair city of Minneapolis to pick up Mrs. Dyson after the ceremony. She is the former Miss Reilly, sister of L. F. REILLY of Stainless Welding. They returned from their honeymoon of one month last week. Here's a friendly tip, Elston. You may wear the pants, but when you get home you find your wife is wearing the belt and buckle which is the most important part of keeping the pants

(continued on page 16)

BREAKFAST IN BED - NOTHING LIKE
MARRIAGE TO PUT A MAN
ON HIS FEET!



IN HANDLING MEN

TEMPER - your execution of authority with tolerance.

OFFICIATE - in the spirit of cooperation.

LEAD - do not drive, and they will follow at your pace.

ENCOURAGE - never belittle, it takes no more effort.

REMEMBER - that we all had to start at the bottom.

APPRECIATE - in them their efforts to succeed

NURTURE - them through their problems

COLLABORATE - when called upon.

EXERCISE - justice and fairness to all.

Daniel B. Burnett, Jr.

more Drop Hammer

"RUSTY" RUSTON, operator of Hammer No. 1 says, "If you can get four pounds of water out of a ten-pound water melon and a quart of banana oil from a stock of bananas, how long will it be till they are fishing from flying boats?"

WES BURROUGHS has transferred back to the second shift again and is receiving a hearty welcome.

CARL RASMUSSEN is getting back into the swing again after having his foot squeezed by a die.

You can never tell what you will see in the mountains these days. BOB and DICK "SCREWY" MORGAN were seen in the vicinity of Ricon Sunday on their motor cycles with a couple of girls in tow. The boys were hugging the curves and the girls were hugging the boys. Apparently the girls won, because Bob had to have his side taped up Monday.

SLIM COATS, author of "Slim's Pickin's", is keeping company with a neat little brunette, who might be "slim pickin's" for Slim, but there are plenty of fellows around here who wouldn't consider her as such. Good old Slim, bachelor of batchelors, admits that he has a generous streak in his make-up that often gets the better of him thus ac-



Want to buy out board—must be good. Cash deal.

First \$5.00 takes good car radio.

House radio—old timer—good investment for someone who wants to learn radio. Will swap for fish pole.

Want 30-30 rifle or what caliber have you suitable for use as deer gun. Will pay cash.

See G. Harris - 2nd, Bumping Dept.

counting for her presence. Slim is one boy that no girl is going to make into a sucker, but we haven't given up hope of receiving those cigars—yet. Slim's remark to this will probably be the old adage about misery loving company, and just because a lot of the rest of us have been "stuck" we want to see him get it too.

Far be it from the second shift drop hammer crew to put any feathers in their caps, but they do have a new angle on their pay check pool, which they do feel like crowing over. Instead of the customary manner of someone winning the pool and then going around with a list collecting two bits from each man, the winner receives a U. S. Defense Savings Stamp book with a two bit stamp in it for each player. Foreman CHUCK KNURCK thinks enough of the idea to finance the move by buying sufficient stamps on Thursday of each week, sticking them in the book and having it all ready for the winner. And he doesn't get a cut either. We all know how those two bit pieces slipped away, when we did win the pool, but this way when we win we've got 'em in the bank—and what a bank—dear old Uncle's. Keep 'em flying!!

the time clock says...

HITTING THE NAIL

I laughed so hard I gained thirty seconds!

Boy, you should have seen the fancy dance that Jack just did over there on the shipping floor.

The poor guy must have really hurt himself though. It's no fun to bash your thumb with a hammer and I shouldn't have laughed at him either.

But the way he jumped around and hollered, he must have been a good imitation of what I hear those jitterbugs are.

Foreman Rusty sent Jack down to the first aid room and as soon as he got back with a neat bandage on his thumb, he got a good lesson on how to hold nails from old Billy who has been knocking things together around here for years.

Like everything else, it's easy when you know how.

As Billy said, "Never hold the nail to be driven down near the point.

"Always hold the nail by the thumb and finger near the top, just under the head. Then if the nail slips off the face of the hammer, the fingers are knocked out of the way—not crushed."

If there's a right and a wrong way to hold a nail,---there's a safe and unsafe



AN
OUNCE OF
PREVENTION
IS WORTH
A POUND
OF
CURE

way to do every job.

Well, Jack will have to do some filling in around here until his thumb gets better and he can go back to nailing again. He was lucky at that---he might have broken the finger instead of bruising it.

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NEWS OF THE FLYING CLUB AND FLIERS

by Earl E. Byrdman

The Flying Club had a beach party at Ocean Beach, Sunday, July 26th, in honor of the instructors, Johnnie Taylor, Bill Pang retz, Lou Loyko, Rollie Tyce and Roger Herb.

Margaret Loyko presented the following solo fliers with gold wings: NONA NEUMONT, TOMMY FEWINS, HARRY MILES, and JENS "PENNY SERENADE" NEWMAN. Among others present were JACK "ACE" GAGE; DICK WILSON of the Tooling Department, ODESSA HOWELL and CAROLYN BROWN, "HANK" HANGGI, the Rip Van Winkle of the manifolds, CARL THOMAS and family, "SLIM" COATS, "BUTCH" KEITH, HARRIET and KENNY SPENCER. We also want to welcome a new member, SAM PINNEY, the genial lead man of the Sheet Metal Department.

What ever happened to FRANK FLINN, and DALE "THE LAST TIME I SAW" FARIS? BUD MUNDELL is back with us again after having taken a bit of time out for ad-

wanced flight training. As the Old Rose said to the young one, "Hiya, Bud?"

Saw a number of the gang in the fliers corner at Bernardini's last Sunday, including "RAF" THROELL, ROGER HERB and LLOYD "SLEEPY" HORN. "Muzz" Bernardini, the genial head man, who by the way, also flies with us, is contemplating purchase of a new ship (Attention, Sam Breder.) Muzz claims he'll put on a "Flier's Special" if the gang keep popping in. Meat balls with flaps, no doubt.

NONA NEUMONT and JENS NEWMAN have just finished their first cross country jaunts and on Thursday, July 31st, JOHN-NIE TAYLOR and "SLIM" COATS flew to Palo Alto to deliver a Fairchild. (Sounds like a stork, eh?)

Which reminds me---"I've just taken a shine to your wife," said the stork as he left a negro's house.

From the pages of the AIRCRAFT RECORD, a publication of the Aeronautical Chamber of Commerce of America, we have taken the following material which will be of interest to all who are affiliated with the aircraft industry.

Just a little over a year ago an alarmed America rolled up its sleeves and tackled the biggest job in its history---the defense of democracy.

Before the aircraft industry could produce the thousands of airplanes needed for democracy's defense, it had to build plants in which to build the planes.

The result was that between September, 1939 and July, 1940, when the U. S. government offered financial aid for factory expansion, the aircraft industry spent \$52,000,000 of its own money for new plants and equipment. Between 1934 and 1940, major aircraft companies spent over \$63,000,000 on development and almost \$77,000,000 on plant expansion---76 per cent more than their total profits for that period.

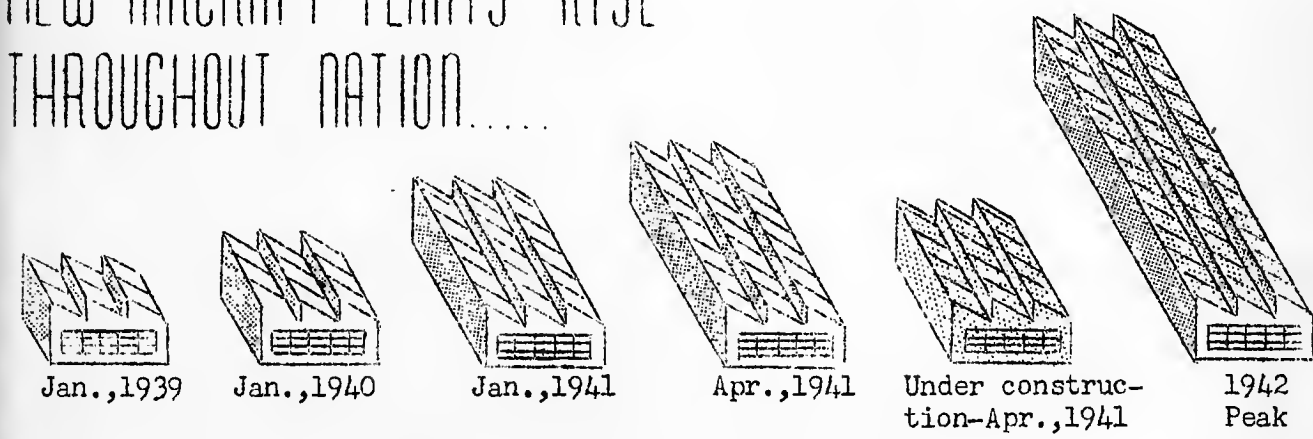
On January 1, 1939, total floor space was less than 10,000,000 square feet.

Two years later it had almost tripled. On April 1, 1941, it had increased by 246 per cent!

Not included in the statistics were huge bomber assembly plants which the government is erecting at strategic points in the central portion of the country. Here airplane manufacturers will assemble thousands of swift, hard-hitting bombing planes after automobile manufacturers have fabricated sub-assemblies and shipped them to the final assembly point.

The illustration below graphically illustrates the manner in which the aircraft industry has grown, and how it will continue to grow until 1942's peak production is reached.

NEW AIRCRAFT PLANTS RISE THROUGHOUT NATION.....



U. S. FORGES TOWARD PEAK PLANE OUTPUT.....

From 900 military airplanes in December, 1940 to 1,216 in March, 1941---the American aircraft industry proudly presents this production increase of more than 35 per cent in three months.

But quantity production has only just hit its stride.

Aircraft manufacturers are expected to turn out between 1700 and 1800 warplanes a month by September, 1941. The estimate for 1942 is 30,000 airplanes, a monthly rate of 2,500 planes.

1939	+	2,404 Airplanes
1940	++	5,800 Airplanes
1941	+++++	(est.) 18,000 Airplanes
1942	+++++	(est.) 30,000 Airplanes
Each symbol represents 2,500 airplanes.		

Zoom.....

More than 43,000 new jobs created in three months...

More than \$1,800,000 a week added to payrolls....

Such was the record of the aircraft industry during 1943's first quarter.

At peak production, the industry estimates 505,781 workers will be employed, exclusive of additional thousands in accessories and parts plants. At that time it is estimated that payrolls will total \$17,702,335 a week—almost one billion dollars per year.

There were 237,267 persons employed in the industry on April 1, 1941, an increase of 436 per cent over January 1, 1939. Weekly payrolls on April 1, 1941 totaled \$8,761,426, an increase of 472 per cent over those of January 1, 1939.

Jan. 1, 1939	1 \$	Each worker represents 50,000 employees. Each dollar symbol repre-
Jan. 1, 1940	2 \$ \$	sents \$1,000,000 of weekly payroll.
Jan. 1, 1941	4 \$ \$ \$ \$	
Apr. 1, 1941	8 \$ \$ \$ \$ \$ \$ \$ \$	
1942 Peak	10 \$ \$ \$ \$ \$ \$ \$ \$ \$ \$	
Estimated	15 \$ \$ \$ \$ \$ \$ \$ \$ \$ \$ \$ \$ \$ \$ \$ \$	

Editor's Note: Flying Reporter tries to avoid controversial matter in its pages, but at the same time wants to keep its columns open to Ryan employees. We are pleased, therefore, to reprint an active light-plane pilot's remarks without comment. The opinions expressed are, of course, those of the writer and are not intended by him to express any policy for the Ryan company.

READ IT AND WEEP by Slim Coats

A most distressing development about which little has been printed in the newspapers is the death sentence facing the lightplane industry in America. This is the industry that makes those little flivver planes you see flying around the local airports over week-ends.

Because Government demand for bigger planes is so tremendous, the light plane industry has been shut out by priority rulings, on supplies of aluminum, copper and other necessities to keep itself going. Eleven of the twelve light plane makers are now down in Washington begging for enough metals to keep them going for a year.

If they are turned down, they say, they are through as an industry. They'll lose their skilled workers permanently, and in most cases close their factories. THIS IS TRAGIC AND A TREMENDOUS MISTAKE.

The light plane manufacturers supply the ships for the Government's civil aeronautics training program. Small

ships of the flivver type, with a top speed of one hundred ten and a flying range of five hundred miles, are good for forest patrol, pipeline patrol, carrying messages, Government and business authorities bent on national defense work, instrument training, and even coast patrol where it may be essential.

Because of their slow landing speed and their high safety factor, they can be used more easily in bad weather, which may ground faster and more powerful ships.

America's light plane industry could produce 25,000 planes a year--if it were asked. Instead, because of confusion and lack of planning, this entire industry is faced with extinction. It has enough metals to carry on for another thirty days, and that's about all, according to the Aeronautical Chamber of Commerce.

This is a tragic picture, if for no other reason than the fact that aviation is coming into its own in universal acceptance by peoples of all lands.

When military flying ceases and the shooting stops, thousands of young men, today being trained as pilots, will be demobilized. Vast numbers of them will want to keep on flying. Many will want to buy planes just as we buy automobiles today. And there will be no industry to supply that demand--if the Government kills the lightplane industry in America today.

MODELING

Dear Diary:

by Plaster Paris

Our hero whom we come to honor in this eventful eve is not one but many. If we do not give due credit to all who are justified, merely mail in your questionnaire and we'll be glad to send you, under separate cover, our special course in "Do I worry" or eighteen months for Uncle.



LESTER JOUSSAND runs around mumbling to himself, "Am I drafted or do they love me. Am I frantic, along with "we three"—million." My! My! Am I glad I'm young.

CARL "DAGWOOD" CLINE just returned from a week's sojourn at the seashore and viewing the splendors of Yosemite Park. Dagwood always says he gets the last word in at home—"Yes, dear".

LOUIE "FATHER FLANAGAN" CHAPMAN is very happy lately. He's building himself an apartment house. It's to be the first for Boy's Town. Pater is the proud father of a baby boy—this is his third "him".

more Welding

up. So you see you really aren't boss at all. Anyhow I hope all your kids grow up to be as good looking as your wife is. Hi, Killer! Congratulations to you both.

A bit of dot and dash with a flash from the guy with the open eye lash.

I wonder what three guys got slightly oiled at a certain doings not so far back?

A certain guy named STEWART has a good excuse everytime he is late. It seems as though he has a rancho near San Ysidro and he claims the reason is the bridge washes out. Hmmm, I wonder?

My, my, Junior. What pretty rings you make.

Anyone desiring cement work done cheap contact your scribe. I know two expert boys—one is Admiral E. E. HYDER and the

JOHN "TYCOON" CASTIEN has been very busy these days. Johnny had charge of selling tickets for the Ryan Foremen's Club Dinner Dance. You had to be careful where you walked in Modeling. He had three bear traps out and every time he caught you he refused to let you out till you bought a ticket. HUGH "EASY" RYAN had to buy three—one for next year.

JIM CARLIN got tired of his new house already so filled his car full of everything and spent a night on the beach. The next day when coming from the beach to work three people stopped him and very politely asked if they were remaking "Grapes of Wrath".

The day of reckoning has finally dawned on ASILEY "ATLAS" BISHOP. Bishop used to be able to sneak his automobile (flat-tery) right up in front of the office but since the company put up the sign "no dumping" he has had to walk from East San Diego like the rest of us.

PAUL FREEM's persevering character has at last rewarded him. For eight years Paul has been trying to convince local radio men that his three and one-half tube set with the special built-in wind tunnel was a radio. He now is the proud possessor of the latest home recorder. He says the only difference is that when his wife gets mad, he makes a recording of it.

other is H. CRAIG of Ship Welding, who also is a good fisherman. Thanks for the lift on my garage floor two weeks ago, fellows. I saw you pick up your torches this morning the first time since the help so I guess you're over your stiffness now.

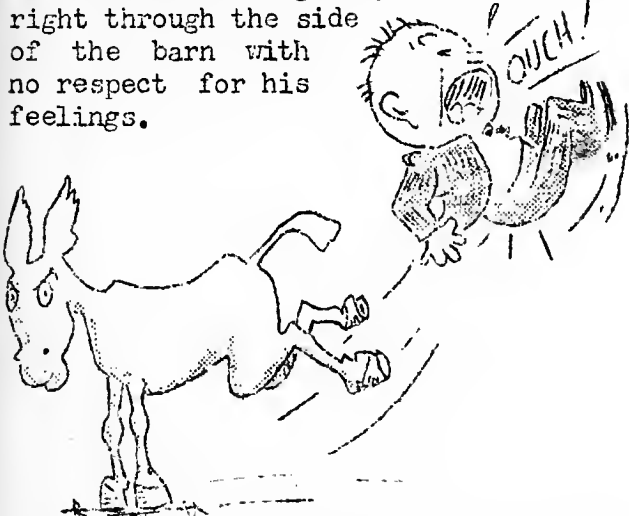
Also heard NOEL COATH got his pretty little race car all bent up last Sunday. He's got a kind of down-in-the-mouth look and I don't blame him—I saw the car.

Well, so much for this time. I'll leave you all with a thought to mull over:

Here's to a man who is tough
Big and ugly and rough--
Whose car is bent and old
And he can't stand to be told.

That's the guy I want to ride to and from (especially from) work with.

Captain Bennett's most embarrassing moment happened when he went into a barn and stooped over to pick up a hold back strap when the mule let go full speed ahead and not so gently nudged "Poncho" right through the side of the barn with no respect for his feelings.



Charles' hobbies are hunting, fishing, model planes (he's never been up, likes to keep two feet on the ground), guns and last but not least automobiles. He drives a 1929 model Studebaker to work every day and has a 1926 Buick at home that traveled almost 300,000 miles and is still in good condition. His ambition is to be a super-farmer. Captain Bennett is five feet, eleven inches tall and weighs 258 pounds, has brown hair and eyes and a ruddy complexion.

JOHN MUNRO CAMERON, nicknamed "The Scotchman", was born in Glasgow, Scotland, and came to the U.S.A. at a very early age and if you don't feel fortunate being here just listen to Johnny rave about this wonderful country of ours. He attended Ocean View grade school and San Diego High. He says he also went to State College—to a basket ball game. He worked as a butcher while still attending school and occasionally practices it to keep in form. (Beware you tub dumpers.) Before he developed his present manly physique he was a jockey for Alexander Pantages and had an enviable record at Tiajuana (no not what you're thinking fellows—I mean as a jockey), Tanforan and Bay Meadows.

He is not the type of fellow to stint when it comes to taking out his best girl (yes, I mean Hermaine), so he hies her out to "Slapsie Maxies" and shows her the time of her life but if it wasn't

TO RYAN EMPLOYEES:

We wish to thank you for your thoughtfulness in presenting the beautiful bouquet of flowers.

The cheerfulness it brought could never have been more timely than on the day it arrived.

Mr. and Mrs. C.H. Ortel

- o - o -

T H I N K

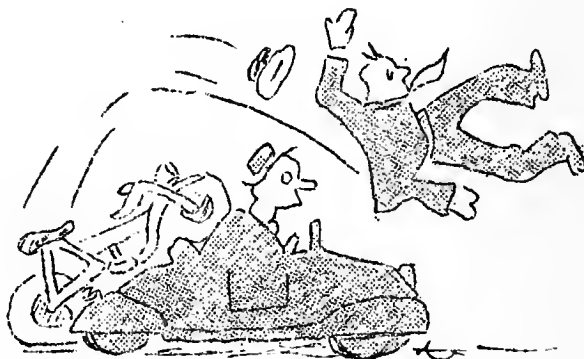
To dream a thing is just dreaming,
But to think a thing is to have it happen.
Think of the tasks that are given you,
Nor think or make a move of any kind,
Only to further whatever you are doing.

M. Welch

- o - o -

for the generosity of "Fifi" Ortiz, poor Johnny would still be washing dishes.

He learned to fly with Bill Gibbs on Camp Kearny Mesa but got his private license when he flew over the car of the Coroner—because somehow the motorcycle he was riding refused to stop when the Coroner's car did. Of course, it did cost him a few teeth and the Coroner pronounced him dead—headed but at that it was a nice bit of flying.



Cameron lives at the Delta Gamma fraternity house and rooms with "Herb" Jewell, flight mechanic for Consolidated, so he carries a number of yarns about "Herb's" experiences that are very interesting. His favorites are fishing, handball, football and Hermaine. "The Scotchman" is an inspector in final assembly and his ambitions all lie right here at Ryans. He is five feet eleven inches, weighs 155 pounds, has brown eyes and brown wavy hair (woo woo).
Note to Editor: If Hermaine reads this, I'm only fooling.



by
Slim
Coats

(Artist: This should probably be "Slim's Peckin's".)

World events are moving faster than a scorched cat with the same general destination. Even the nation's leading men are split more ways than apple pie in an owl lunch wagon. Well, we'll take everything as it comes, like the farmer and his rain.

We saw Wendell Willkie land here at the field last week, and a woman (you know the type) gushed, "Oh, Mr. Willkie, I voted for you." We didn't hear his answer, but it was rumored that he said, "Oh, so you're the one."

Wendell's career consisted mostly of running Alabama with power, and for President without any. But he has the consolation that the fellow who misses the boat doesn't get seasick. I admire him for refusing to tell lies he didn't mean. The apple doesn't fall far from the tree, but the sauce travels a long way. He's not so dumb at that. He left the field with a Navy paymaster.

William S. Knudsen of the OPM was with us too, for one day. He is in charge of production in the United States same as Dr. Dafoe in Canada. Now the Russians are dumping their wheat on our market, and get it back free in relief ships. Well--if the Japs take the Philippines away from us, we'll take California away from them.

Since the dog has been sleeping on J. C. "SATCHEL" SMITH's sweater, Smitty has been wearing the dog's blanket to work. Have BILL HENRY of the Inspection Department tell you how he got his sunburn.

W. F. FERGUSON, in deference to his pal, ROMAN "DAGWOOD" MORKOWSKI bet on a horse once named "Hiccough" but should have known better than to bet on anything that could be stopped by a slap on

SLIM'S PICKIN'S

the back. A little advice to fellows planning on going to Del Mar: It is rumored that Bing Crosby's jockeys are going on strike for an eight hour day.

Happy birthday to JIMMIE LARSEN and HARRY HOLLIDY. Time certainly tells on a man--especially a good time. Some of the boys "batching" with "BUTCH" ORTIZ have been complaining about his cooking. They say it's not so bad when he breaks eight out of nine eggs, but when you have to pour the mashed potatoes into a plate, it's the pay-off. They finally had to call in RED BECKER, who can whip up a plate of ham and eggs just from memory and a cackle. You seldom find a good cook who is married or has a girl. I never could figure out that angle. Maybe he was disappointed in love, but if you aske me, he wasn't half as disappointed as the girl.

ED WEBER, the sage of the sandblast, says there was a time when he had his stomach full of prohibition. FRENCHIE FOUSHEE was disqualified in the recent flying meet. He misunderstood them--they said cut papers; not capers. Golfers SIMONSON, GEESEY, and KRUEGER are a bit sore at G. T. BELL. They say he finds lost balls with the paper still on them. All a golfer wants is an even break with his irons, and he'll break his putters himself. In golf, anything short of a back sprain is a practice swing. BILL HUBBARD is so proud of his new lathe that he'd like to bring a cot to the shop to see that no harm will come to it.

A little tip to motorists: The cop at San Clemente has been tagging several of the boys lately, and has given them some pretty severe fines. About a month ago he stopped four of the boys in a car and when they protested that they hadn't been reckless or speeding, he said, "Well when you were going around the curve, you were talking and laughing." Apparently it is against the law to talk and laugh in San Clemente. He drives a Hudson sedan, and anyway, don't go tearing through there on Sunday like you should have been home last Tuesday. Incidentally, RED "KEWPIE" BECKER is now making one payment to the Police Force and one to the finance company on his new Olds.

(continued on page 19)

FAVORITE HOBBIES MUSIC



According to conservative estimates, 10,000,000 Americans turn to music for a hobby. Musical avocations, during the past decade, have gained rapidly in popularity. In 1932, there were approximately 20,000 school bands in the United States. Now, there are 50,000. In 1932 the number of pianos shipped from American factories was 27,274; last year, it was 136,500.

When the first national high-school band competition was held in Chicago, Illinois in 1923, only 25 bands competed but today, as many as 5,000 take part in the sectional and national competitions. School orchestras, with an average of about 25 players, number in excess of 40,000. Each year, between 3,000,000 and 5,000,000 school children study some kind of instrumental music. In 1924, when National Music Week was first observed, only 800 communities took part. By 1930, the number had reached 2,000, and by 1940, 3,000.

Shifts in popularity of instruments have occurred in recent years. The once popular banjo has almost disappeared, while the accordion is riding a new high tide of favor.

...contributed by Mrs. Carl Palmer
HOW TO PRESERVE A HUSBAND....

Be careful in your selection, do not choose too young, and take only such varieties as have been reared in good moral atmosphere. When once decided upon and selected, let that part remain forever settled and give your entire thought to preparation for domestic use. Some insist on keeping them in a pickle, while others are constantly getting them into hot water. This only makes them sour, hard and sometimes bitter. Even poor varieties may be made sweet, tender and good by garnishing them with proper patience, well sweetened with smiles and flavored with kisses to taste. Then wrap them well in a mantle of charity. Keep warm with steady fire of domestic devotion and serve with peaches and cream.

You should have seen GLEN CROCKER give an imitation of John L. Sullivan. It didn't look much like "Jawn", but it did look like L---. RED HAMMOCK postcards from Las Vegas that his new car is running slicker than a seal's vest.

We are overjoyed, no less, to find so many of the current romances culminating in a Happy Blending. (The reason we are happy; we get the choice cigars.) "SMILING BILL" JURNEY married Kay Francis Westfal, July 25th, at 8 a.m. That's pretty early in the morning, but for the first time in his life Bill is really smiling. JOHNNIE MOSER and Gloria Powers are happily married; that is, Gloria is happy, and Johnnie is married. He sent her to Lake Charles, La. for her honeymoon. Now that she's back he's getting the breakfast for her. See RED BECKER for tasty menus, Johnnie.

We were invited to a Hollywood wedding once where the guests were invited to stay over for the divorce. GLEN J. SHADEL was married to Annie Sue Price at Ramona, Sunday, August 3rd by Rev. Wm. Hopkins. We can tell she's a good cook by the lunches Glenn brings to work. Congratulations to all of you from all of the gang. Love is a wonderful thing. Even Rudolf Hess, the German Ace, once said, "It is better to have luftwaffed, than never to have luft at all."

Have you noticed how fat WALLY HINMAN is getting lately? He used to be as slender as chances in an oxygen tent.

JOHNNIE CASTIEN spent a few days fishing a desert mirage. He says he didn't get the limit but he had the satisfaction of knowing that there was no one else on the stream. He doesn't recommend fishing it next year though as the Government is putting a dam across it.



RECIPES FOR A GOOD DAY....

Take two parts of selfishness and one part patience and work together. Add plenty of industry; -- lighten with good spirits and sweeten with kindness. Put in smiles as thick as raisens in plum pudding, and bake by the warmth which flows from a loving heart. If this fails to make a good day, the fault is not with the recipe but with the cook.

In spite of adverse conditions---scarcity of news, etc.---I did manage to run down a goose of the small variety and procure a quill with which to write this yarn.

Rumor has it that a certain family is about to become a threesome. This rumor has not been confirmed as yet so it should be filed away with the rest of the early morning coffee wagon gossip.

Saw JACK ZIPPWALD running around the department the other day and it seemed like old times even though we did realize he was just passing through.

We were witnesses to a very strange happening the other morning which proved to us beyond reasonable doubt that some guys are much braver than wise---Imagine if you can, a guy attacking JOE LOVE with a shoe box as his only weapon. Strange as it seems, it did happen and we will have to admit, Joe gave ground. Ask him about it! We will have to say, however, that in this case Joe was right in abiding by the old adage that discretion is the better part of valor.

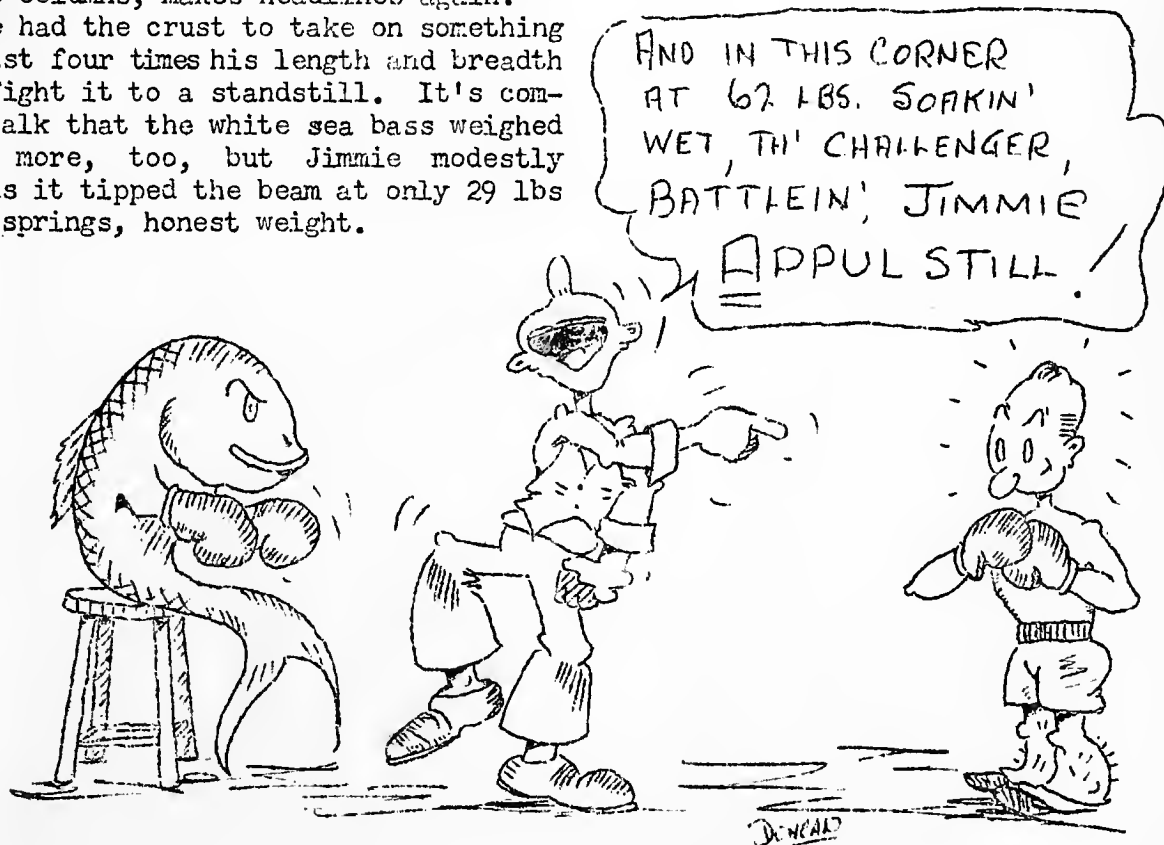
JIMMIE APPLESTILL, that little fellow who has an uncanny way of crowding into these columns, makes headlines again!

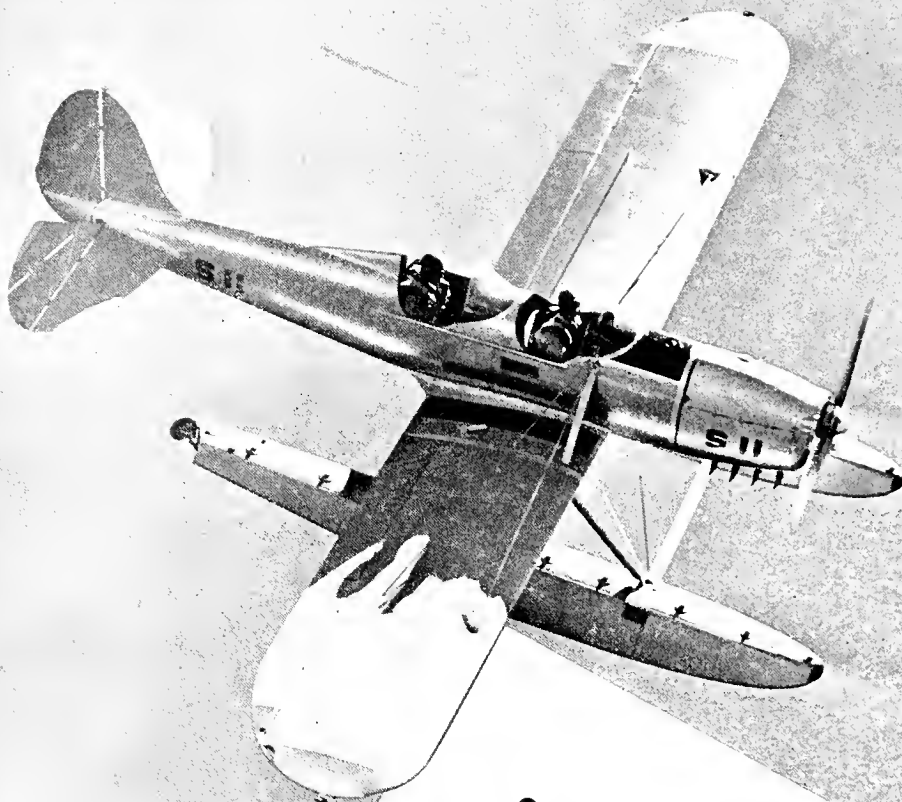
He had the crust to take on something at least four times his length and breadth and fight it to a standstill. It's common talk that the white sea bass weighed much more, too, but Jimmie modestly claims it tipped the beam at only 29 lbs --no springs, honest weight.

You have perhaps noticed that all those buckets of paint that were sitting down at one end of the yard have disappeared. We would like to report that three of us were responsible for the move and carried buckets under our arms for three whole days---the next three days we carried them around under our eyes.

Production will evidently take a back seat in the very near future, if coffee wagon dope has it straight---several faces will be conspicuous by their absence---the reason---deer season opens shortly. Already the hills around Seventieth and El Cajon are resounding to the splat of rifle fire as enthusiastic nirods are limbering up their sights in preparation. Notably among these are the JOHNS brothers of Small Parts, EDUEL WOLBARK of welding and several others too numerous to mention. I'm looking forward to some venison steak!

Well, the whale oil is burning low, the lamp is beginning to sputter and 5 a.m. comes early so will hie myself off to the hay in preparation for the next round. So long.





● For Land or Sea Pilot Training, Ryan S-T type low-wing monoplanes are establishing enviable records in the service of the United States and friendly foreign governments.



RYAN AERONAUTICAL CO.



SAN DIEGO, CALIF., U.S.A.

Ryan **Flying Reporter**



PUBLISHED BY AND FOR EMPLOYEES



RYAN AERONAUTICAL COMPANY

Vol. 2 No. 5

SEPT.

5TH

1941

RYAN FLYING REPORTER

VOL. 2 NO. 5

keep 'em flying

SEPTEMBER 5, 1941

THE AMERICAN WORKMAN LABOR DAY 1941

He is independent and proud, yet democratic and gregarious. He is the envy of the rest of the world, and its hope. He is generous and tolerant and peace-loving---and withal the most powerful man in the world. He is the American workman.

His hands, accustomed to the feel of wrench and lever and gauge, may never have held a gun; his mind, trained to think in terms of tolerances as fine as 1/10,000 of an inch, may never have wrestled with a problem of military strategy; and yet he is the veteran of a thousand campaigns.

His campaigns began in the laboratories, and his prowess was proved in the test pits of American industry. His battles were waged on the factory floor and in the field. His victories have helped to make the citizens of the United States the most fortunate people in the world, and the U. S. the greatest nation on earth.

In the expanding plants of American aircraft factories, working with government and commercial scientists and engineers, this man, the American workman - THE RYAN WORKMAN - is making planes for the training of our Army and Navy pilots; huge multi-engined bombing planes; swift deadly combat craft and, for that day which is sure to come, commercial and private airplanes which will again link in even closer relationship a world at peace.

But today, in the gravest hour of world history, he is engaged in the greatest campaign of all. There is serenity and confidence in his face, and the experience of a thousand campaigns behind him. He is sure of his own abilities, certain of his country's future.

With sincere acknowledgment to General Electric which originated this constructive theme for its institutional advertising.





WAITIN' WITH THE KIDS WHILE MAW
TAKES "TIME OUT".

MORE IMPROVEMENTS PLANNED FOR

YOUR PAPER

Your editors are constantly trying in every way possible to improve the editorial content and form of The Ryan Flying Reporter. This issue incorporates some of the new ideas on which the staff is working.

Most important is the appearance for the first time of a page of photographs in the main part of the magazine. This page was printed on a new Multigraph Duplicator which we now have available for use in getting out Flying Reporter. We hope to have a picture page in each issue, so we are certainly open to your photo contributions.

As yet we don't know just how much and what type of picture material we will be able to use, but your contributions will certainly be welcome.

With Larry Gibson devoting more of his time to Employee Welfare and Recreation work, and the opening of the Tool Store, the actual editing of the magazine will be done by Bill Wagner and Sue

Vol. 2
No. 5



Sept. 5
1941

RYAN FLYING REPORTER

Published by Employees of the
RYAN AERONAUTICAL COMPANY
Through their Welfare Department
under direction of
LARRY GIBSON

* * *

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Editorial Assistants:
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Slim Coats
Ray Morkowski
Editorial Contributors:
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Departmental Contributors:

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Final Assembly	Jack Billings
Observing Observer	The Observer
Wing Assembly	The Kite Maker
Engineering	V. J. Park
The Snoop Set	Brenda & Cobina
The Dope Shop	A. Dope
Maintenance	Pat Kelly
Sheet Metal	Jack D. Young
	and Spot Wakky

COVER: The cover shot really spells RYAN MASS PRODUCTION in capital letters. It's a Ryan answer to the call to Keep 'Em Flying.

Zinn of the publicity office, assisted by George Duncan who is in charge of art work.

Larry will, however, continue to be active in planning the paper's program, and as before will gather material from Flying Reporter contributors throughout the company. So, if you have some material for Flying Reporter, just look up LARRY "CHUBBY" GIBSON — as if anybody could miss seeing him.

Editorial assistants on the Flying Reporter staff are J. R. Conyers, Slim Coats and Ray Morkowski whose regular contributions and excellent writing styles have made them invaluable in maintaining interest in the paper.

We hate to accuse Slim's friends, but judging from the letters which have been reaching the editor, someone must be trying to pull his leg. This week's fan mail has included letters from "The Human Cork" (a novelty performer in the "Aquacade" water follies), from a sailor on the U.S.S. Pennsylvania, and from the girls at a certain Broadway Cafe. This last letter was signed "Ask for Margaret". Boy, is the Slim's Pickin's Column getting popular! - Editor.

SLIM'S PICKIN'S

BY SLIM COATS

All we know is that we are again making the world chafe for democracy, so we will try to skim lightly over national events and bear down on local activities.

We see by the papers that we are about to have Gasless Sundays. During the last war we had meatless Mondays, gasless Sundays, coalless Tuesdays, and lightless Thursdays. President Wilson didn't know what to do about Fridays, so he vetoed that day altogether. This is, of course, my own personal opinion, but I think what this country needs before gasless Sundays is a gasless gas administrator. You have permission to quote me.

According to the San Diego Union (Aug. 25) a society clubwoman advocates bridge parties to keep up the soldier's morale. Doesn't that one knock you loop-legged?

Can't you just imagine being a soldier and after a hard day in the field, you go to town to have a good time. So you go to a bridge party, where a lot of gabby sob sisters blow cigarette smoke in your face, and hold a post mortem after every hand.

Personally, we'd rather spend a quiet evening in a guard house. Anyway, we've been told that there are thirteen tricks in contract bridge, and twelve of them are dirty. And speaking of guard houses, a friend of mine stationed in Alaska has been in ten days for saluting a totem pole, mistaking it for a colonel.

At the recent Coronado Horse Show we saw Norman Kerry, the star who quit the movies to join the French Foreign Legion to fight the Riffs. In case you'd forgotten, the Riff lives on figs and dates, doesn't care one for Alfonso, and gets mixed.

According to a current aviation magazine CLAUDE RYAN got his start in aviation by taking advantage of a bit of idle gossip dropped by a garrulous barber. All our barber ever talks about is baseball, race horses and women. We've tried all three, and are still behind the eight ball. Who is your barber, Mr. Ryan? (Believe it or not, Slim, but the boss usually works so late the only barber he can frequently find open is the one in the YMCA. - Ed.)

The night manifold crew held a midnight party at Ocean Beach recently with

a fine turnout of over fifty men. We missed our good friend and benefactor "DAPPER" DAN BURNETT, who was ill with the flu. BOB DAWES fell off his motorcycle and skinned up his face. He'll trade the cycle for a good second hand baseball mask.

CHARLEY KNURCK has been called back into the Navy, and will soon be wearing a porthole for a lavalier. During his absence ADOLPH BOGLER is piloting the drop hammers.

GEORGE DEW, DAVE BRACKEN and LOGAN BENNETT had a house warming party the other night and WIN ALDERSON left a note: "In case I'm too far gone when I leave, this is to tell you I had a good time"—and it's a good thing he left it because he doesn't remember leaving the note or the house. DAPPER DAN BURNETT was in the same party and he was ruled out by the neighbors for whistling so loud.

Have you seen JUNIOR MOSSOP's moustache? R. HARLAN suggests we organize a hill-billy band. It's O.K. with me, if they'll let me play the jug. "BIG FELLA" STEWARD of the machine shop took his pal DAN BERRY fishing. Berry went to sleep in the sun and burned one-half of his face to a lobster red—now he resembles a barber pole.

LARRY HOCKING says the reason he hurrys to get to Long Beach every Saturday is because he lives there. I've often heard that you can go home when there is
(continued on page 16)

Our yard is in fine shape with the new oil and pavement, with the exception of the water run off from the old dope shop. How about it D.H.? (It's on the list; we'll get to it soon. - Palmer.)

Production is really under way. Witness all those "Lil old S-Ts rolling away from the testing ramp lately.

A lot of fellows seem to have business in the Fabric Department. I wonder if it could be mere interest in airplanes?

Me thinks the Coca Cola Cowboys are liable to spoil it all for the rest of us by ganging around the Coke machine during working hours.

Wonder what the delay is in not leveling off the dirt out front of the parking lot and the Administration Building? Who knows? (Guess we'll have to ask the Harbor Department that one. - Editor.)

That little guy, Dan Cupid, sure scored a couple of Bulls Eyes in the police department and he didn't use a gun either. In fact, at this time has scored no less than three direct hits. Wonder if I could get a job as a cop?

What are we gonna do soon with all the new hiring going on and more cars coming in, and no place to park 'em? (Additional space will probably be provided at west end of factory - Palmer.)

Wonder if any one ever gives LARRY GIBSON a vote of thanks for the swell job he is doing on our paper.

Of all the things that I have been
There is one more I'd like to be.
And that's to be a man among the men
And liked as well as we like Daniel B.

If we all showed as much speed going to work as we do when the 3:30 whistle blows, boy, wouldn't production speed up!

Well, if this stuff hits the printed sheet, I'll have more next time. (Your stuff is good---so do let us have more for next time, and the next time and the next, etc. - Editor.)

After a prolonged absence from the pages of the Flying Reporter, the Final Assembly Department shows up again. The department would like to begin its comeback with a note of appreciation.

For the past few months the boys of Final Assembly have been pushing the completed airplanes out the back door onto terrain that would make a jackrabbit stagger. The yard itself resembled a rocky crag on Mount Baldy, or perhaps the Municipal Golf course on some Sunday afternoon.

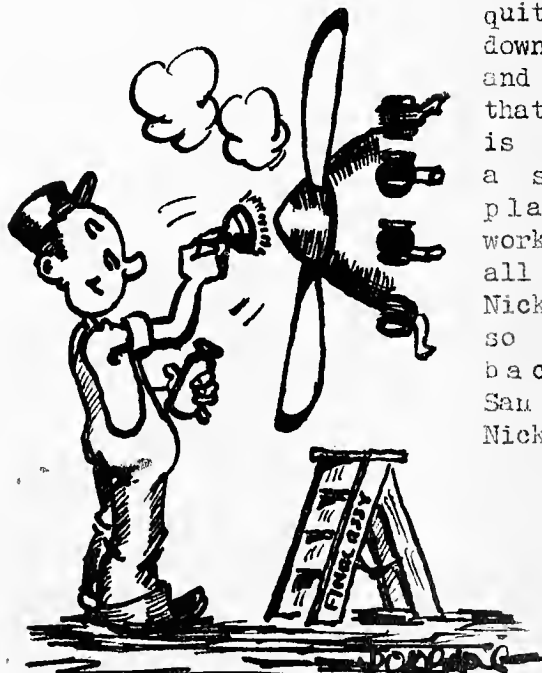
Then one day came the astounding news that the yard was to be paved. The grading commenced and with the grading came the dust. You never saw such dust. This dusty condition presented quite a problem for a few days. But, when all seemed lost, the paving started and a feeling of salvation came to those hardy souls of Final Assembly. Everyone is happy now, our yard is paved, and the back gate is about to be opened.

All members of the department are thankful to the management of the Company for the job they have done.

* * * * *

It was to our great misfortune to lose a man by the name of NICK LIVINGSTON who has been with the Ryan Aeronautical Company since back in 1936. Nick has taken a Civil Service job in Corpus Christi, Texas, and judging from our letters from him, he seems to think it

quite hot down there and also that Ryans is still a swell place to work. We all miss Nick a lot so hurry back to San Diego, Nick!



NR-1s IN JACKSONVILLE

by Eddie Oberbauer

I'll try to give Flying Reporter readers a picture of the Navy training base here at "Jax" as it is called by the natives. It is about 12 miles south of the city on the St. Johns River which is used for seaplane operation. Speaking of the river, it is more like a bay than a river, and at places is 5 miles wide. The water is fresh, but has a very brownish color.

The base which is very large was formerly a reserve base. There are two auxiliary fields, each having a large landing field, two hangars and quarters for the personnel and cadets. There are many squadrons at the Jax base, each consisting of about a hundred planes. Squadron VN-11A and 11B are the ones which do the primary training and our Ryan NR-1s are with these.

They have over 200 primary training ships not counting the NR-1s and then there must be that many or more basic training ships plus patrol bombers of which there are quite a number, and seaplanes also. Most of the training is off the ground though, rather than off the water.

The students are required to go through the trade school which is located at the main base before they are given their flight training. Consequently some of the students while still in trade school training are on the line and in the hangars helping the enlisted personnel with service and repair to a certain extent. One sees these boys dressed in a light khaki all over the taxi area and the parking line, and when a ship comes in toward the line, a boy goes to meet it and follows it in alongside of the wing tip. They sure get plenty of exercise, too!

When the Ryan NR-1s first arrived one could see khaki clad figures in the cockpits of them. The students would sit in them and my guess would be--dream about flying--for which I don't blame them. There certainly was a lot of comment on the beauty of the plane.

I was able to make a few flights with one of the officers. He flew me around to their auxiliary fields and really gave me some thrills. I must say, the Navy really makes the cadets learn to fly, take off and land, in fields not much larger than a couple of city blocks, and that are surrounded by pine trees.

On top of that, this particular officer, I believe, was trying to roll the wheels of the airplane on the pine trees when I was with him.

He gave me plenty of thrills; in fact he gave me the final check which the student cadets have to take on finishing their course. The one thing they stress most is forced landings in among the pine trees (with which this country is well couched) on fields not so very large, or, in places so thick with trees that you couldn't land in between them.

So every time the instructor sees a spot that you might set an airplane in, he pulls a landing on the student. He does get a work out. I know, because he pulled one on me, while I was climbing out of one of the fields. I saw a narrow place, headed for it and made it, but there wasn't much room on either side of the wings.

The Navy instructors here are practically all Ensigns just having graduated from school themselves. They fly six days a week and at times put in as high as ten hours a day including some night flying--so they really are kept busy.

With this hot weather, you see the boys come in with their shirts soaked with perspiration and that is the way it stays all day too. People in San Diego don't know what a paradise they are living in. All you have to do is ask any of the boys who were formerly located out there--they'll tell you. It is surprising how many here are from San Diego. Of course, some time or other, everyone in the Navy gets to San Diego.

Jacksonville is quite a place; in fact there are things about it that remind you of San Diego, but it is not so very large. The older part of town looks like the scenes of Tobacco Road. You have to go out several miles to get to the nice residential districts.

One thing I was surprised about was the number of summer tourists. The at-

(continued on page 14)

+ + + + +

swordfish

by W. M. "Mac" Cattrell

On Friday morning, August 15th, three Ryan employees set out to sea aboard the Wilcox yacht "Patricia". Commodore Don Wilcox and I were accompanied by that Camel advertising Chief Pilot for Ryan, Paul Wilcox (who is too seldom seen around here since his assignment to our Air Corps school at Hemet).

Don and I firmly believed that this was the only proper way to end a vacation (our first week was spent in Catalina). Paul was grimly determined to land himself a Marlin. After feeling our way thru a dense fog to Ballast Point, a compass course of 170° was held until the whistling buoy beyond the point was reached. Then a direct Southwest course was steered for the next hour.

By this time we were basking in the Southern California sun, well out of the fog, as well as sight of land. The water, as sea-going Chief Engineer Millard Boyd would say, was "smooth as glass". At about 9:00 a.m. looking ahead about a half mile off the port bow, we sighted a Marlin jumping and playing in the early morning sun. Since there wasn't a telephoto lens aboard, the movie camera loaded with Kodachrome was useless. To say the least, it was an experience to watch such a beautiful fish go thru his morning exercise.

Full throttle was applied to "Patricia" and we made a quick trip to the area in which we had spied "friend swordfish" but he had apparently gone his way. We circled for twenty minutes or so and then set our course directly North-west. At about ten o'clock the writer decided to snatch "forty winks" since there was little action.

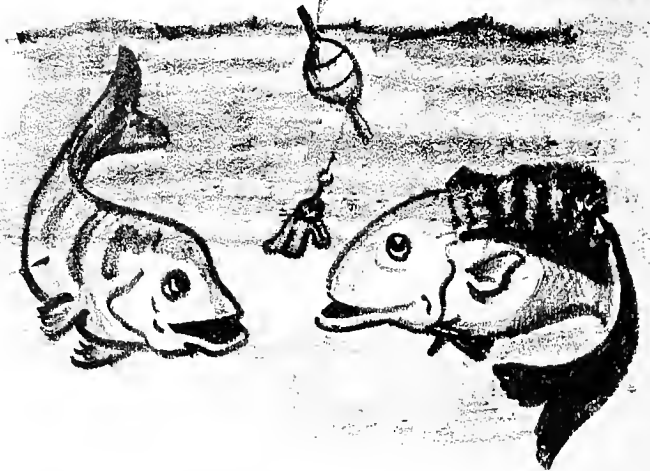
From here on in this is truly a fish story which rates space in Ripley's "Believe It or Not". We were trolling two flying-fish baits with two teasers nearer the stern. I was aroused from a peaceful dose at 10:05 by my two companions with cries "There! A fin! Off the port bow." I jump-

ed up to search the calm waters of the port side which were now covered by many miniature concentric waves created by drops of what the San Diego Chamber of Commerce

calls "high fog." A haze had come up and actually a light precipitation was evident.

True enough, there was a "fin". Don maneuvered the boat so as to cross the path of the "fin." As he did, the Marlin turned in astern of our starboard bait, followed it for what seemed like minutes, then crossed over and began to follow the port bait. Paul, by this time, was jumping all over the stern crying "Come and get it, you Son-of-a-Gun, etc."

Suddenly at 10:10 the thrill of hearing the scream of a reel unwinding was to reward us as the fish struck the bait and began his first run. The "Patricia" was by now a stage beset with action. Forward speed was ceased, the other bait was reeled in along with the teasers.



Don kept saying, "Give him all the line he wants," and Paul was saying, "Take it you so-and-so." The harness was placed around Paul's shoulders. Don took his station at the wheel, and after what seemed an eternal wait Paul cried, "O.K. Strike him."

He had taken the bait and begun a second run. Don gave the "Patricia" full throttle forward while Paul set the hook (continued on Page 10)

Since Paul brought in his 206-lb. Marlin, Don Wilcox and the "Patricia" have been out again -- result, another swordfish. On five trips so far this year, Don has taken in three Marlin, which is a real record; and some fishing

RYAN WELFARE DEPARTMENT ADDS TOOL STORE — FOR EMPLOYEES

The Ryan Welfare Department, in its constant effort to serve the employees, has opened a tool store for the convenience of the Ryan family.

It is the plan of the department, under the direction of H. Marco, Personnel Director, to operate the store along the line of a Navy Ships Service unit where men can purchase most anything at a material saving for themselves and their families.

The main item to be handled will, of course, be tools for use in the factory, which will enable all of us to have the proper tools with which to do our jobs. It is the hope of the company management, that all of the employees will realize that this store is there for the convenience of all.

It is in no way a compulsory organization. You will not be required to make your tool purchases here nor will the number of tools required for your work be increased on account of this enterprise. On the contrary, the Factory Management is working now on the standardization of certain tools for certain jobs and it is their wish that the factory will not be cluttered with large unsightly tool boxes loaded with unnecessary tools.

On most every item sold in the tool store, the employee will find that he can effect quite a substantial saving. There are, of course, many things yet to be worked out in regard to opening time, hours of service, etc. However, it is certain that everything will be taken into consideration for the convenience of, and financial saving to the employee.

Here's another step in "KEEPING RYAN'S A GOOD PLACE TO WORK".



RYAN BOWLING LEAGUE STARTS SEPTEMBER 15

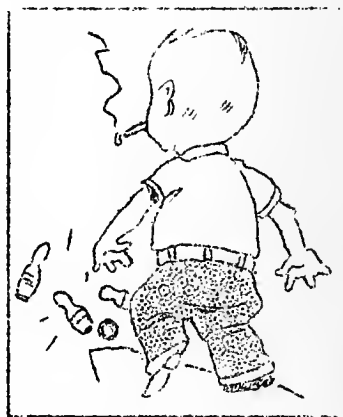
A record turnout is expected when the Ryan Bowlers turn out for the first league contest Monday night, September 15th, at the new bowling alleys at Kettner and "C" Streets.

Interest is running high at this point and it is hoped by everyone con-

cerned that Ryan will have a very strong league. Your Athletic Department is hopeful of organizing 28 teams to compete for twenty seven weeks with no split in the season.

There will be a meeting of all those interested at 3:30, Monday, September 8th, in the courtyard just inside the clock house.

At this time we will discuss plans for the league in general. Some say that it will be impossible to gather together 28 teams that will keep up their interest for the entire season. Your Athletic Department thinks that this will be a very easy matter. So, LET'S GET GOING, BOWLERS!



Those who have previewed the new bowling alleys say that they are, without a doubt, the finest alleys to be found anywhere on the coast. This should be a banner year in the bowling activities here at Ryan. It might be good news to know that in addition to the cash prize money, which incidentally will be increased somewhat this year, the winning team will receive a team trophy bearing the names of the winning team, to be on display in the company trophy case, plus an individual medal for each member.

LET'S GET ROLLIN', BOWLERS OUR--GOAL IS 28 TEAMS ----

WITH YOUR HELP WE'LL MAKE IT!

MEET MERVIN MARCO

BY J.R. CONYERS

So you wanted a job? You got it. In other words, the personnel director thought you were okay. Let's see now if he meets with your approval. Even personnel directors have a past history and we submit for your consideration that of Mervin Marco.

He started asking questions, at a tender age, in Clinton, Maine, where he was born in 1893. When he was nine, the family decided to move to Syracuse, New York. Mervin asked a few questions and went along too.

From the time he enrolled in grade school until he finished "with" high school, all in Syracuse, he had one greater passion than asking questions... playing baseball. During two high school years he played semi-pro ball to the exclusion of all consideration for such passive activities as study. After the second year of trying to play ball and study, he decided to just play ball. The Syracuse Stars, of the old International League, hired him as a rookie catcher. For three years "Merv" happily played

pro base ball. Then he got married.

His wife felt that maybe his education had been just a little neglected in spots and persuaded him to give up baseball (professionally) for a more conscientious search after knowledge. Because the Chancellor of Syracuse University was a close friend of the family, it was possible for our friend to start at Syracuse U in a mechanical engineering course. Except then for summers devoted to baseball, Mervin continued in school to end up with a degree in Mechanical Engineering.

In 1918 Marco enlisted in Naval Aviation. He held a first class machinist's rating. M.N. says he could go for a hop in one of the old Standards or Jennies and turn such a sympathetic ear to the murmurings of the motor that he could tell which cotter key on which con rod was rattling. He did a lot of flying but never was officially a pilot.

After the war, in 1919, he started in being curious (for a salary) in the personnel department of the Franklin Motor Car Co. Incidentally about this time he was appreciative of his wife's foresight in making him get that M.E. degree. It and the naval aviation experience came in quite well in the automobile personnel business. He could ask the questions and answer them, too. That is a very handy trick, in anybody's business.

Mervin had a brother-in-law out here in California. This far-seeing individual persistently tried to sell him the idea of living in glorious sunshine (?) the whole year 'round. In 1925, the "call of the Coast" won out. Mervin quit his job at Franklin, sold his house, (continued on page 10)



WHEN RYANS FLEW THE MAILS



as told by JOHN VAN DER LINDE to J. R. Conyers

Fifteen years ago - September 15, 1926 - air-mail service on the Pacific Coast between Los Angeles and Seattle was inaugurated with Ryan M-1 monoplanes by Pacific Air Transport, now part of the United Air Lines system. John Van der Linde, Supervisor of Assemblies, last week met W. A. Patterson, United Air Lines president, here at Lindbergh Field and together they discussed the old days when John, Dan Burnett, Ed Morrow and some of the old-timers helped build the planes that inaugurated regular service on the coast. Here's more interesting dope about early Ryan activities.

When I saw in the newspapers that United Air Lines was celebrating its fifteenth anniversary this month, it brought back many memories of the early days of the Ryan company and our connection with Pacific Air Transport, pioneer coastwise airline, which started operation in September, 1926, with Ryan M-1 mail planes.

Back in 1925 there were just twenty-five of us. There was "T.C." (Ryan), who wore coveralls just like the rest of us; Hawley Bowlus, the chief mechanic, and I was the assistant chief. Ed Morrow was with us then, as now. Charley Wittmer, George Allen and Dick Bowman, for some others.

The last three named all went on to be air mail and later, transport pilots. Dick Bowman is still flying for United Air Lines (Pacific Air Transport for whom he went to work when he left Ryan became part of United).

Our so-called factory was then out where Speer's Airport is now. You know, across from the Marine Base near Pacific Highway. When I look at the nice clean floors and rows of ST-3's on the assembly line here, I have to laugh. You should have seen that first factory. Miscellaneous parts of wooden airplanes, dope cans, propellers and engine parts scattered all over the place. Nice and neat, like a salvage yard. But we got the job done.

T.C. had cocked his eye on the air mail plane business a long time since and we had started building the high-wing Ryan M-1 with an eye and a hope for seeing it haul the mails. It was a darn good airplane for its day. We hung a Whirlwind J-4 on her and she'd go 115 miles per hour with a payload of over 800 pounds. That wasn't hay then.

When Vern Gorst was awarded the Pacific Coast Night Air Mail contract he started scouting for a good airplane to haul it....and naturally he came out to look over the M-1. He thought it looked pretty good and decided to give it a test on the Los Angeles to Seattle run.

T.C. flew that first test run. When the Army boys heard about all the speed records the M-1 busted they became very interested and a little jealous, I do believe.

It was because of this that a race between Claude Ryan in the M-1 and the Army's ace flyer, Oakley Kelley, came about. T.C. and the M-1 just flew the struts off of that special Army D-H.

Well, anyway, Gorst contracted for six M-1s and the Pacific Air Transport Company was born. Not, however, until Gorst had hung around and personally watched the building of those airplanes, from wood to dope.

We sold the Colorado Airways six of 'em too, for the old air mail Route No. 18. All in all, we built some 23 or 24 M-1s that first year of production. And that, my friend, was production with a capital "P".

We weren't only building airplanes either. We were turning out fliers like George Allen, Wittmer, and Dick Bowman. Charley Goldstrap, now western supervisor for American Airlines was a Ryan student. Doug Corrigan was, too. At one time I had forty students in my class. The Ryan school was pretty well known even at that time. Many more of the boys we taught to fly went on to make "names" in aviation.

(continued on page 22)

RYAN

After a few seconds we knew that we were "hooked up". The battle was on. In the next few minutes the sportiest deep sea fish in the Southern California area had jumped free of the water fifteen times. He looked to be a small one. Pictures in Kodachrome were again out of the question due to the light rain.

Don kept maneuvering the "Patricia" to hold the Marlin off our stern until finally Paul brought him close to the boat. When he was reeled into sight, to our surprise he was coming in "tail first". We stood ready with gaff and line but when he was apparently far from "green", Don simply threw a line about his caudal fin and we hauled "Mr. Marlin" aboard with little difficulty. Time: 22 minutes.

Anxious to see how he had been hooked, we found the leader had been wound about his body - causing him to be brought in tail first. The hook was not in his mouth, but had about three turns of the leader around his bill and back thru the hook, creating a slip knot which held his mouth closed and hence prevented the use of his respiratory system.

During his jumping and fighting he had wrapped the line about his body and thus hindered various propulsive extremities so that he was soon tired and consequently landed with ease. His weight was speculated upon as being anywhere from 160 to 185 pounds. Landing him was no trouble for we three who were so jubilant. Paul's first Marlin and the second on the "Patricia" for the season. (Don landed a 160 pounder about a month previously.)

After obtaining two more "strikes" which failed to materialize, we agreed to head back to port. Stopping at the Marlin Club at approximately 4:00 P.M. for official weighing and photographing ceremonies, we found that authentic scales showed him to weigh 206 1/2 pounds. This fact entitles Paul to a Marlin pin since the weight was beyond 200 pounds. The fish now became difficult to handle since we knew what the actual weight was!

By 5:10 P.M. Paul had the Marlin cut into steaks, aided only by a small hunting knife. These he took to Hemet, where the Wilcox family will enjoy his catch for many weeks to come.

Thus ends our "Believe It or Not Fish Tale" of landing a Marlin in 22 minutes.

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packed up his wife and two children and came to Los Angeles.

There he went to work as employment director of the Pickwick Stages Corporation, southwestern division. He also did the purchasing for this outfit. When the Greyhound company took over Pickwick, Marco stayed on in the same job. The "call of a catcher's mitt" had been working on him for years. He organized a semi-pro ball team and played up and down the coast for three years while attending to the Greyhound affairs also.

In 1932, Mervin went to work for the Willys Overland Automobile Company, Pacific Division, as Personnel Director. He directed personnel, negotiated three CIO union contracts, organized company ball-teams, etc. for Willys until 1939.



"When any business is growing like the aviation business started to in '39, that's for me", says Marco. Besides, he says, "I wanted to see what kind of ball teams the aviation industry could turn out." So in 1939, he got himself hired to watch over the interests of Ryan's then 230 employees.

His two boys are grown now. Warren is in the aviation industry and "Merv" Jr. is going to State College, here. This chip off the old block is an athlete of no mean abilities, too. "He is a cinch to win the Southern California pole vault this year," quoting his dad. The only ball M.M. plays now is on the sidelines at the Ryan team's games, but he really plays there.

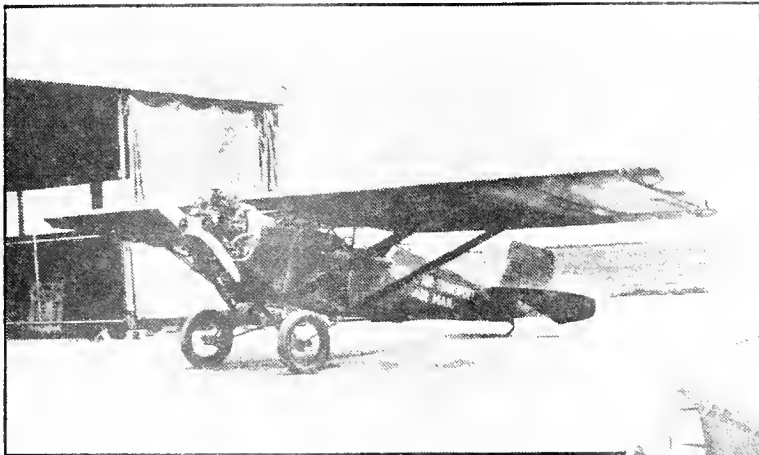
Here's a tip in closing. If you have any troubles that you'd like a little advice on, take 'em to Mervin Marco for he's not only been through the mill himself...but he's a darn good listener.

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RYAN ACTIVITIES PICTURED

15 YEARS OF PROGRESS

Story on Page 9



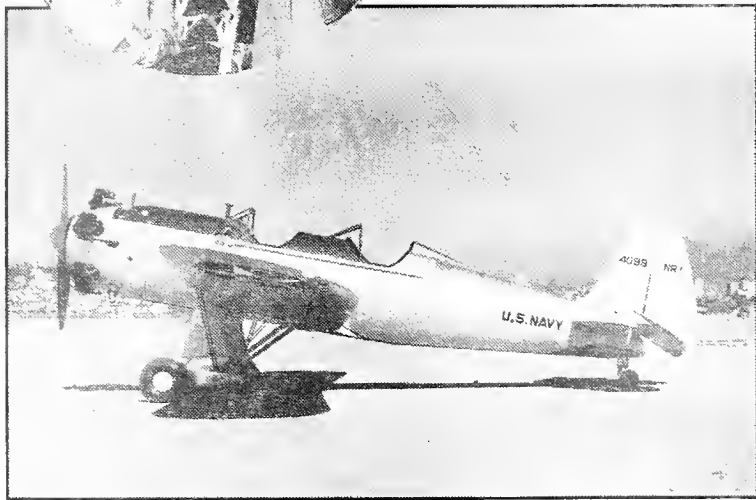
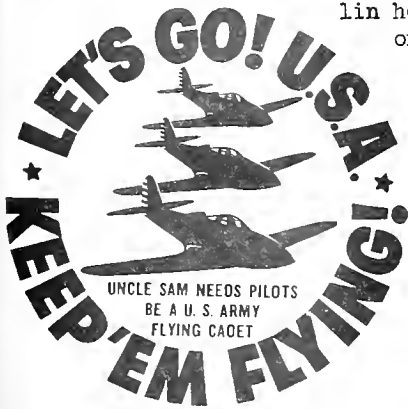
LEFT: The Ryan M-1 plane which 15 years ago this month inaugurated the Pacific Air Transport service --now United Air Lines. IN CIRCLE are W. A. Patterson, United Air Lines president, and John Van Der Linde, who helped build the planes used on the first Pacific Air Transport run. (This route was surveyed by T. Claude Ryan). BELOW: 15 years of progress from the M-1 is here represented by a new NR-1 trainer



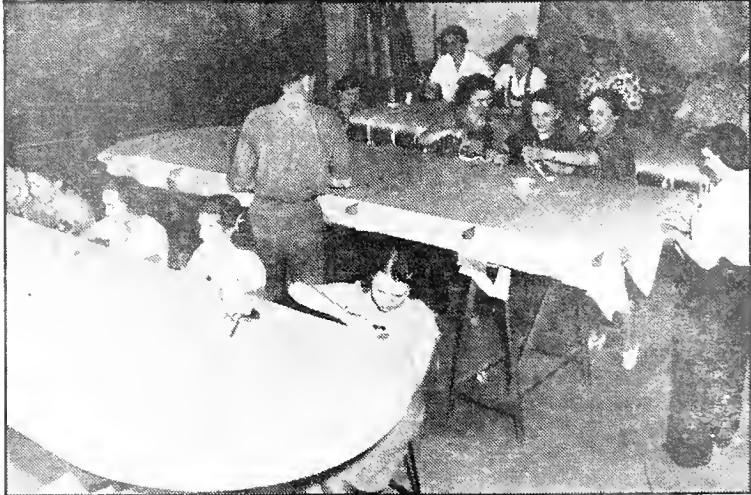
FISH STORY

Paul Wilcox, chief pilot for Ryan, proudly displays the 206-pound Marlin he caught off Point Loma --

Story Page Six



WOMEN WORKERS IN THE AIRCRAFT INDUSTRY - Story Page 13



FRONT VIEWS AND PROFILES

by Ray Morkowski

FLOYD W. BENNETT was born in Minford, Ohio, about thirty years ago, attended Mt. Carmel grade school there, then a year at Wheelersburg High while they completed the new high school at Minford from which he graduated. He had the honor of writing the preface to the first year book ever published at that school and well he should because he was a member of the Literary Club and the Debating Team.

He received his "letter" for playing on the basketball team and to cap all this he played the tuba in the school band. Before we get off the subject, it is appropriate to mention here that he married his school-days sweetheart in Portsmouth, Ohio.

Floyd spent the first eighteen years of his life on a farm where it was his duty to take care of mechanical equipment, which stood him in good stead because he had no trouble finding work as bull-dozer, truck driver, electrician, plumber, carpenter or anything in the mechanical line. Which goes to make it quite evident why he is the assistant foreman in the Manifold Department.

Bennett witnessed the disastrous Ohio Valley flood in 1937 and though he won't admit it, he spent many sleepless days helping the unfortunate victims. He can't erase the memory of burning haystacks, debris and houses with dogs, cats, chickens and so forth on top of them floating down the rushing river.

He enjoys football, basketball and baseball but fishing is now his favorite

sport. His hobby is woodwork and he is a master at it. He refuses to admit it but I happen to know that at one time he prided himself as a marksman with the rifle, but on a hunting trip his wife bagged all the game so Bennett doesn't talk about his feats with the rifle any more.

Floyd claims his best piece of luck was finding employment here at Ryan's, the only place he ever really enjoyed work. He and Mary, his wife, cannot get over the climate and are sincere about making San Diego their permanent residence.

Bennett is five feet eleven inches tall, weighs 185 pounds, has green eyes and black hair. Fortunately it is no longer necessary for him to wear the horn-rimmed glasses he had during his school days.

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ERVIN "ERV" BERNHARD SIMONSON was born in Watford, North Dakota, on November 2nd, 1913. He attended Watford Grade and High schools and finished a trades course at the Hanson Auto and Electrical School in Fargo, North Dakota. His early life was spent on his parent's ranch with the exception of his tour of all the western states which he financed himself by driving a truck, doing mechanical work and picking fruit.

"Erv" enjoys baseball, bowling and plays a game he calls golf. Occasionally he buys hay for the horses at Del Mar.

He still trembles when he tells of the time he went horseback riding and was being chased by a mad bull when the horse stumbled and Ervin bit the dust. Fortunately, the bull took after the horse and "Erv" took after the nearest fence.

Another interesting experience that he relates is the time, along with his brother, they decided to put on the "dog" by riding thru the old home town on their
(continued on Page 14)



they cover the planes

by Sue Zinn

"The time has come," the walrus said, "to speak of many things---of shoes and ships and sealing wax, of cabbages and kings"---but more particularly at the moment about the advent into the Ryan Covering Department of twenty-five new women workers, soon, I understand, to be increased to 30.

From time to time we have read little notes about the fabric workers in the pages of Flying Reporter, but after visiting the department the other day and talking with supervisor VIRGINIA FINNEGAN, I am thoroughly convinced that a whole page is not enough----although less than that will have to do as long as I'm writing it. There are several men also working in the department to help in the heavier duties involved in the covering of the wings, flaps, elevators, stabilizers, fins, ailerons and rudders, but this time, we put the note in about the fellows and write the article on the girls.

The girls of the Fabric Department, with the exception of the original few, have received their training at the Vocational School in downtown San Diego where they went to school for eight hours a day over a period of about two weeks. (Several of them had also had previous work on sewing projects and one had worked on aircraft motors at Dayton, Ohio during World War I.)

As soon as they developed sufficient adeptness at the art of fitting and sewing heavy aircraft fabrics neatly and firmly, they came to work at Ryan under the capable supervision of Virginia. The girls receive equal starting wages with men who are performing similar work and are qualified to advance at the same rate as the men for equal classification which is a mighty fair deal it seems to me.

The wing structure comes to the Fabric Department all ready for covering. Here the heavy aircraft covering material is sewed by machine into the proper width strips, is cut and then sewed by hand over the wing surface. Virginia looked at me and said, "They use the baseball stitch, you know." I didn't. So she went on to explain that the baseball stitch is the one used in sewing baseballs. Well, could be---anyway "baseball

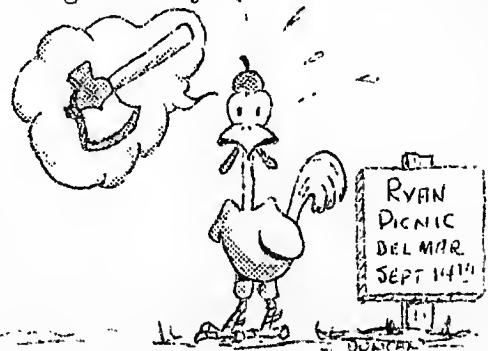
stitch" sounds like a lot of fun.

After the surface has been covered, strips of tape are placed to follow the contour of the ribs and these are T-pinned (devolving from the use of a pin shaped like a T). The final job of the Fabric Department, I was told, is to P.K. them. That brought up memories of my mother's hemstitched handkerchiefs but I found, after boldly displaying my ignorance of what P.K.ing meant, that the term was derived from the use of Parker Kalon screws which are used to fasten the tape and the covering to the ribs.

The work in the Fabric Department is very exacting and must be done in accordance with specifications and pass the all-seeing eye of the inspector. Here too, we have our first girl inspector, EDITH COLLIER. Finished surfaces for approximately six planes are completed each day and go on to the Dope Shop for doping and painting.

Work is going on at all times on several, if not all, of the different sections to be covered and since each girl is trained to handle every job in the department, work never has to slow down for instruction purposes. Virginia was most profuse in her praise of the way the women cooperate by pitching in whenever help is needed when they finish the particular piece they have been working on.

"In fact", she said, "I have never worked with a group that was so interested in the work at hand and that tried so hard to do the best job possible." And Mrs. Finnegan has had plenty of experience to back her statement, coming to Ryan from the position of District Supervisor of the W.P.A. Sewing Project for San Diego County.



traction I believe is the beaches more than Jax. The beaches are about 20 miles away and are of very fine white sand and not at all comfortable to lie on. Very nice to drive on though. People park their cars all along what they think to be safe sand, then go off and leave them. The tide comes in very fast because the beaches are very flat and you can often see car after car being towed or pushed out. The water has been very warm--over 80 degrees, so a person does not enjoy it very much.

The main field being quite large--run ways over a mile long and most all of the area paved--one sees as high as 7 to 8 airplanes either touching or taking off at the same time--quite often in formation which the Navy teaches in the primary stage. It is quite a sight to see the NR-1s taking off in formation with the beautiful cloud backgrounds. It seems like the air is just filled with planes at time.

So far the Ryans, of which they have 53 out here now, are doing fine. I know they will keep it up after having such a fine bunch of fellows building them back in San Diego.

I spoke to the Squadron Commander this morning about some photographs for the Flying Reporter. He will have some taken but I can't promise you to have them in time for this issue. We should get some beautiful shots, as they have lots of planes now. I showed him the Flying Reporter with the Army formation so maybe he'll get some better ones.

Incidentally, he kept the magazine so I'm without mine and I didn't have it all read either. So next time send several.

Last Saturday and Sunday I spent down at Miami. I was checking up to see if what I had heard about it was true. There isn't any question about it; it is beautiful and really tropical down there. I tried breaking a cocoanut out of a shell but no luck. Those things sure do attach themselves to the nut. We went out to the beach which has so many beautiful hotels right along the shore. The palm trees, of which many are cocoanut, grow right in the sand next to the water. The water temperature Sunday was 89 degrees; air temperature 90, so not much use in going in to cool off. I wanted to go fishing there but time was all too short for me to spend a day out.

#

dad's high, two wheeled cart hitched to a high spirited horse who decided to bolt when they hit the main street. They jumped clear and the horse freed himself from the cart so they had no choice except to take the cart in tow themselves. About a half mile down the road the horse stood, nonchalantly waiting for them. Needless to say, they made a very nice picture putting the horse behind the cart and pulling the cart home themselves.

Simonson is a final line-up man in the manifold department on the second shift. He is five feet eight inches, weighs 145 pounds, has light brown hair and blue eyes. He claims he will not marry for several years yet, but we have it on good authority that the trip home he is planning is more than just to see the scenery.

- o - O - o -

WILLIAM B. CRAWFORD--"just plain Bill"--was born in Tyler, Texas, on January 26th, 1896. He attended Douglas Grade and High Schools and Stanford University. Bill was married here in San Diego in 1915 and has a son who is now married.

Bill received his mechanical background with the Continental Motor Co. and his ability as a manager from his successful ventures in the dry goods and bakery business.

His ambition is to have a home either in Oregon or Washington where he can fish off the back porch and be able to turn around and shoot deer at the same time and have them roll down the hill right to the door so that his wife can skin them.

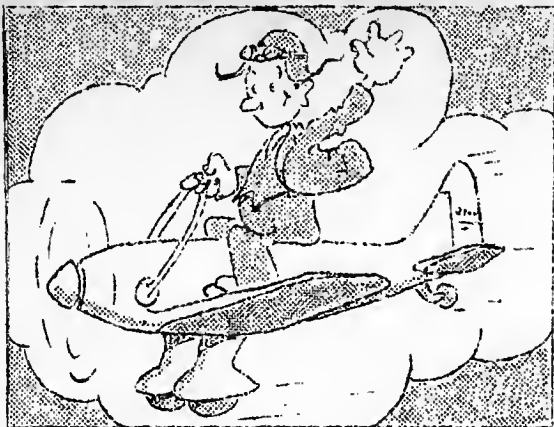
One cool October morning Bill went fishing with his Uncle who, according to Bill, was making entirely too much noise to suit the fish. Uncle stood quietly by while Bill demonstrated how to noiselessly slip along the shore and slip he did into the lake in fifteen feet of water. Now they say a fish has never been caught in that spot since.

Crawford has a mechanical shop all set up in his own garage where he spends most of his time building Rube Goldberg gadgets. He enjoys baseball and football but gets all of his exercise riding horses.

Bill is five feet eight inches tall, weighs 150 pounds, has dark brown hair and grey eyes.

He is foreman in inspection crib #14 on the second shift.

by
Earl
E.
Byrd-
man



Many thanks to BILL WAGNER of the Ryan Flying Reporter for the flight calculators donated by Air Trails magazine, which he gave to members of the flying club. If you didn't receive one, it's your own fault for not being on hand. The new membership cards are out, so don't fail to pick up yours at the field.

We have several new members: MARGE PILLING of Chula Vista, a cute girl with lots of flying time to her credit; EARL ERWIN, who just made his first solo hop; VINC BENBENNICK, an ardent cross country hopper; and those two husky, handsome

gentlemen, RENIG KLUTH of the Drop Hammer and ORVILLE WERTH of the Manifolds.

MONA NEUMONT has run afoul the C.A.A. It is rumored that she flew low over Ryan's auxiliary field dropping her phone number to the Army cadets. She recently made her cross country hop to El Cajon, Oceanside and return.

"SKIP" GOODRIDGE is brushing up on his air work daily, for his license. JACK "BUTCH" KEITH, the club mascot, soloed on his sixteenth birthday, and his chest is way out to here. Other fliers hitting the ball regularly are JENSE NEWMAN, DESSA HOWELL, HARRY MILES, TOMMY FEWINS, DALE FARIS, SAM PINNEY, "SLIM" COATS, HANK HANGGI, JACK "ACE" GAGE, and FRANK FLINN.

Instructor Johnnie Taylor: "Are you becoming air sick?"

Dick Wilson: "Not exactly, but I'd hate to yawn right now."

Next meeting will be Sunday, September 7th at 11 A.M., Air Tech hangar, Lindbergh Field, to discuss plans for a breakfast hop and hangar dance.

Don't forget to pick up your membership cards.

GROUP INSURANCE

(We hope you're not the unfortunate one who could have written this.)

I know one thing, fellows, and that is that I made one great big mistake when I went around "popping" off that our group insurance was a big "gyp"—it cost far too much and you never received any benefit from it.

I was suddenly taken home with a bad headache, and in general feeling "way down low". I called in a doctor and he reported that I would have to be in bed for at least one month. What a spot I found myself in. A party some days before had left me pretty low on cash. I had never thought I might get sick so I had not saved a penny and the worst of it is that I had cancelled my company group insurance thinking that it was all a lot of "high binding".

Well, needless to say, I had to borrow to meet my many bills, and believe it or not, I am still trying to get that loan paid off. To make things still worse, one of the boys dropped in to call on me. When we got to talking, he told me that he had been sick for three weeks.

I said, "What did you do about your doctor bills?" And then he said that he had saved a little and also had the company group policy which paid him compensation for his lost time, and between the two he had made the grade without borrowing.

After my friend left I made up my mind that as soon as I could get out I would check up on this insurance and find out just what it was all about. Some days passed and I got to feeling better so I went in town and asked a lot of questions about insurance only to find out very soon that the protection offered by the company group insurance is not the most expensive insurance but is without a doubt "THE CHEAPEST INSURANCE" that a fellow can have.

Aside from what we put into the policy, the company helps us by putting in some along with it and the result is that we have the finest protection that can be had at any price and best of all we are getting it for half what it would cost us on the outside.

(continued on page 16)

more of SLIM'S PICKIN'S

no other place to go. Isn't Captain FRANK BENNETT losing weight?

SUE ZINN: "If I sit on your lap, you'll get the wrong idea."

FLOYD BENNETT: "No, I think you are a very nice girl who wouldn't let a strange man kiss her."

SUE: "I thought you'd get the wrong idea."

We're receiving cards left and right from the boys who are on their vacations. "WHITEY" RASMUSSEN is having a whale of a time at Iowa Falls, Iowa. "BUTCH" ORTIZ writes from San Francisco; FRENCHIE FOUSHEE was last heard from at Albuquerque, New Mexico; BOB HARRIS is in Denver, Colorado. CARL THOMAS and family are also in Denver. Carl just bought a tomahawk for his mother-in-law, and when he gets back he's going to let her have it.

It's pretty hard to keep track of all of the marriages and births. In fact, we've about decided to employ the services of AL GEE and Chief ED SCHINDLER. They are pretty good at finding things; in fact they tell me they could have found Livingston on the first green. Well, anyway, BILL "NO CIGARS" McBLAIR was married, as were C. ABERNATHY, and "MAC" McMAHON. Kin Hubbard once said, "You kin tell how some girls hate to work by the fellers they marry." Congratulations, fellas.

And just because BUD FARR did exceptionally well, he's trying to sell everyone else on matrimony. Confidentially, Bud, I've been turned down oftener than a bedspread.

You just ought to see the proud fathers in this outfit. JACK WILLIAMS thinks he has a record because little Irene weighed 7 pounds and 15 ounces. JACK CHESS may give him an argument tho' and I'm sure that CHRIS MUELLER will. Chris says that they would like to have had a girl this time, but James Martin Mueller will make a fine tenor for the "quartette". He has three other boys, you know. One of them is in the Navy. Congratulations, fellows, and thanks for the cigars.

DOUG SWALM: "What did you call your mother-in-law?"

MYRT WILDER: "The first year I always said -- 'I say' -- after that we called her Grandma."

EULA MARTIN says that sympathy is what one girl offers another in exchange for details. When I went to school they used to tell us that the world turned on its axis every twenty four hours, now the Axis turns on the world every twenty four hours.

Adios, see you at the Ryan Picnic.



more about GROUP INSURANCE

Remember there is life insurance, sickness and accident compensation for the one low figure. All of the book work is done for you, and all of the collecting is done for you, and last but not least you are protected against those rough spots along the trail that we can never foresee.

Believe me, fellows. EXPERIENCE is a HARD TEACHER. I know that OUR GROUP INSURANCE is the CHEAPEST and the BEST that we could get anywhere. Another thing that I would like to mention is that I find Mr. Marco and the people in the personnel office are always more than willing to discuss with you any insurance problem you may have. TAKE IT FROM ME, FELLOWS, DON'T CANCEL THAT INSURANCE. One claim will more than repay you for what you have put into the policy.





Having missed writing the Engineering column for the last few issues of the Flying Reporter, due not to a lack of interest but a lack of time, we'll strive our utmost to produce again.

At present the most pertinent subject is vacation. But, on the other hand, if I attempt to tell you what all the boys have done on their vacations I'd wind up with so many interesting short stories you could call me O'Henry. (Well I've got to say something, don't I?)

"So I took the Fifty Thousand Dollars and married the girl." I don't know what it means, but that is what BOB CLOSE is always saying. (Confidentially, it is a bit of wishful thinking.)

MCKAY LARKIN is to become a father most any day now. I know how you feel, Kay.

What does a fellow do when he gets fed up paying high rent? Why, that is simple. You just go up to Escondido and build your own home. Anyhow, that is what JIM CRABTREE of Contract Engineering has done. Only one minor detail I am not convinced of---Jim tells me that 30 mile drive morning and night is enervating.

BOB EVANS is still a nurse chaser. (Well, I suppose that's all right too.)

You've heard the saying, "You look like a boiled lobster," said of a person who has received a case of "Ole Sol". Well, if you want to see a classic example of this, have a look at EARL BUETER, Print Room Executive, some Monday morn-

ing when he is fresh off the beach.

FRANK GORDON's wife has gone to Florida for a vacation, and he admits he is lonesome. Need I say more?

Another man in our department has met his doom. WALT SORESENSEN was married three weeks ago. He must like it though as the cigars were of distinction.

Ask TOM DAVIDSON if he still likes school teachers?

As I understand it, LEW DUNFFE, and elbow bender from away back, had a weak week end on the week-end of his week vacation. (Confusing, isn't it?)

New personnel of the department are DONALD JEFFERDS, Draftsman, and LEX WHATLEY, Typist. Welcome, boys.

Incidentally, those who cross the road to get to their autos at four o'clock will use extreme care in executing such a maneuver, as the demon behind the wheel, FRED GREENBERG, will get you as he roars by in his Dodge brother! And if he doesn't, BOB COOPER will.



THE SNOOP SET

BY BRENDA & COBINA



Well, Cobina, we had a nice rest but it's time to go back to work again. Some people as I hear it, thought we either got fired or quit but guess this proves we are still around with our noses to the transome.

Gee, Brenda, wedding bells are surely ringing around here. They're ringing so loud and often they hurt my ears so I got to take my trumpet out---then when I hear the other girls talking I got to put it back in to hear the latest gossip items.

Some of the things they tell ---- is love always so wonderful that you want to go to L. A. week-end after week-end just to see the guy, like some people? Who is the tall, dark and handsome Engineer who recently hasn't become so reluctant where things are being tabulated?

And do all the fellas buy their girl friends portable radios for their birthdays even after some other guy bought them a box of candy? And speaking of wedding bells, that little love nest on
(continued on page 18)

more SNOOP SET

Park Blvd. will soon be occupied by telephone bells and police calls.

And how do some girls rate a ride to work in the morning with a short handsome Army man, and a tall, handsome man to eat lunch with?

And say, did you know that one gal got a gardenia from an Army inspector for getting things done right. And another thing, how do the Personnel girls rate that handsome stranger working with them?

Well, girls, will see you all at the bowling alleys if the Ryanettes show the enthusiasm they displayed at our last luncheon by showing up at the first meeting--if I have to be pin-girl again this time I won't play. My knuckles are still cracked and my shins black and blue. By the way, I quite agree with you about the handsome gentleman from Washington who's causing all the girls hearts to start beating again in double time.

I guess our minds are too cultured for the slang this riff-raff used to describe us. At least I certainly don't understand what they meant when they said: Dracula's daughter dropped those droopy dopes, Brenda and Cobina, dis-



mayed that this pair of determined, delusioned dullards didn't defer driving discreet dissenters daft.---Why don't we register?

MAINTENANCE

by Pat Kelly

The old chap who said something about "tempus fugiting" really knew that of which he spoke. Seems as if the last issue of the Reporter, which we missed, was distributed yesterday, and the next issue, which we may miss, is due tomorrow. Like Lawrence of Arabia, whose long suit was highly efficient raiding parties, we will gallop hither and yon in an endeavor to pick up loose ends.

PAUL TAYLOR, erstwhile Missourian and maintenance roughneck, has gone over the hill and signed up with the wire pullers. Frankly, Otto got a damned good man, and it's our loss.

Hoot, Mon! The ol' jack pot fell out again! Here's a tip to all engaged in the disreputable vocation of contributing to the Reporter. When you're stumped, just write the truth, and you'll surely get a rise out of some one, perhaps a foreman.

EARL KAIR, ex-pill-roller in the regulars, enters a restaurant, and with his best Mae West shuffle, proceeds to the counter.

"Gimme a coupla eggs," says he.

"How do you like your eggs, sir?" inquires the waitress.

"I like 'em fine, sister," says he.

"Ch, I mean how do you like them cooked?" says she.

Says Kail, "Baby, that's just the way I like 'em." - - -

Attention, fishermen! H. H. HILL, versatile welder, staked out a claim somewhere south of Ensenada, and returned with ample evidence to prove that he struck pay dirt. Last week he brought back a carload of bonita, barracuda, bass and abalone. He graciously gave many of his catch away. We can vouch for the "de-lish-us-ness" of one large 'uda. Mrs. Hill kindly gave us exquisite cooking instructions.

Have many new hands to present for your approval. JOHN RODGERS, a master tin smith. BOB ROOT, an initiate from another department, who has dreamy eyes, and admits he is very much in love. VIC DU SHAUNE, tall, dark and handsome enigma. CHARLIE BAKER, who, like many good Californians, hails from Illinois.

And so, "Hasta luego, amigos mios."

RYANETTES

by Pat Kregness

MORE WEDDING BELLS! ! ! AND WHAT'S MORE, THE MORE THE MERRIER! ! !

No one can say the Ryanettes are slow. No sir, there have been girls working here for over a year, and it's finally bringing results. You're wondering what I mean? Well, we have two female members of our office force who are "Taking the Fatal Step". That isn't surprising in itself, with all the pulchritude floating about, but—they're marrying Ryan men! I must be a sentimentalist, but that tickles me.

One is BERNADINE "GIGGLES" DEHM, one of our charming receptionists, and she is marrying CHARLES McCAFFERTY, a guard, and a very nice person. (Just ask Bernie?) The other is ALICE BACHMAN, one of the many pretty girls in the Production Department, who is to wed WARREN E. MARCOUX, an inspector in the Receiving Department.

Another "Bride of the Month" is FLORA ROSADO who will soon be Mrs. Eddie Smith. He's not a Ryan man, but to all of them goes all the luck and happiness of their fellow employees.

Incidentally, girls, I saw an example of some house-work last week that would put us all to shame. Three very industrious inspectors working like mad, cleaning house. Do you suppose they hire themselves out? ALICE, take note.

Things happen around here, and when they do, they happen fast. When I came back from my vacation, I was sure I wasn't in the right place. Of all the strange new faces! I know when they saw me they thought—"another new girl"! Please, folks may I beg off introducing them to you right now? I will say that they're carrying on the Ryan tradition. (Maybe I'm harping on that too much, but I'm just whistling to keep up my courage. Besides, we girls are entitled to a little vanity, aren't we?)

Our chocolate-coated lollipop goes to MILDRED ALKIRE this week. I guess I'm only one of the many to whom she has lent a sympathetic ear. For some really good medicine, take a good dose of MILDRED's sympathy and there will be rapid improvement. No fooling, there's a girl with real generosity, both with her time and money, and an always ready smile.

We of the office force realize what stiff competition we have with beauty in the Covering Department. I'm opening my big mouth when I say this, but why not bring the competition out in the open and maybe have a couple of bowling teams? I'll leave that up to Larry Gibson's discretion, but it might be fun. What thinkest thou?

Our luncheon this month is being held at Topsy's and after the success of the last one, we're sure it will be fun. This month's birthday babes are MARY FREEL, on the 20th; CARLIE GROSS, on the 24th; GENEVIEVE BOYER, on the 29th, and BETTY WILSON on the 19th. I'm not allowed to divulge any more secrets but they are at that mysterious age—between 16 and 60.

The girls in Production Planning gave ALICE BACHMAN a surprise birthday party on July 25th. They had a cake with candles, presents and a card signed by all. Alice wants to extend her thanks to all the girls of the department.

By the way, why is it that you girls like to tease poor ORIN RIGLEY and POOR FRED FORD? We thought that was a nice way to celebrate their birthdays, even if we did enjoy it more than they did, huh? That reminds me—what's a disinterested jalopy? Oh, you know? A Bored Ford!!! Now will you try for the four dollar question? Yes, I'll stop now. (Gee, I wish Slim of Slim's Pickin's would give me some lessons in humor, or the technique of writing.)

BETTY WILSON just returned from her vacation, and really looks as if she enjoyed herself.

We want to thank Mr. Molloy for allowing us those few minutes before eleven for buying our lunch. We were afraid for a couple of days we weren't going to eat.

Warning to the men: Yes, we girls have been known to compare notes!

The two BUDs are back from their vacation. BUD BEERY is back from his last vacation during which he took the family to Yosemite for a week's stay.

BUD WIER did a solo act on his vacation. He hopped on his motorcycle and made a 1500 mile trip taking in Santa Barbara and San Bernardino. The trip must have been a good one because he took an extra day. That didn't please "WILD MAN" NORTH a bit. EASY was doing an off and on job of running Wier's jig and when he wasn't running the jig he was telling DOUG BEEBE how tired he was.

CHARLEY FLOTO went to the High Sierras for his vacation and managed to knock a few mules over a small cliff. (The mules were returned unuseable.)

BILL CLEVELAND knocked off Saturday afternoon to go to the races and get "took". Well, he can afford it now that he's gotten rid of that "La Salle Twin 4".

"YARDBIRD" CARPENTER goes to the races also but he takes only \$4.00 which his wife rations him.

I hope all of you fellows will be at the Ryan picnic since Danny's folly fizzled.

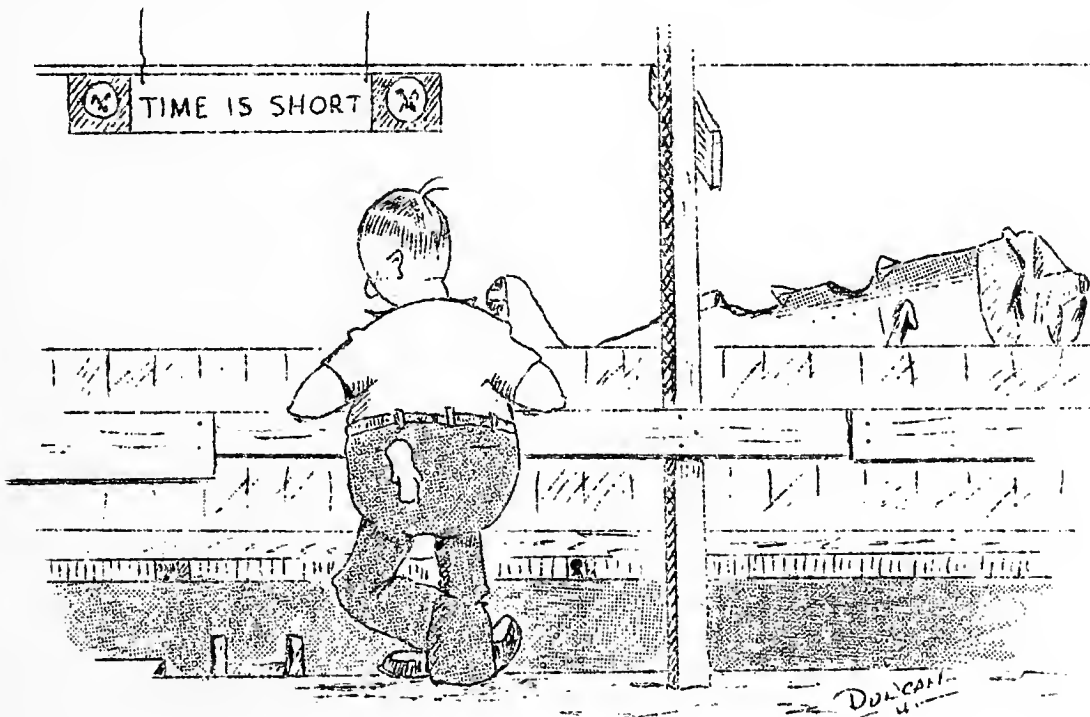
JIMMY STITES is bringing "Popular Mechanics" to broaden his mechanics scope. Jimmy finds new designs in this magazine.

"TOUGH LUCK" ANDREWS has had a bad time lately. The night of the foreman's banquet he wrecked his hand on a bottle. (He was too anxious to get it opened.) After he got it opened, it really gave him trouble.

ROCKY FIELHER is very talented. He can take a small speck on his finger, squeeze it to a pimple, infect the pimple, swell his arm to a good size and then somebody stopped him. Too bad---he'd probably have his arm cut off at the neck.

"JUESKE and BEEBE, Inc." builders of dream boats---the little model they're building now is running them into real money. First it's a row boat---then they put a sail on it. Now it's going to have a mahogany deck. Boy, some boat!

Many requests have come in to have JOE BELL tied to his jig. We will do our best to have this done and we believe the company is willing to cooperate. (continued on page 21)



"PAPPY" SEATON BACK FROM VACATION
AND GETTING TO THE BOTTOM OF THINGS.

SHEET METAL



by Jack D. Young - "THE BEARDED PROPHET"

Now that the Flying Reporter has increased in circulation and a degree in thickness, it's high time we heard from the largest department in the plant. (High time, indeed! We have been wondering what's been holding Sheet Metal up in the past, but now that your department is under way, let's have regular contributions. Editor)

Sheet Metal should have and would have made an appearance in an earlier edition, but ERICH FAULWETTER (our foreman to those not in the know) has been so busy with so many thousand parts that he forgot all about our much-needed publicity. He's forgiven we're sure: Orchids to him and his many able assistants for a real job of production in Sheet Metal.

Vacations and Stuff

C. HARPER, our night foreman, will be back with us on the 25th. He's been breathing the fog and seeing the many sights around San Francisco.

HOWARD ENGLER has been at the helm on the second shift and will take a hard-earned and deserving two weeks off following the return of night foreman Harper.

ERICH FAULWETTER will be one of the last to leave the ship. He'll hit for the hills and pull down a buck. He's never missed yet.

Northern California seems to be attracting the boys! DICK WELLS, leadman in our riveters group, will take a grand circle trip, including the Coast Redwoods across to Sacramento and on into Yosemite.

JIMMY FITZGERALD is now enjoying the cooler climes of the Bay Area.

BOB O'KEEFE will also try for his deer up around Cuyamaca Peak. BILL HELMER has been and highly recommends flying to Catalina. BILL BROWN is waiting till Christmas time, but we can see his point. He's mustering up the courage to see his "heart-throb". She was recently married--to someone else. JACK LUNSFORD has a new Studebaker to break in so will be content with short side trips. GLEN LINCOLN will be married to Miss Lucille

Finnegan, Sunday the 24th. They'll honeymoon at Sequoia National Park.

For the boys who would like a real treat, we can arrange to let you view CARL HATFIELD's eight complete albums of plane pictures. You've all seen sailors rowing in the park!

MORE SHEET METAL

by Spot Wakky

LAIRD BOLE has a bad case of jitters and a new nickname, "Short Circuit". It seems that he has had trouble with a certain type of hole in his work and also a run in with the law.

BOB (SUPER MAN) HUTSON will be leaving the second to go to college. Ryan will lose a good man.

JAKE LUNSFORD of Final Assembly is sporting a new Studebaker with orange wheels that would knock your eyes out. He just says "It'll do."

It seems that ART SCHUBERT has been having trouble with his lunch disappearing (aha---a mystery). Don't quote me; but BILL HELMER has been seen eating two.

While the rest of us were slaving away, VERNON RIVERS spent the week-end at Catalina. Lucky man!

ERIC (BOSS) FAULWETTER says the deer had better take to cover because he is out to bag the biggest one in these parts. He doesn't know it, but he is going to have some real competition from yours truly who is from Texas where the deer grow big and the tales grow bigger.



more about WING ASSEMBLY

BROWNIER moved again. Now he's in the barracks on the "causeway flats".

"WIERY WART" WARD backed his car over the same three foot rock twice. The second time it really fixed his car up nice. Maybe he's trying to out-do "WOLF" JOHNSON.

The "MAD RUSSIAN" LEVI and his fellow butcher "SHORTY" are no longer with us. Levi said "These guys are repulsive," and left. Shorty said, "This is too much work." We have three good men to take their places, W. L. JOHNSTON (the future draftee), JACK SEGESER and M.H. JENNING.

That man ZOOK over in wing had a few of his wing cronies over for poker. They cleaned him out of his beer and \$3.00. The vultures were CALDER, STEPP, CARLTON and KOCHER.

A DOPE FROM THE DOPE SHOP SAYS



It seems I have been asleep at the switch for the last couple of issues or did you notice? You did! Well, well, then my literary talents aren't going to waste.

All has been quiet in the Finish Department--(that is outwardly).

The stork paid a visit recently to one of the boys. An orchid to your Missus, GENE and WENDY LEE, who, by the way, must be quite a big girl now. Does she recognize you yet, Gene? Poor Baby.

I don't know whether it has been noticed by others or not but the traffic problem in the Dope Shop is getting out of control. The door connecting the covering Department to the Dope Shop is, by order of the Fire Department, supposed to be kept closed at all times---that is excepting when it is being opened, of course. But it is being opened continuously. It should be taken off to save wear and tear on the hinges.

I've tried to squeeze through the mob that's standing in line at the door---inspectors, foremen, assistant foremen, leadmen, super's, engineers, delivery boys---but mostly inspectors---to see what the attraction is. But I can't make it.

Next to Ryan's Finish Department, Grand Central Station is the busiest terminal in the U.S. The Finish Department is out back but anyone wanting to get to the Personnel Office comes thru the clock house, takes a short cut thru the sewing department, thence to the office.

I have noticed too, that the attire of the masculine element associated with the Sewing Department has lately become more sober and gentlemanly. But aha, they're not fooling anybody---are they, girls?

Before all the improvements started around the plant, coming to work wasn't so bad. But now I get up in the morning

full of wim and winigar, hop in my go buggy, drive 5 miles to work, park in some convenient spot down on Broadway and get on my bicycle (it's much easier to park) and get to work just before the second whistle rings. And I'm all wore out for a hard day's work.

Del Mar is quite well represented by Ryan Knights. But are you making any money, fellers? Where is it going to get you?

Anybody who is a sportsman is getting rifle and ammunition together and I don't mean for parachutists. But I do mean deer season is just around the corner. I wonder if the boys are half as good on the hunt as they lead us to think. I always get the buck fever myself.

If CLYDE W's aim with the rifle is as good as it is with something else, he'll get his buck. He's especially good on the long range shots.

HAROLD RINGER, night foreman, is or was on his vacation. We all hope you had a good time, Harold. And Gene's glad that you're back, aren't you, Gene?

But dawn has come so, like the Arab I shall fold my tepee and silently but silently steal away.

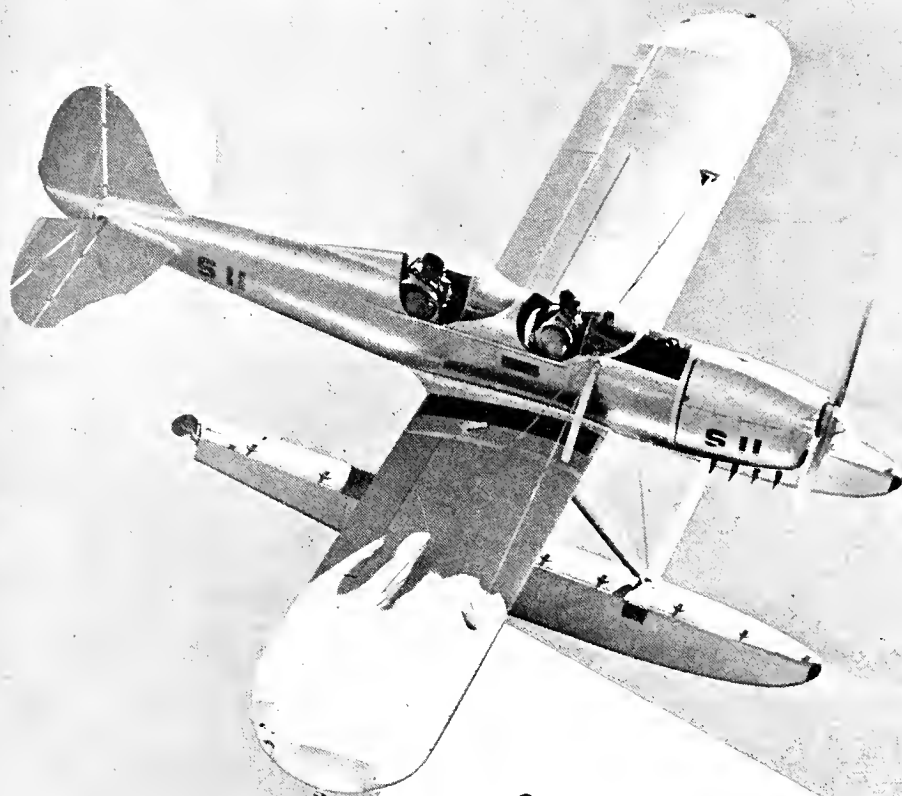


more about WHEN RYANS FLEW THE MAILS

I was flying the run for Ryan Airlines between here and Los Angeles. Gosh, I can still remember how every cow pasture looked from the air. We looked at 'em carefully, very carefully. One never knew when one would have to land in a cow pasture....but sudden.

Well, if I went on to recall all the memories of later M-2's, the first Ryan

cabin monoplane ("Bluebird") and all of the stories connected with 'em you'd get tired of listening. There are a lot of men remembering these early days of the flying business on this anniversary. Fifteen years have seen a lot of improvement in sky wagons but we knew we had a good one then and no pilot is prouder of his DC-3 than we were of the Ryan M-1.



● For Land or Sea Pilot Training, Ryan S-T type low-wing monoplanes are establishing enviable records in the service of the United States and friendly foreign governments.



RYAN AERONAUTICAL CO.



SAN DIEGO, CALIF., U.S.A.

Ryan **Flying Reporter**



RYANS AT
JACKSONVILLE

Official U. S. Navy Photograph

Vol. 2 No. 6

SEPTEMBER

26TH

1 9 4 1

PUBLISHED BY AND FOR EMPLOYEES



RYAN AERONAUTICAL COMPANY

RYAN FLYING REPORTER

VOL. 2 NO. 6

keep 'em flying

SEPTEMBER 26, 1941

YOUR CALIFORNIA STATE GUARD NEEDS YOU NOW

DO YOU REALIZE that since the National Guard was mustered into Federal Service, we have absolutely no military organization for the protection of life and property in this State? In case of an emergency such as a great earthquake disaster, or a flood, or in case of an attack, who would look after and guard over the loved ones at home? This is food for thought.

THERE IS NOW BEING ORGANIZED a California State Guard to do this very thing, but we need your help. We only ask you to enlist for a period of one year, with the privilege of resigning by giving your company commander thirty days notice in writing.

WHERE ARE ALL OUR RED-BLOODED AMERICANS? Why can't you devote only two hours a week to drill? We are badly in need of Engineers, Telephone Men, Cooks, Motorcycle Dispatch Riders, Clerks, someone that can take dictation in shorthand, Truck Drivers, Radio Operators, and above all, we want men to train as Air Raid Bomb Experts. This will take men with plenty of nerve and common sense. They will be trained by Government experts, but will have to pass rigid tests, for this will be very dangerous work, and will require men with skill to handle it. Therefore the Air Raid Bomb Experts will get special training by qualified experts.

YOU MEN WHO HAVE BEEN DEFERRED on account of working for National Defense can now show your appreciation by joining the California State Guard and doing your bit toward defending lives and property of the State of California in case of an emergency.

ARE WE TO BE THE LAST REGIMENT in the state to get fully organized? I think not. If all you men will give this serious thought, I know we can depend on enough of you to fill out our regiment. We only need about one more company of 95 men to fill our quota. Any of you who are interested, please contact F. A. Gray, Captain, Second Shift Police, at the guard house and he will be glad to give you any further information regarding the Guard.

THE CALIFORNIA STATE GUARD is a patriotic organization authorized by the Governor of the State of California for the sole purpose of protecting life and property in case of an emergency. It does not pay anything to its members. If you join you are not promised a thing. The officers and non-commissioned officers will be appointed at a later date. It will be wide open for everyone if they have the ability and can pass the tests the same as in the regular Army or the National Guards.

MEN, GIVE THIS SOME SERIOUS THOUGHT AND I KNOW WE CAN EXPECT TO SEE YOU AT THE ARMORY AT BALBOA PARK ON THURSDAY EVENINGS OR ON SUNDAY MORNINGS. CAPTAIN GRAY HAS PLENTY OF APPLICATION BLANKS AT THE GUARD HOUSE. THE DRILL PERIOD WILL BE 7:30 TO 9:30 P.M. EVERY THURSDAY EVENING UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE.

ATTENTION: THIS CALL IS FOR MEN OF THE DAY SHIFT ONLY. NIGHT SHIFT MEN WILL BE CALLED AS SOON AS MORNING OR EARLY AFTER-NOON DRILLS CAN BE ARRANGED.



F. A. Gray

Captain Second Shift Police

the PICNIC A HUGE SUCCESS

KLASSER ANSWERS TO NO 6019 FOR THAT \$50 PRIZE

The four thousand Ryan employees and their families who showed up at the Del Mar Turf Club on Sunday the 14th for the Third Annual Picnic report that this year's gathering of the Ryan clan topped them all for all-round enjoyment.

The numerous events staged throughout the day assured everyone present that there would be no dull moments. The generous refreshments provided, the beautiful merchandise awards donated by Ryan friends, and the attractive surroundings all contributed to a top-notch picnic.

There's plenty of credit due to everyone connected with the planning of the picnic, but no one contributed more to making the day a success than did Mervin Marco, Larry Gibson and Earl Prudden, the genial M.C. Dan Driscoll, in charge of grounds; Dan Burnett, chief starter, and Ace Edmiston, Joe Johnson and other members of the Foreman's Club, to mention only a few, put in a good days work to see that others enjoyed themselves to the limit.

Highlight of the afternoon was the Grand Drawing of cash awards begun at four o'clock. A hush fell over the Turf Club grounds as Earl Prudden informed us over the loud-speakers that the first number drawn would be for a crisp \$50 bill.

Then over the public address system came "Six....Zero....One....Nine...." and like a bolt of lightning a figure hurdled two fences, ran up the stairway of the judges stand like the YO-51 taking off, and dashed up to the mike to claim the big money of the day. The lucky man - HENRY KLASSER - of finishing, who has been with the company only four and a half months. (Aside to Carl Palmer: Is Klasser as fast around your department as he was getting there to claim that \$50 bill? If so, you've really got a man!)

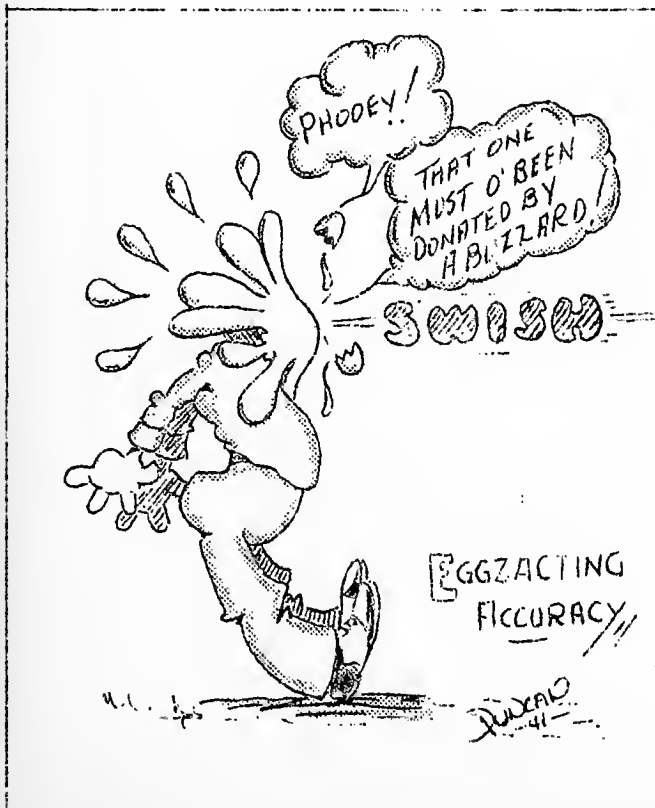
Then began the drawing for the \$20 bill, with Prudden and Larry Gibson doing a regular selective service drawing act as they failed to get any takers at first. Finally up came the number of ED "RED" BECKER of Manifold Second Shift who ambled up to claim second place dough. Following this came the three \$10 awards and the four \$5 cash prizes.

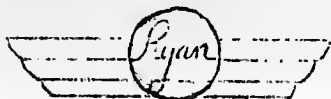
A mild sensation of the afternoon was the de-luxe arrival of Engineer Bill Immenschuh who set his new Taylorcraft plane down for a nice landing in the infield of the race track.

Mervin Marco apparently put his two sons in training some months back in anticipation of the swell merchandise awards, for Warren and Lefty Marcoux fell over the line in that super special wheel-barrow race.

From nine in the morning until dark there were races, rolling pin throwing contests, shoe races, egg tossing contests and golf driving—often going on at the same time. A regular three ring circus, by golly.

We saw a lot of swell picnic baskets with people deep in salad, eggs, pie, fried chicken, three-decker sandwiches, potato chips, etc., etc., and the coffee, beer, soda pop, cokes and ice cream seemed to be well distributed all around, so apparently everyone was well fed, and thoroughly enjoyed themselves gastronomically. (contd. page 4)





RYAN FLYING REPORTER

Published by Employees of the
RYAN AERONAUTICAL COMPANY
Through their Welfare Department
under direction of
MERVIN MARCO and LARRY GIBSON
* * *

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Manifold Exhaust	Manny Fohlde
Scenes Seen at the Picnic	I Was There
Police Force	
Pot Shots	F. H. Maxwell
Observing Observer	The Observer
The Ghost Talks	Whoooo
Wanderings of the Mind	G. "Bob" Harris
Machine Shop	Win Alderson

COVER: The excellent picture of the group of Ryan NR-1 trainers at Jacksonville, which appears on the front cover of this issue of the Ryan Flying Reporter, is an Official U. S. Navy Photograph and was graciously supplied especially for our employees' magazine by Capt. C. P. Mason, Commanding Officer of the Naval Air Station there.

Activities at the Jacksonville training base have been described in recent issues of the Flying Reporter by Eddie Oberbauer, Ryan's service representative at the Naval Air Station.

IF THE TIME CLOCK TALKED

THERE'S A PLACE FOR FUN

Everytime a new hand punches in and Foreman Rusty takes him over for some special instruction, I'm apt to worry myself out of adjustment, until I'm sure that each of these new fellows is not one particular kind of a guy.

The guy I mean is the practical joker. Now, get me right---I'm not an old fogey myself and I don't want anybody to go around looking as if he had lost his last friend all the time! But I do know that a fellow with a nice pleasant optimistic disposition who is serious enough to mind his own business and to give his job the best he has is the kind of a fellow that gets ahead and goes places.

I don't like the fellow who is always trying to play jokes on people. He is the fellow who thinks April Fool's Day is the biggest holiday of the year! He's never grown up and he'll never get very far. In addition to that, he's going to hurt somebody - perhaps seriously - before he gets through.

He's the kind of a guy who will toss a nut or a bolt at some other poor fellow who is hard at work and minding his own business. He's the guy who puts in a phoney telephone call and nearly scares somebody to death. He's the guy who thinks it's funny to trip you up and watch you fall down. He's the guy who likes to aggravate someone into a little wrestling or scuffling match. He's the guy who shoots rivets from the air hose or uses an air hose to scare someone.

I say that good fun is O.K. and I'm all for it. However, the place where you are working is no place for it. Besides, sometime that nut or bolt might hit some poor fellow in the eye. You can never tell when someone may be injured as a result of a fall, and wrestling and scuffling, no matter how good naturedly it started, are very apt to end up in a real fight.

You can have a lot of fun and play a lot of harmless jokes, but the fellow who is really interested in going places saves these for the proper time and place.

I'm telling you something when I tell you that this practical joker is a dangerous guy. The smart fellow is the one who works when he works.

TIME IS SHORT.

Police Force Pot Shots

by F. H. Maxwell

(Now that we of the Police Department have a real columnist in our midst, we will give you other pen slingers some stiff competition. "Nice Goin' Maxwell"--Al Gee)

It's good to be back with Ryan after nearly a year with the Border Patrol in West Texas. Several factors motivated my resignation and subsequent return to good old San Diego, among others, a wife in San Diego (mine, mind you!) and that well-known climate.

Speaking of climate, that of Texas is good except for a little excessive heat in the Big Bend country. On one of those unusually hot days a couple of us were patrolling near the Rio Grande river and happened to see a coyote chasing a jack rabbit - they were both in a dead walk - some kind of a gentlemen's agreement I understand.

What causes me to throw my two cents worth in Flying Reporter is to express my good feelings about being back with Ryan and also to put an end to the conspicuous absence of articles from the Police Department as has been the case in most of the back issues that I have read. I think Flying Reporter is a fine thing and feel that everyone owes the staff a vote of thanks for turning out such good issues.

An amusing little incident occurred the other night and we of the third shift thought it worthy of passing along. I think we shall call it, "GOOSE = GOOSE" or "BIG CHIEF POTAWATOME'S HAND FULL OF FEATHERS".

At three A.M., officer Cline (known as Big Chief Potawatome of the Oklahoma "Oil Well" Tribe) paced the six by six foot floor of the east tower as nervously as a captain might pace his quarterdeck before entering battle. His mind was working feverishly making rapid detailed calculations. He stopped suddenly. "I have it", he muttered in a tone of finality. "If I were cockeyed and the angle between my two lines of vision was exactly 93 degrees, I could stand perfectly still in that corner and, without moving my head, keep both the south and east fences under constant scrutiny!" His mind rambled on in egotistical cavorting at having solved such a difficult geometric problem and, at the same time, picturing other advantages of a 93 degree diverted dual vision - such as crossing the street at 5th and Broadway or accurately firing two pistols in different directions simultaneous-

ly. His train of mental reverie was abruptly derailed however, by the sound of wings overhead.

Captain Norris at the front gate was stolidly pacing to and fro and happened to glance up in the tower just as Big Chief's unknown winged assailant descended upon him. He saw Big Chief tense every muscle, cautiously balance himself on the balls of his feet and send his right hand darting for his pistol. There

was a rending of cloth Big Chief ducked and swung a left hook when he saw that his trousers, belt and holster hung from the pistol in his hand. "Gad, that's lusty drawin'!", he mumbled as the left connected and his assailant fluttered to a forced landing in front of the Ad building.

Big Chief snapped on the search light and illuminated his enemy -- a goose! Yes, a beautiful Canadian Honker.

The cold early morning breeze gently wafted the mist around Big Chief's exposed legs. He held his torn trousers aloft and through the fluttering rags saw the goose slowly recover from the left hook and take off as gracefully as a Ryan PT-22. Cold rage overcame Big Chief. "THAT'S SABOTAGE!!!", he bel-lowed.

more about the Picnic

On Page 12 you'll find a list of contest winners---(sorry, but am afraid we missed the winners of a couple of events)--but before we sign off until next year's picnic a vote of thanks goes from all Ryan employees to Bill Quigley, general manager of the Del Mar Turf Club, and to Dan Noble, general manager of the San Diego County Fair, who made it possible for us to hold the picnic at Del Mar. See you next year!



Meet Frank Moonert

by J. R. Conyers

When Frank T. Moonert was born in Cincinnati, (1902) his dad decided it would be mighty fine to have a son to carry on in the Moonert disinfectant manufacturing business. However, as time has proved, he forgot to anticipate the advent of the airplane and the affect it was going to have on his promising son Frank. Since this lad was the only son in the family, this was very unfortunate.

From his highschool years through two years of Junior College, the younger Moonert expressed an intense interest in airplanes, to the exclusion of all else. The family lived in Dayton when F.T. finished his college career, and it was only natural that he should proceed to get himself a job with the Air Corps at McCook's Field in Dayton, Ohio.

The Air Corps didn't think he had enough experience to start as a mechanic so they made him a messenger boy. But, like Horatio Alger, he surmounted this humble start to become a mechanic's helper after eight months on Uncle Sam's payroll. In another short year he had risen in the ranks to crew chief. The next step was to the status of instrument repair man and flight test observer.

He lived through several years of going up with all the nice new untried airplanes that the Army could find to flight test. Although a number of mishaps and forced landings took place during this period, Frank says that his longevity is due entirely to a profound faith in airplanes. He says that a motor knows whether or not you believe in it.

However, several years before this he and Harvey Bowlus (the same Bowlus who manufactures gliders now and years ago was with the Ryan organization) built themselves a glider. F.T. made a bad landing in this and broke an arm. After all, he says, it didn't have a motor for him to have faith in.

In 1926 Moonert took on the limited responsibilities of assistant traffic manager for the newly formed Florida

Frank Moonert is not on the Ryan staff, but nonetheless he certainly rates as a member of the Ryan company family because of his close association with everyone of us in his position as Air Corps Representative here.

Airways, Inc. They were flying Ford "Tin Goose" airplanes and all went reasonably well until the big wind came in '26. After the storm they hurried out to the airport to look after the welfare of the ships but it wasn't necessary.

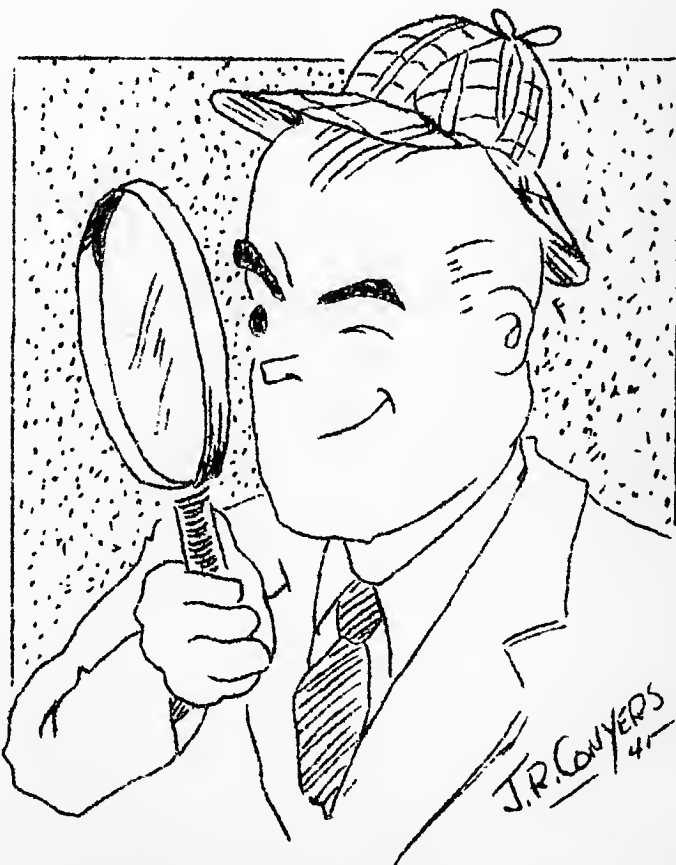
The "Tin Geese", all three,

looked like someone had played shinny with them. Thus ended the Florida Airways and brother Moonert went back to his Air Corps.

In 1929 he was transferred to the Procurement Section as an Air Corps Inspector and stationed at the Curtiss Airplane Company in Buffalo. Here, he also did the Army inspecting on Consolidated airplanes (at that time made in Buffalo).

In 1929 Henry Ford decided to warm up the public to aviation with his now famous good-will tours. Preparatory to this, Army Lieutenant Hutchinson, Eddie Stinson, Ben Jacobson (now in the office of Production Management, Moonert and

(continued on page 20)



AMARILLO, TEXAS (Via Air Mail Special to Flying Reporter) Sure had a swell time at the picnic Sunday Ray Morkowski and I just drove into Amarillo from San Diego 1130 miles in one day am dog tired, and can hardly see, but here's the column anyway

SLIM'S PICKINS

BY SLIM COATS

The Hutchinson, Kansas, marriage wherein the bride, "attired in a surgical gown" married a scarlet fever patient, sounds a discouraging note It probably means that nothing short of smallpox will insure a man's freedom

And did you notice in the last issue of the Reporter how the Ryanettes gloat over the fact that they've trapped a couple of the Ryan boys? Kinda gives you cold chills, does n't it? Maybe they were only kidding, but just remember, "Mighty hoax from little acorns grow "

But all kidding to one side, we want to congratulate both the boys and girls, and wish them a lot of luck, sincerely If someone has to marry the Ryan men, we prefer it to be the lovely Ryanettes But as a movie producer once said, "Include me out "

ANDY SHUBERT doesn't mind taking a Cook's Tour of the plant, but he dislikes being the automotive power to the truck HAROLD POW LEY's favorite household pet is a moth, because it eats nothing but holes Wonder what happened to BILL "JOCKEY" BICE's riding colors? For that matter, what ever happened to the Riding Club?

Just found out that FRANK WALSH was once a Champion Bronc Buster and Rodeo hand Welcome to the gang Frank We have several more with us CARL THOMAS and REX SEATON, who used to contest at Cheyenne, Wyoming. K F JOHNSON and "WILD" BILL JURNEY were once pretty good ropers until they were roped

BOB HARRIS: "They say that brunettes have sweeter dispositions than blondes "

HAP MILLER: "Well, my wife's been both, and I can't see any difference "

Congratulations and many thanks from the gang to the Ryan management for the best picnic we've ever attended And believe me, that's no "balloon juice", either

We wrapped up our picnic lunch in our old map of Europe -that's all it's good for now Things were happening so fast that we'll just have to give you the highlights, and if there is anyone we missed, we'll give you both barrels next time

What I first thought was Robert Taylor in a new spring suit turned out to be Janitor NOBLE in his new sport ensemble The best dressed couple turned out to be MR. and MRS BOB HARRIS

With MR. and MRS. BURLINGAME sat MRS FRANK BENNETT with a tin cup She did men

tion what she was collecting for but Frank is quite a bit larger than I am, so I'll skip it

Every morning I hear an announcer describe crispy, crunchy crackles: But for some really golden voiced oratory give me EARL PRUDDEN every time STEVE DEVER and SLEEPY HORN were busy taking pictures you'll probably be seeing them in Flick, Pic or Click

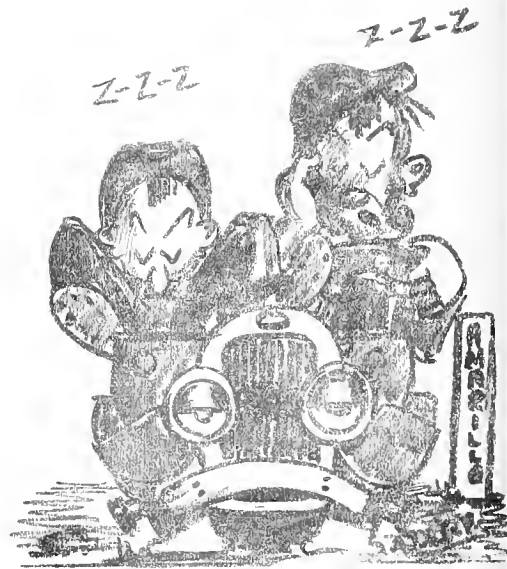
I wonder what was in the huge basket that BARBARA and EDDIE MOLLOY were carrying between them I noticed CLAUDE RYAN keeping an eye on it too

The ball throwing contest was about the best CARL KRUGER let go of the ball as if he was dropping a blot back in an ink bottle BILL WAGNER can really toss the old apple, but with no more sense of direction than a cat galloping into a rubber boot

And all I can say about G E. BARTON is that his enthusiasm balances his technique and for that we will give him "A" for effort DAN DRISCOLL handled the ball like a cocoa nut "DAPPER" DAN BURNETT however, always tosses the apple neat as a nurse's cap, and as dapper as a rooster on a fence But Dan could pick his teeth with his thumb and make it look like an amendment to a constitution He had savoir faire

Did you hear REX SEATON yell when the bar was closed? His voice was as bitter as the dark end of a drug store I wish Bing Crosby's horses could have taken a lesson in running from LE FEBRE RAILBIRD MARCO, trying to sing like Bing, was told by Captain GRAY

(continued on page 21)



IS PLANES PROVE SUPERIORITY ON WAR FRONTS

RAF PILOTS SAY THEY OUTFLY AND OUTFIGHT AXIS SHIPS



Actual combats on all fronts of World War II---the North Atlantic, England, Europe and Africa---are daily proving the superiority of military aircraft produced in the factories of the United States.

This is the story told in recent dispatches received from London which report that pilots of the Royal Air Force are high in their praise of the speed, range, maneuverability and striking power of the warplanes built in this country for Great Britain under the Lend-Lease program.

Scenes Seen at the Picnic

HAPPER DAN and his derby hat. Last year it was a fireman's hat, and next year Dan promises us a full dress top-hat.

CLAUDE RYAN looking apprehensive as BILL IMMENSCHUH came in to land his Taylorcraft in the infield.

EDDIE MOLLOY sending his daughter BARBARA, rather than his two sons, for ice cream, figuring that the disher-out of ice cream would really give for the girls. Eddie had a big gang in tow and sent Barbara in with a big order.

Newsreel-man RALPH HAVER here, there and everywhere grinding away.

Who owned the two Speed Graphic cameras we saw busy all day? TOMMY HIXSON was on duty for the company shooting the picnic for this issue of Flying Reporter, but wasn't aware he had so much competition.

Will you fellows who weren't there to claim the \$20 when your number was called be there next year? I'd take odds on that bet.

MERVIN MARCO reports that he, AL GEE and LARRY GIBSON did janitor service at the race track until dark -- or were they looking for full beer bottles, as if there was apt to be any left.

Could EARL PRUDDEN function as Master of Ceremonies without that yellow sweater?

GEORGE DUNCAN snooping here and there about the grounds for cartoon ideas.

(continued on page 8)

Typical of British reaction to the American planes was this headline from the London press: "American Planes Fly on All RAF Fronts; 'Superior to Nazi Ships' Say Pilots."

The unprecedented success on the European war-front of these fighters, bombers and trainers from the United States has a vital bearing on America's own aerial armament program. For virtually all the planes have counterparts being produced in tremendous numbers for U. S. Army and Navy air forces, and the lessons learned in the crucible of war are being applied to design and production of these aircraft intended for western hemisphere defense.

Recent exploits of Boeing Flying Fortress bombers in high-altitude raids on Nazi naval bases, described as being "virtually beyond the range of sight or hearing of the Nazis, who only knew of the attack when bombs screamed down on them from an apparently clear sky," centered worldwide attention on American aircraft.

Here are excerpts from London dispatches describing the war work of other U.S.-built aircraft:

"The Curtiss P-40---known to the British as the Tomahawk---is one of the fastest and most versatile fighter planes now in operational use. The mounting toll of Axis planes which have tangled with Tomahawks in the Middle East (they were credited with the destruction of 25 enemy ships in one month) attests to its superiority over the Axis craft.

"American planes made their RAF debut in the Coastal Command, where reconnaissance patrols composed of Lockheed Hudson bombers (equipped with Ryan manifolds--Ed) proved very effective.

"Recently these Hudsons have been supplemented by a growing fleet of Consolidated PBV-1 flying boats, called Catalinas. The 'Cats' are perhaps the most popular of the RAF flying boats. They frequently patrol at long stretches without landing, and serve as patrol ships and convoy escorts. It was one of these ships which first spotted the German battleship Bismarck.

"Newest recruits to the Coastal Command fleet are the squadron of Northrop (N-3PB) seaplanes recently commissioned by the Norwegian Air Force fighting with the RAF. These planes are being used for anti-submarine convoy duty off the British Coast." (An N-3PB reportedly took part in the aerial torpedoing of the Bismarck.)

(continued on page 10)

MACHINE SHOP



by Win Alderson

Every time that I look up at the familiar put-put of the five-cylinder Kinner motor and see one of the new ST-3 ships skimming across the sky, I feel proud to be connected with Ryan in the Machine Shop, even in my small capacity.

This is a machined airplane, fabricated in a shop which is living up to the high standards required by the United States government. I feel that the Ryan ST-3, along with other modern aircraft, symbolizes the greatest achievement of the machine age. Precision built by highly trained operators, guided by the experiences of a top force of engineers

more Scenes Seen at the Picnic

DAN DRISCOLL, vice president in charge of grounds, seeing to it that everyone coming in the gate got through the counting turnstile - but only once.

* * *

ORIN RIGLEY failing to show up to join his partner ROY CUNNINGHAM for the wheelbarrow race. Which end of the team were you supposed to be, Orin?

* * *

PAT KREGNESS and her Ryanettes practicing for the egg tossing contest with used flash bulbs supplied by the photographers.

* * *

LARRY GIBSON trying to provide enough eggs for the unexpectedly large turnout of teams for the egg tossing contests.

* * *

The most exercise of the day was had by a young man up in the grandstand where few saw him. Two and a half year old STEVIE RYAN, the boss' youngest, made at least twenty expeditions to the top of the grandstand and back, getting acquainted with everyone enroute.

* * *

MARCO's two boys walking off, or rather falling off, the winners in the wheelbarrow race. Bet they'd been practicing up.

* * *

This doesn't belong in the "Scenes Seen at the Picnic" column, but we were all sorry not to have seen MILLARD BOYD who was laid up with a bum eye.

and backed up by Uncle Sam, we have as fine a product as is manufactured today.

A rough casting, unrecognizable as any part of an airplane, comes to light in the stock room. DON WALKER, production expeditor in the machine shop, spots a machine that is completing an order, and the fabrication of the casting is begun. The first operation may be a slot milled under the expert supervision of STEVE FOUQUETTE. The fabrication is continued when the part is turned, under the guidance of JIM HUMPHREYS or ROY HEDBERG, Leadmen on the lathes and turnrets. DON POLLACK handles the drilling and reaming and is certainly doing a fine job. There is much more to drilling a hole than just pushing a hole thru a piece of metal. These one-half thousandths tolerances are no joke. BOB FINAN, burr lead man, puts the final touch on the part and it is ready for the inspection of Crib 3.

It should be remembered that all steps in the fabrication of parts are of equal importance. Because careless operation at any point in the manufacture of a part may render it useless, only expert operators are employed. CHRIS HUELLER, foreman, acknowledges the fact that he has been very fortunate in securing so fine a group of men.

And Stuff---

A knocker can be found in every group but a good thing for him to remember is that when he knocks his company, he is knocking himself. He is a part of the company. An ounce of loyalty is worth a pound of cleverness.

Where are all the stamps that the boys were going to get? I believe that every man should place an identifying mark on his work. When a man signs his name to an article he has produced, you can be sure that it is a good one.

A little item for us to remember is that blueprints are made for our benefit and that ENO's are not merely decorations. A good memory is a great thing but our ability to forget is far greater.

No introduction is necessary for ORANGE ROMIG. The welcome that he received on his return to machine shop in-

(continued on page 9)

MORE MACHINE SHOP

spection was a well merited tribute. He is a very thorough man with a pleasing personality, a vast experience and an unlimited capacity for work. Regarding the machine shop personnel, he says, "They are an amiable group of fine young men who are sincerely doing their best to do a good job. It is a pleasure to be associated with them."

CUSHMAN BAKER and GLENN STRICKLAND have taken to the less commodious but more satisfactory ways of trailer life. I understand that Baker has a beautiful new awning on his trailer and that he refers to Strickland's as a contraption. Do I hear any retaliation, Strickland?

D. BEARY, supposedly hard-boiled, is really only half-baked. He fell asleep on his right side while on a recent fishing trip and left the other side exposed to the sun. He describes his trip as a "royal flush" both inside and out. On partial recovery he bought a new bright red Chevrolet but he may be disappointed to learn that this in no way lessened the glare. Off the record but on the level, I have found out that Beary and his fish stories are only surpassed by Beary and his lobster stories. Such lobsters as he lost will never be caught and such as he caught were too large to photograph. But let's don't spread this around.

We all miss H. O. BAKER and look forward to his return from Indiana where he is taking health treatments. I hope that he remembers his promise about those lobsters.

Among the newer sports that have entered the Ryan plant is one that is engineered by ROY HEDBERG. Recent winners are NELSON, CHANDLER, SALISBURY and WELLS.

The moon doeth shine. The breezes doeth blow and the flowers doeth bloom--tra-law tra-la. But ART TORGERSON still runs around with a long face. They tell me that his wife may return from her thirty day vacation earlier than was expected. Cheer up, she'll be back.

ED "EGGIE" LEACH, machinist and shop cleanup man, resents the fact that STEVE

FOUQUETTE, REED, ROMIG and several others go out for their lunches. For the past several months he has lived principally on the knick-nacks and left overs, and now that the source of his supply is dwindling, he is anxiously watching his waist line.

The trend of investments is toward new cars. JIM HUMPHRIES is sporting a new Dodge. STEVE FOUQUETTE favored a Hudson. WOODS went first class when he got a new Olds. JESS McCRAY took to a Pontiac. BOB and DON MILES, brother machinists in a friendly sort of way, may have something to add regarding the security of new car investments. They showed fairly good judgment by purchasing Fords. But it is hard to beat a Buick, boys, especially pretty green ones.

It is hard to understand why BOB FINAN didn't walk away with the prizes at the picnic. Although only seven of his twelve youngsters showed up, the percentage was still decidedly with him. But Bob, all the young bloods and most of the older ones will agree that you have some winners anyway. How about that, Stewart???

And last, let us all remember that it is not how many hours we put into the job that counts. It's what we put into the hours.



- NOTE OF THANKS -

We wish to thank Ryans and all the Ryan employees for the lovely flowers and for their kindness to Mr. Pierce while employed there.

Mrs. L. S. Pierce and sons, Vernon and Bert.

The only hope of preserving what is best lies in the practice of an immense charity, a wide tolerance, a sincere respect for opinions that are not ours.

P. G. Hamerton--

MANIFOLD EXHAUST

by Manny Foheda

Monday morning rolls around and we awake to find that somehow we have survived the picnic and what a picnic!

BOB CHASE, evidently of Scotch descent, found out in some way that I was celebrating my birthday and generously offered to buy me a beer. Realizing that such generosity shouldn't be unrewarded, I, in turn, purchased one for him. Some fun!

"They never would have done it," observed double "SAWBUCK" SAMMERS, "only they must have known that I wasn't there to claim it." Our guess is that Sammers shan't miss another picnic for some time to come.

VIC JOHNSON, the glamour boy of production planning, staged it to the affair. This was beyond all comprehension as Vic is usually seen squiring not one but at least two gals about the bright spots.

Everyone agrees that it was a swell picnic and the committee in charge can take pride in something well done.

Speaking of well done, did anyone notice the rosy hue of BOB BOOTH JR.'s legs. It seems as though Bob went fishing the other week-end and exposed himself a wee bit too much.

Rece about American planes in Europe

"In the Middle East RAF fliers report they are deeply impressed with the performance of the Martin Maryland bomber, which is being used by the 'International Squadron' composed of American, British Empire, Free French and Rhodian fliers.

"In the recently opened Battle of Germany, middle distance American Havoc bombers (also used as nightfighters) have played an important role. These night-flying Douglas planes (also Ryan Manifold equipped--Ed) have been carrying loads of Britain's super-bombs on almost nightly attacks on Berlin, Kiel and other important German objectives. They have great speed and maneuverability and few of them have been lost."

Military censorship restricts comment on the appearance of other American-built ships on the European scene. However, it is known here that additional U.S. models are arriving in ever-increasing numbers and reports of their exploits are being awaited.

These include the four-engine Consolidated Liberator bomber, the Douglas Boston light bomber and such fighters as the Bell Airacobra, new Curtiss Kittyhawk, Vultee Vanguard, Brewster Buffalo and Grumman Martlet.

And the British are reported to be eagerly awaiting such recently-developed aircraft as the Brewster Bermuda and Vultee Vengeance dive bombers, the Martin Baltimore and Vega Ventura medium and light bombers and the Lockheed Lightning and North American Mustang fighters.

We were unable to determine at the time, but since have arrived at the conclusion that "PAPPY" SEATON and CARL PALMER must have been bitten by one of the numerous horse flies that teemed about the grounds and so got the urge to put on a sprint race all their own. "Pappy" did all his running up and down, much to the amusement of the crowd watching, and came in a bad second.

SHANNON LONG was doing very well indeed until he decided to stop and take root. We'll have to admit that he did fall more or less gracefully.

ELMER (MOUSTACHIO) BRODERSON has been tramping throughout the plant with his trousers rolled to his knees in order to show off his new boots to good advantage. Needless to say they are good looking boots. (continued on page 21)



CARL PALMER SHOWS "PAPPY" HOW TO RUN

When you go to the Armory in Balboa Park on Thursday night to join the State Guard, the first man you see will be "Tiny" because you just can't miss him. He is 6 feet 6 inches tall and weighs 275 pounds, has smiling blue eyes and a mass of brown hair, so even if there are other men standing in front of him, you'll still see "Tiny" first, head and shoulders above the rest.

"Tiny" is none other than our own Captain Gray of the plant police, who first saw the light of day on July 2nd, 1901 in Chandler, Oklahoma. His school days were spent in Nebraska where he attended Nelson High. He left high school when he upped his age a little in order to get in Company A, 134th Infantry, formerly the 5th Nebraska. Unfortunately, nine months of his service was spent in a hospital during the "flu" epidemic where "men were packed like cordwood".

After the war, he made up his high school credits and entered Nebraska University with the intention of studying law but circumstances intervened and he took a course in electrical engineering. Of course he made the football team and tells of the first practice session when he knocked out the star in a line plunge. His regular position was guard but when the team needed a few yards to put it over, "Tiny" was called to the full-back position because it took a brick wall to stop him.

Wrestling and boxing are also on his list but don't ask him about his ring experience because he still boils about the time he was "egged" into the ring with a fellow half his size who pleaded with him to go easy

and then proceeded to land a "hay-maker" on Captain Gray's jaw. Needless to say, by the time "Tiny" stopped spinning, his opponent had left the state.



Captain Gray served in an executive capacity with the General Electric Company of Oklahoma and Westinghouse in Dallas, Texas, before entering the field of law enforcement. He studied fingerprinting and identification in a school of Applied Sciences and also studied under the F.B.I. and he got around to his course in law by correspondence with La-Salle University.

"Tiny" was First Sergeant and Supply Sergeant in the C.C.C. and enjoyed it very much. His experience with the Junior C.C.C. could not be traded off for anything in the world, according to Captain Gray, who tells of the time the boys threw down their equipment and decided to quit, but when they were told that there was no truck available to take them to town 56 miles away, they changed their minds.

These same boys, working out of Fort Knox, 7th Corps Area, Nebraska, were transferred to the 9th in California and once out of Sergeant Gray's jurisdiction they could not be handled, so the Captain of this area, finding it impossible to get "Tiny" transferred, invited him up as his guest, paid his expenses and appointed him senior foreman. Needless to say, the boys behaved.

Captain Gray again came to California about two years ago to visit an old room mate of his and has been here ever since. We can't leave him without mentioning the fact that his physique netted him a fine income by posing with four foot Stilson wrenches.

- o o o -

FRANK LEO WALSH's nickname "Happy" fits him to a "T". He was born in Lockport, New York, on January 1st, 1882. He was married in 1907 and has a boy, Edwin, who is now married. "Happy" went to Cleveland Grade and High Schools and to Niagara University. He's never been in the service but he was a civilian packer for the 9th and 10th cavalry, colored regiments at Fort Warren, formerly Fort Russell, in Cheyenne, Wyoming.

Frank worked at the Aluminum Company of America, plant #1, as a switchboard operator, the Niagara Power Co. at Niagara Falls, N.Y. as a machinist helper, the Fisher Body Co., The Dodge Motor Co.

(continued on page 14)

THE OBSERVING OBSERVER OBSERVES THAT

It would be nice if the office gals would get together with the fabric gals some times. They are a swell bunch.

Who can remember when--wasn't this place a mess a while back. Now look how clean and orderly the entire place is. Who says we aren't growing?

Where in heck is the mail room? (Up in Engineering last time I looked--but had I better look twice?--Ed.)

Did you know that one of our P.B.X. operators is the proud mother of two of the swellest looking kids. A boy and a gal.

Did you ever stand alongside of Capt. Tiny Gray and really realize what a runt you are???

With all these coupons, tickets, green stamps, premiums, etc., seems like this is in order:--

HOUSE WARMING

by Win Alderson

Leading the field of social events during the past month, was the house warming given by GEORGE DEW, LOGIE BENNETT, and DAVE BRACKEN.

Gorgeously decorated with salmon gladiolas, spotlessly clean, perfectly arranged and lavishly scented with "Tweed", (UNgraciously supplied by Dave), this eight bedroom bungalow gave the appearance of the abode of three very particular old maids rather than three not very particular young bachelors.

Entertainment was provided by local talent with the exception of twelve imported----but we won't talk about that. DOROTHY ALDERSON and LOGIE BENNETT, both accomplished pianists, played intermittently while guests sang and GERRY WRIGHT and DAN BURNETT whistled. The latter's whistling of "Chloe" can even be remembered by the writer.

Sound affects were cared for by DAVE BRACKEN until an unfriendly neighbor relieved him of his duty.

Among the highlights of the evening was the dramatic exit of ARNOLD NORTHROP. This consumed the greater part of an hour and was enjoyed by everyone including Arnie.

The reception was not only a howling and a raving success but also a tribute to the friendship held for the three boys by their fellow workers.

Under threat of self exposure, I am prevented from further remarks. Oh why, why did I ever write that note---or trip on that last step??

- 1 -
Bill Jones was big and healthy
Of his strength they often spoke,
But his wife got couponitious
And insisted that he smoke.

- 2 -
He didn't like tobacco
She was well aware of that,
But she told him 'twas the cheapest way
To furnish up their flat.

- 3 -
So he started smoking stogies--
Always had one in his trap.
Each nite he bro't his coupons
And laid them in her lap.

- 4 -
Now and then he'd falter
When he struck one very rank
But his wife would always whisper
T'is money in the bank.

- 5 -
Then he'd sink his teeth in deeper
Stick to it if he choked.
He knew his health was going
But he smoked, and smoked, and smoked.

- 6 -
He wasted to a shadow;
His breath he could not catch.
At last he grew so weak, his wife--
She had to light the match.

- 7 -
One day he dropped unconscious.
She knelt down by his side,
"Only one more puff my dearest,
Don't desert me now," she cried.

- 8 -
"Just a few more puffs now dear;
Wake up and start to pull.
I've got to have the wash tubs.
See, the books are almost full."

- 9 -
But Bill was past all hearing.
The light had left his lamps.
He'd started for a country
Where they smoke, but get no stamps.

As I was unable to attend the Ryan Picnic--and undoubtedly there were several amusing incidents which the rest of you have not heard--I do not feel I could do justice to them in a second-hand fashion. Therefore, for this issue and several to follow, we'll have a "Round-robin" affair. Oh, boy!

First on the bill is ROBERT CLOSE, the little man what prepares Service Bulletins. Bob has been with the Ryan Company for one year. His age is 26 (?) according to him. He's an eligible bachelor: "Take over Bob."

TOM DAVIDSON was having a swell time at the picnic until those spots began to appear in the form of a red horse (with wings). It came racing down out of the sky and jumped over one hedge, chased by a pink elephant. After Tom lost the 2 to 1 bet on the elephant he went over to congratulate the jockey of the Red Horse and instead of a jockey, it turned out to be a pilot, WILLIAM T. IMMENSCHUH with his very own (bought and paid for) airplane. I think Bill had a lot of fun racing around up there. Incidentally, I don't know whether Tom got rid of that pink elephant or not but later I saw him leading sumpin' around which looked nice to me. Wonder how he felt about it? (Tom, you never told me you were troubled that way - V J P)

You should have seen EARL KOPS and LEW DUNFEE and the wheelbarrow--they went by in such a cloud of dust I couldn't see whether the wheelbarrow was Earl, or Lew. No matter, they made second and won sumpin'--(termite food). (For who? Earl or Lew? - V J P.) (continued on page 16)



MAINTENANCE

by Pat Kelly

Y'know, when this diatribe is written, it's none too good, but by the time it's published in the Reporter, it's absolutely rotten and the writer blushes at its sight. In a final attempt to make it a bit interesting and more voluminous, the writer urgently appeals to GOTTSCHALK and CUNDIFF of the other shifts for more than moral support. However, Gottschalk's assistance may be delayed because of a foreign growth of some sort on his upper lip. We trust a remedy is soon affected.

Scoop! From sources deemed reliable, we learn that the following will soon be added to the factory safety rules:

1 When two move trucks, or other vehicles meet at an intersection of the aisles in the plant, both shall stop, and neither shall proceed until the other has passed.

2 Men who are working on the overhead beams, including wire-pullers, shall at all times maintain a secure grip, or grasp, on the beams, braces or stays, with both hands. Expectoration is prohibited.

And that brings up a remarkable aspect of human nature. Nearly every day some of us angle from the angle iron that supports the roof. We are quite careful not to let our-

selves fall and not to let our tools fall on someone below, yet when we ask those underneath to move, we get a sour look. Hemingway expresses it neatly with a capital O.

To the simple eyes of a pipe-fitter, the repair crew, under the direction of FREEBORN and the able assistance of "GHOST" WEBB, is having a bit of trouble assembling what it joyfully took apart. The shop is so littered with gears, bearings, shafts, castings and what-not that we hardly have parking space in which to eat our frugal noon meal. My eye is set on a couple of shiny pieces in a far corner they may have no use for.

Storekeeper BOB FISHBURN truly has a magnificent stock room now, and it's well kept, too. But the finest thing about it is that one receives prompt service.

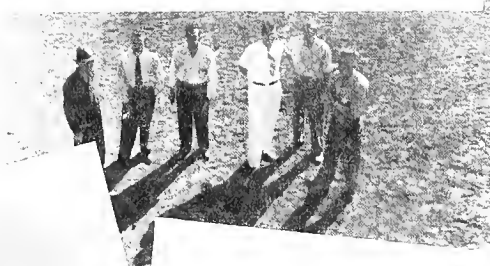
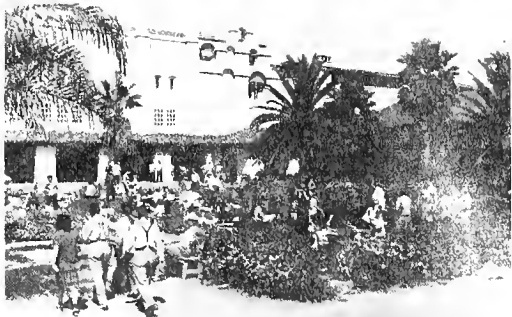
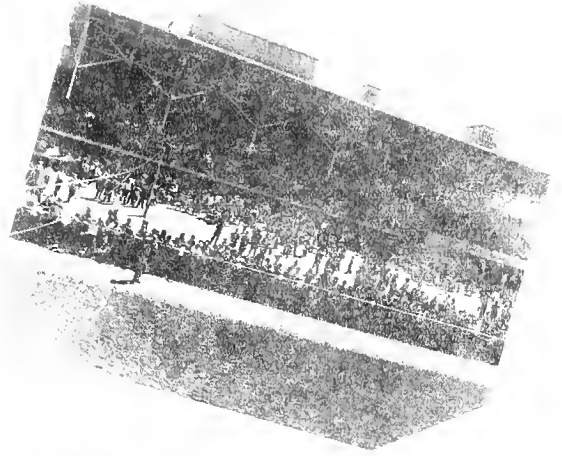
CORNELIUS is the chap who can take it and still come up grinning. Approximately three months ago he joined us, and approximately, two months and 30 days ago he was assigned to what is hypothetically termed a "salt bath". Solution of the intricate problem is just around the corner. Says Corney, "If we could just find the corner."

Aye, lads, it's nice to get up in the mornin', but it's nicer to lie in your bed.

PICNIC

55

\$10



\$5



\$20

HERE'S THE LIST OF THOSE WHO "TOOK HOME THE BACON" FROM THE RYAN PICNIC CONTESTS:

50 yard race for boys up to 12 years:

1. Ralph Buckner
2. Shannon Long
3. Norman Finan

50 yard race for boys 12 to 15 years:

1. Francis Mueller
2. Charles Hinson
3. Doug Gee

50 yard race for girls up to 12 years:

1. Mertrice Esterdahl
2. Martha Palmer

50 yard race for girls 12 to 18 years:

1. Lois Purdue
2. Pat Long

50 yard race for men; up to 45 years:

1. Gil Lefebvre
2. Bill Fullmer
3. Norm Edwards

50 yard race for men; past 45 years:

1. Dick Flarety
2. Elmer Humphrey
3. Don Flack

50 yard race for women:

1. Patricia Gilmon
2. Phyllis Weir
3. Velma Low

Rolling Pin Contest for women over 30:

1. Ruby Purdue
2. Lulu Scholes
3. Mrs. Gramenco

Rolling Pin Contest for women under 30:

1. Ann Beales
2. Mrs. Polson
3. Irma McCoy
4. Mrs. H. Montgomery

Shoe race for men and boys under 30:

1. Tilden Barr
2. Stanley D'Leshe
3. Rudy Reese
4. B. C. Purdue

Shoe Race for women and girls:

1. Patricia Gottschalk
2. Mary Gaminco
3. Carol Kullberg
4. Doris Dixon

Egg tossing contest for men and boys:

1. Lee Arrig and Leonard Olsen

Egg tossing contest for women and girls:

1. Mrs. Saltzer and Mrs. D'Leshe

Sack race for boys and girls

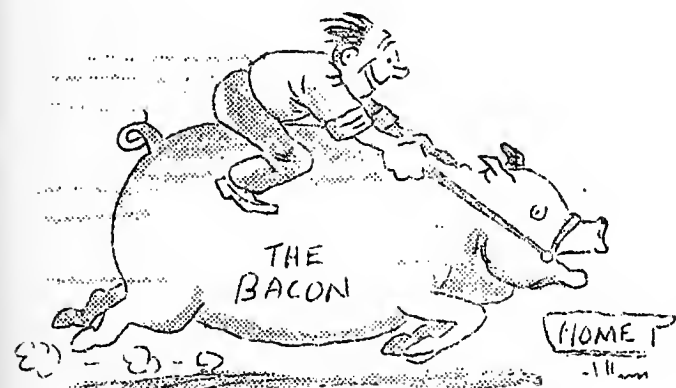
1. Clara Wilder
2. Earl Finan

Ball throwing contest-women over 30:

1. Kay Esterdahl
2. Ruby Purdue

Ball throwing for women and girls
under 30:

1. June Underwood
2. Estelle Sanchez
3. Eleanor Crooks



more Front Views and Profiles

and the Ford Motor Co. At Ford he was chief inspector for six and one-half years and was head of the motor pressed steel department.

While there, he also worked with John Findler in the experimental stage of the famous Liberty motor. He remarked about the three-eighths steel cylinders they had and claims that some of them are still in active service. In San Diego he worked in the city police garage as a service man, then took full charge of the San Diego Union-Tribune Garage. Being an expert mechanic and experienced in the world of business Walsh bought the Sixth Street Garage and was so successful that he invested his earnings in

two retail liquor establishments, one in Ocean Beach and the other in La Jolla. He later sold his interests in San Diego and went into the wholesale novelty business in Reno, Nevada, but after some very unfortunate reverses he gave it up and came back to San Diego. Walsh is lead man in the small parts department.

"Happy" does some very extensive All-American hunting including mountain lions and bobcats. His favorite sports are baseball and hockey. Five feet eleven inches, 165 pounds, blue eyes, brown hair and streaks of gray, he carries himself like a soldier and has the pep of a youngster.

- o - o - o -

the ghost talks



Well folks, here I is again, back from the land of hail and rain. CARL THOMAS is making the same trip. I thought I saw him just this side of Phoenix but I guess I was mistaken. There was a tan burro this side of Phoenix and I waved but it never waved back so I guess it wasn't Carl.

- o - o -

ORDERS ON THE LOG.

What with all the orders on the backlog for manifolds, those GOLD BRICK TWINS RED "KEWPIE" BECKER and J. "SATCHEL" SMITH are getting so many stacks piled around that you can't tell one from the other unless one of them moves.

- o - o -

Well I see our friends SLIM "COW BOY" COATS and RAY "SUNSHINE" NORKOWSKI are taking their vacation together. It will give the Cow Boy a chance to break that new steed of his to ride double. And it will give Ray a chance to see how the other half of the world lives. I don't know how the plant will get along without them, but they say if anything important comes up the company can send for them. Boy, did you ever!

- o - o -

A WORD OF APPRECIATION.

Yep, that's right, it should go to our own T. C. "PAPPY" RYAN for the swell picnic. It was a grand show and everyone enjoyed themselves to the limit (some even went over the limit). It would take me a week to name all the crowd as I have a heck of a time trying to write on this thing anyway. But we do thank you, MR. RYAN for a swell time.

THE MANIFOLD GANG 2nd Shift

- o - o -

Our SUPER "DANIEL IN THE LION'S DEN" BURNETT is going on his vacation. It seems that MRS. DANIEL was born in Scotland and raised in Vancouver. (Note: All Scots go to Vancouver to be raised.) So naturally Mrs. Daniel wants to take him to let the Vancouverans see how local girl made good. Yes, Mrs. Burnett, we do mean this as a compliment. We think you did right well.

- o - o -

WORLD NEWS. I see our friend RED "ROUND THE WORLD" HAMMOCK has returned home. We hope you had a swell trip Red. It's funny how those no good Fords (Note: this statement about Fords does not reflect the views of my sponsor) will take you there and bring you back.

- o - o -

I see AL "NUBBIN" WEBER has put a stripe on his car and right down the center and real wide. When asked why he made such a wide one, he says, and I quote, "The darned thing goes so fast that it tries to fly so I figured the air pressure on the top of the stripe would hold it down." Unquote. Yes sir, that guy Weber is sure a wizard when it comes to AERO-DYNAMIACS.

WANDERINGS OF THE MIND by G. "Bob" Harris

O me, another nite. Well, I guess I will see what's cookin'. Darn, I don't see why they don't leave some of this stuff ahead. Wonder when Butch will get back. Boy, if they get much more work piled up around this cabinet blast, we'll have to put JONES on a high chair to see him. Hot dog, there is the dinner bell and boy am I hungry!

That Personnel Department is sure all right. I never got better cooperation. It doesn't take MARCO long to do things. Wonder if the fellows appreciate the things that are done for them when it is necessary.

Wonder if WAGNER will print this? Sure is a crazy idea. SLIM and his fan mail! Boy, what won't he think of next? Boy, did BECKER bite on that joke. Wonder if they will ever get the sand blast cabinets built.

It sure seems funny not to see BURNETT around. Miss his regular hello. Wonder if he is sick. By golly that guy BENNETT is sure on his toes. I don't believe there is anything he misses.

I thought this guy COPOCK was a welder but I guess he is a floor walker. Here comes that WEBER. Bet a nickle he wants a chew of snoose. BUTCH is sure on the prowl tonight--things must not be going just right. Boy are my feet ever killing me.

Boy, THAR SHE BLOWS and will I sleep tonight!

MORE ENGINEERING - - -

FRED THUDIUM ("Kinky" for short) was there with some charming company. I dare say, Fred, must one dress so formal for a picnic? (Impersonal and all that sort of rot. - V.J.P.)

LEW DUNFEE was having his usual good time and as usual he never lives to know whether it was good or not. (He should live so long! - V.J.P.)

I think the Engineers on the rope during the "tug-a-war" contest deserve a lot of credit for trying,---anyway! (Too much brain---not enough brawn. - V.J.P.)

As for me, I'll stick to the more strenuous contests---golf. Yep, I shot a 50, (Yeah, 50 ft.) My first drive drouled, my second dribbled, so I gave up (frankly speaking, I was eliminated). Funny but on the golf driving range I can really hit 'em 200 yards or more---(maybe a 100 at least). I guess it's just that before a crowd (there were ten or more) one is nervous and one loses his aim). Well, that is as good as any I can think of! (My you've got a long arm. - V.J.P.)

LEONARD GORE was there with his bosom companion, "Betsy"---for those not acquainted with her, she is a camera. Hope you got a lot of nice pictures, Leonard! (Betsy, a camera? That ain't the way I heard it. - V.J.P.)

EDDIE BAUMGARTEN tried his hand in everything, (all the contests, I mean), and I might even mention more, but all I can say is if whistling with a peep has anything to do with his pep---keep whistling, Ed, but don't make it sound like a tea kettle tune on the first syllable of each word. What is it, a war cry?

HUGH HOBART was standing beside a beautiful young lady and when I asked him to introduce me, he says "to whom?". Says I, "Why have you been standing beside her all this time?" Says he, "To get out of the sun." (Is his face red!) He's so sensitive to the sun, I understand he wears a racoon coat at the beach. (Girls have the same effect-VJP)

- o - o - o - o - o -

Incidentally, Bob, you've done a swell job. One more thing I might add to your epitaphs and my ad-libs is the fact that: FRED GREENBERG and BOB COOPER whom I described as "demon drivers" in the last issue have both been formally presented with courtesy cards to attend city traffic court to settle a trifling matter of running stop signs. Cooper said he wouldn't have accepted the citation except that the policeman was so big. Greenberg was just meek about it. WE TOLD YOU SO!

Goodbye now, as we walk out the window and turn to the left.

AL CROOKS had a good time I'm sure. His wife and children were all there, and they were always looking for him. For a while I wondered if he was hiding from them, until I saw his wife, and from the looks of her, well, if he wants to hide O.K.---I'll gladly take over. (That's something I missed. - V.J.P.)

FRANK GORDON wasn't there to enjoy the fun as he has been in the hospital under observation. Here's hoping he is back soon. And I'm sure all the gang wish him a speedy recovery. Incidentally, Frank, did you see BOB EVANS following those nurses around while you were there. I hear tell he's been there so often, visitors use him as a guide. (We all agree to this. - V.J.P.)

I have to take a chance on this one, so if I fail---well, the Army is always anxious to know my date of departure. (Somebody thinks of me, anyway.) Our Chief Engineer has been going around with a patch over his eye---and could it be---well---doors do get in one's way. Oh! I just found out it wasn't a door. Seriously, we all wish him a speedy recovery.

LYLE CHRISTENSEN said the picnic was all right but couldn't understand where he got the headache. (Don't be so modest! - V.J.P.)

IRVIN DICKENS just came back from a fight with a pneumonia germ. We are most happy he won.

TOM HEARNE anchored the Engineering team during the tug-of-war contest and he's been bent like one ever since. Seriously, we needed more like him on the rope.

The real reason for JACK PARK not doing his---ahem, regular stint in this column is not the second-hand information gag but, being very close to the time when the long-legged bird will be appearing at his home, Jack cannot keep his mind on any subject longer than 5 minutes, other than the one of, "Shall we call him Virgil,, Alphonso, etc.---". (Leave your name out of this,-V.J.P.)

PHOTO CONTEST WINNERS CHOSEN

by Tommy Hixson

For some unknown reason Bill Wagner and I got foolish enough to risk our necks by offering to judge a Ryan Camera Club photographic contest held Wednesday evening, September 17, in the Photographic Arts Building in Balboa Park.

The fact that we are both alive and in apparent good health today is evidence either that our judging wasn't too far off the beam or that we are missing our calling by not joining the diplomatic service

NEWS OF THE FLYING CLUB AND FLIERS

by Earl E Byrdman

Many of the new members are getting an extra flying time while some of the old ones are on their vacations. CARL THOMAS is in Denver; DALE FARIS is in Indiana "BUTCH" KEITH and FRANK FLINN, too, are on their vacations. JACK GAGE is back after having (of all things) the mumps

In the meantime the following fliers are keeping the ships in the air: RIVAL WERTH, RENIG KLUTH, ODESSA HOWELL, HANK HANGGI, EARL ERWIN, NONA NEUMONT, SAM PINNEY, JENS NEWMAN, TOMMY FEWINS, HARRY MILES and DICK WILSON. LARGE PILLING and NONA NEUMONT are flying to Long Beach next week in George's Aeronca Chief, combining business with pleasure (chiefly the latter, I suspect)

We have so many new fliers now that instructors JOHNNIE TAYLOR and ROLLIE MOORE are eating their lunches while saying All students must wear goggles to keep egg-shells and piecrusts out of their eyes I've worn a helmet ever since I landed with my ears full of demon meringue pie

"SKIPPIY" GOODRIDGE and "MUZZ" BERARDINI are out of the primary class now. That's why you always see them with toothpicks. Personally, I'll pass up the soup course. We've installed a new two-way radio in the flight office so we can keep track of our secretary Anna.

Seriously, many aircraft workers who have been wanting to get into the air for a long time, can now realize their ambitions at a cost within their means. If you'd like to fly, talk to some of the members

You ought to see the new flying jacket that VINC BENBENNICK brought back from Mexico. It makes him look like Sanchez the Bandit--SANCHEZ VERY-MUCH.

Be that as it may, the Engineering Department made a clean sweep of the competition -- both for black and white prints and for Kodachrome transparencies. The amateur movie crown also went to an engineer Ralph Haver--by default. Seems that Ralph was called out of town on business and was unable to show his film, which, however, he must exhibit at the next meeting or give up the silver-plated crown.

H. W. "Mac" Cattrell was the winner of the Kodachrome division with a beautiful color shot of the Serra Museum in Presidio Park, while Bill Keller won hands down in the black and white division with his very amusing and aptly titled "Mr. Chips"--a swell character study of a poker player. Incidentally, Mrs K is responsible for the title.

Second place in the Kodachrome class, and by a very narrow margin, went to Leonard Gore for an excellent study of the lily pond in Balboa Park, while Bob Johnson romped home in third place in this interesting group with a fine color shot of Lake Tenaya at Yosemite

The Kodachrome division was especially interesting for the large showing of really excellent work, and wide variety of subjects. Ray Pyle contributed some beautiful outdoor color shots made at Yosemite. In addition Ray showed a fine transparency made on the University of California campus, but this shot was not entered in the competition. A black and white of the same subject earned special comment in that division

Possibly the most interesting Kodachrome of the evening was a magnificent sunset picture which was greatly enhanced in interest by steel rails gleaming a brilliant red in the late evening light. This shot was not entered, but should certainly rate high in any contest.

Second award in the black and white competition also went to Bill Keller, for a study of a typical California public building, while Ray Pyle took third with a softly lighted picture of the Campanile on the campus of the University of California at Berkeley.

The judges were inclined to feel that as a group the Ryan Camera Club has advanced considerably farther with their Kodachrome work than with black and white, but we certainly had ourselves a swell evening criticizing someone else's work for a change.

Incidentally the company photographic department furnished the prize awards which were 16x20 enlargements

(continued on page 21)

WELDING IN AIRCRAFT

Wm. J. van den Akker

This is Part I of two parts of an informative article concerning one of the most important processes encountered in aircraft construction. Part II will appear in a later issue.

Before considering the welding of aircraft parts and assemblies, let us examine the welding by itself, and consider the changes which take place within a metal when it is subjected to a temperature sufficiently high to produce a molten condition.

As heat is applied to a piece of metal the freedom (molecular) within the metal increases. This freedom may be considered as a function of the temperature. Any strains in the area being heated are liberated, the metal expands, and as the molten condition is reached we no longer have a solid material, but we are now dealing with a liquid.

An increase in the temperature to the melting point generally results in an increase in the size of the crystalline structure, and most important, we now have, instead of a wrought alloy, A CAST STRUCTURE. Now we come to the important consideration of welding; namely, immediately after the welding operation, the weld metal is a cast structure. As such it is entirely different from the wrought structure.

Should we now allow this metal to cool slowly down to room temperature we will find that the crystalline structure is irregular, that the grain structure is large, that thermal stresses have been set up, and that the strength of the weld metal is often below that of the base material which has been welded.

Very often imperfections are evident, such as entrapped oxides, (these may be caused by oxidation at the high temperature required to melt the metal, or be in the form of impurities due to improper cleaning before welding), porosity, blow holes, inclusions, and segregation. Even under ideal conditions the average weld is far from perfect. This is borne out in that design allowables permit the weld to carry only 80% of the load which the base metal is allowed to carry.

In the case of Oxy-Acetylene welding we should first examine what occurs when the torch is lighted and burning. The Acetylene burns in an atmosphere of Oxygen, and we may state this as follows:
 $2C_2H_2 + 5O_2 \rightarrow 4CO_2 + 2H_2O$ plus heat.

Or, two parts Acetylene plus five parts Oxygen yield four parts Carbon Dioxide plus two parts water, heat being liberated as a function of the chemical reaction. This shows that if the chemical reaction goes to completion, the products of combustion are a gas (Carbon Dioxide)

and water (vapor). Should we have an excess of Acetylene, we shall have an excess of Carbon as one of the products of combustion with the result that we will be introducing an excess of CARBON directly into the metal during welding.

Conversely, if we have an excess of Oxygen, we have the reverse of the above with the result that the molten is severely oxidized during the welding operation and some of the Carbon in the base metal will combine with the excess Oxygen to form Carbon Dioxide with the result that the base metal will have a burned appearance, and be decarburized. Technically, the former condition is termed a REDUCING FLAME, while the latter is called an OXIDIZING FLAME.

In general, neither of the above described conditions is suitable for aircraft welding. The desired condition is termed a NEUTRAL FLAME. This consists of molecular quantities of Acetylene and Oxygen which will combine producing only heat, Carbon Dioxide and water, the last two of which are chemically inert insofar as the weld metal is concerned.

Assuming the conditions of a neutral flame and proper sized tip for the gage material to be welded, we are confronted with the problem of what type of material we are about to weld. Naturally a plain carbon steel will not offer the same problems as X4130 (Chrome-molybdenum) steel nor will it be the same as welding Stainless (Nickel-Chromium) steel. It follows therefore that a knowledge of the material itself is essential. With a knowledge of the material we are about to weld, the selection of the welding rod we will use is a relatively simple matter.

In the welding of Chrome-molybdenum steel, much trouble has been encountered due to cracks resulting after the metal has cooled. This can be overcome to a large extent by pre-heating.

(continued on page 20)



Oh me! Oh my! Don't know why Carlie and I were elected this time to write the "Ryanettes". No fooling, it puts me at a terrible disadvantage because Pat Kregness has done such a swell job of it. We think in the future she should inherit the job permanently as there is no one else here that we can think of that can put the news across as well as Pat.

Speaking of Pat, the front office's loss is the factory office's gain. We sure do miss her but are glad to get flying glimpses of her occasionally.

What a sick list we have to report this issue. What's the matter, girls, too much vacation? So you can't take it, huh? We're surprised---or are we?

ADELAIDE SMITH is looking too perfectly ducky in her brand new cast and she's wearing absolutely the last word in crutches. Seems she stepped off a streetcar on a dark night and landed in the biggest hole in the street.

ELEANOR HOWE is in the hospital at the present writing but we hope to have her back soon. We do miss these girls and hope this present epidemic of accidents, etc. is almost over.

RUTH BOWEN, for lack of something else to do, fell trying to answer Mr. Rigley's phone, along with doing a half a dozen other things, and the poor child fractured her back. So we won't be seeing her for a while. Chin up, Ruth, we are all pulling for you.

Can't leave JANE ROBERTS out of this list. She also fell and is wearing a cute little bandage on her knee.

Speaking of sick lists, let me take this opportunity of thanking all of the Ryanettes for the beautiful bouquet I received when I was under the weather recently (yes, the Boyer was hit with the epidemic too). It was mighty thoughtful of you girls and I really did appreciate the fact that I was missed.

BARBARA SHEPARD of Accounting now answers to the name of Barbara Fry. Also, LEE FLEMING, secretary in Mr. Moonert's office had a "sense of Yuma" so she made a trip to the place and now she is Mrs. Reese, if you please.

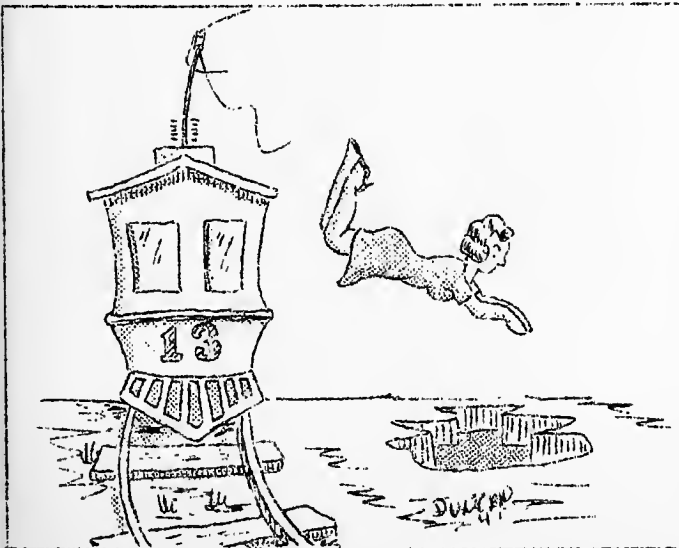
What handsome engineer is casting those yearning glances towards JANET ROSE? Could it be that it's because she's from Brooklyn? We're watching you, Engineer, so look out. Also, new up in Production Planning is CELIA LA MOIN PATTON from Moline, Illinois. We must have a national representation among the Ryanettes by now. Gracing Mr. Breder's office is JEAN COMPTON who just recently joined forces with us. (Jean was Breder's secretary in the good 'ole days---Ed.) If we've missed any of the new girls, please forgive us and remember they come so fast and furious, it's a job to keep up with them.

Speaking of the picnic, and who isn't speaking of the picnic, wasn't it perfectly grand? We're all for Del Mar for future gatherings and appreciate the courtesy of being able to use it. And orchids to LARRY GIBSON for the swell job he did. That boy certainly worked to put it across, along with his many co-workers, and they really deserve a big hand.

Confidentially, those girls who brought outside aircraft workers to the picnic aren't fifth columnists. They just wanted to make them admit that Ryan could give the best picnics ever. They did.

Why don't you gals up in Production Planning give us a tip on what you're doing from time to time? It's hard to get up there to gather the gossip but any hints will be appreciated.

Hasta manana, amigos, and don't forget the next luncheon at Topsy's will celebrate some more birthdays, weddings and what have you. But the next issue will describe that luncheon in detail.



Favorite Hobbies MODELS--

The whine of midget gas engines, the whirl of miniature re plane propellers, the metallic chatter of model railroad trains provide music to the ears of more than 2,250,000 Americans. Last year, approximately 2,000,000 model airplanes were turned out by amateurs in the United States. Nearly a quarter of them were powered by gasoline engines. The other 1,500,000 depended on conventional rubber-band motors. In recent months, the trend in model-plane building, naturally has been toward military ships. One eastern amateur has a fleet of 15 gas jobs, each equipped with its own power plant. Similar air-cooled engines are being used

in streamlined miniature racing cars.

aircraft welding contd.

The preheating of the metal imparts sufficient heat into the metal to prevent a rapid chilling of the deposited weld metal, and further permits of a broader spread of thermal stresses. If facilities are available, controlled cooling will in all probability eliminate a great many of the difficulties.

In the gas welding of Chrome-molybdenum steel it must be remembered that if a high strength bond is required, an alloy filler rod will be necessary. It is at this point that difficulties are encountered. Many aircraft companies have so designed their Chrome-molybdenum steel fittings as to permit them to use a mild steel filler rod during welding. This eliminates a good deal of the troubles encountered with an alloy filler rod.

Having welded the material, we are confronted with two pieces of wrought material united with a metal of cast structure. Stress relief in the form of NORMALIZING will remove the thermal stresses set up during welding, and HEAT TREATMENT can be used to refine the grain structure of the metal, with a resultant increase in the physical properties.

So far we have made no mention of FLUXES that are used in the welding operation. A flux is used to clean the metal during welding, to float impurities to the surface, and to act as a blanket to prevent the metal from being oxidized during welding. The reader's attention is called to the fact that a raise in temperature generally causes an increase in chemical reactions, and that this increase in chemical action is proportional to the increase in temperature. It is for this reason that molten metal must be protected from the Oxygen of the air during welding.

In all parts of the country, model railroading is as active as ever. Lumping together the "tinplaters", who buy their equipment ready-made and the "model railroaders", who make theirs to scale, there are approximately 250,000 miniature-train enthusiasts in the United States. Last year they spent \$11,000,000 for new electric trains alone. The average model railroader spends about \$3 a week on his hobby. More than 100,000 of these hobbyists are said to have equipment that is worth \$400 or more

more about Frank Moonert

Ford's publicity man Leroy Pallatier, started out on a route making tour. They were flying an Army D.M. and Stinson's Junkers. They left St. Joseph for Kansas City after making preliminary arrangements to have the Kansas City field lighted with a smudge pot at each of its four corners.

It seems that everyone in Kansas City decided to burn their trash that night. After using up all of their gas trying to decide which smudges marked the airport they finally picked out four likely looking ones and landed.....but not on the airport. Frank swears that the field they came down on was actually a better one than the airport.

In 1935, Moonert was transferred to the new Consolidated plant, here in San Diego. He carried on the grief laden duties of an Army Inspector there until 1937 when he was transferred to the North American plant at Inglewood. When Ryan started building airplanes in a big way, the Army sent F.T. down to us to perform the seldom appreciated, but highly beneficial, rites of Air Corps Representative.

Editorially, we'll add that Frank is certainly appreciated around here and has helped us out of some spots.

Photo Con-
test Win-
ners Chosen

contd.

ments from flight negatives in the company files. Winners selected their prizes from a group of a dozen flight pictures which were exhibited, and the formation picture which appeared in Flying Reporter two issues ago seemed to be the outstanding favorite.

If and when we company photographers can get up our nerve we'll enter some of our work in competition, but want it distinctly understood with the judges that we'd better be placed no worse than third or we're apt to find someone else looking for our jobs.

Kay Larkin arrived a bit late to preside at the meeting but was forgiven inasmuch as he was calling on Mrs. L. who was still at the hospital with the new "Larkin" production model.



more of

that he could even sing like one of Bing's horses. But no wonder, Crosby's horses have trainers.

Slim's

SAM SAIHA and HAP MILLER tried to bury each other's head in the sand like tulip bulbs during one of the races. And then there were those "Ten Knights in the Barroom"—JIMMIE NEBELTHAU, "KEMPIE" BECKER, "STEVE" ORTIZ, JOHNNIE CAMERON, "BUTCH" ORTIZ, LYLE SMITH, "PONCHO" MALLOTT, JERRY CONNELLY, and LOU SCHAFFER. There was one thing I did miss—EULA MARTIN's green hat with the orange feather.

Well—if I live to be a million, I hope I never have the misfortune to miss a Ryan picnic.



more

EDDIE WOLBACH tells us that he has access to a place where deer hunting is set-up. For full particulars, contact Eddie who is stationed at the second welding stand from the flux bench on the inside row. Incidentally, he works the first shift.

Manifold

Exhaust

JACK CHESS, half pint strong man of the manifolds, declares his young son informed him that he could expect to retire any day now as it is his intention to replace his old man on the jigs.

A general increase in the tempo of the hammers is noted as our department gets back to full production again. We take this opportunity to welcome back several of the fellows who have been helping out in other departments for the past few weeks.

It was noticed that the morning of the opening of deer season, BOB GARDNER and a few of the boys were conspicuous by their absence. Good hunting, Bob?

---AROUND THE CIRCUIT---PANCHO of the Drop Hammer entertaining the boys at lunch time with tall tales of hunting in the hills of Mexico.

MEL LADROOT hobbling around as the result of hot flux in his shoe.

STEVE STEVENIN searching about for a move cart to tote his few small parts from his bench to the welder.

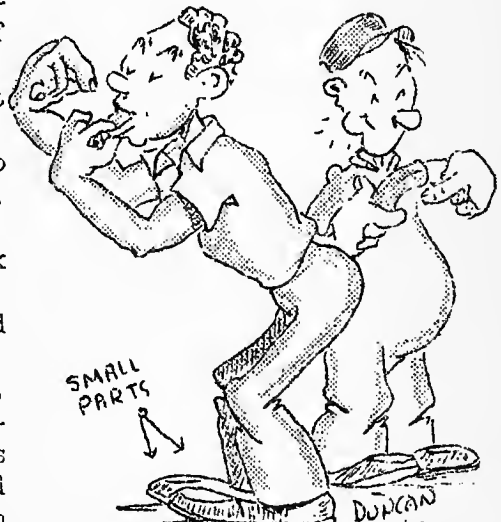
JIM COSTELLO smearing grease on his guillotine.

JOHN MacGUIRE figuring out the length of his check each payday.

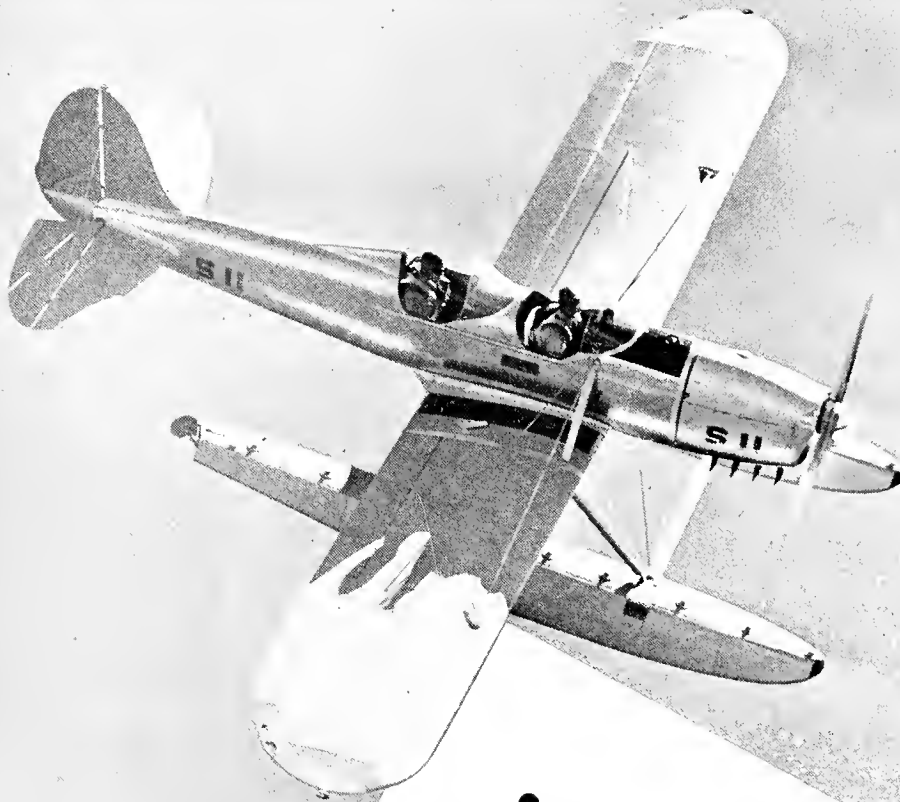
LOU "SAFE CRACKER" SCHAFFER cracking up his Ford again safely and being able to walk away from it.

ME trying to figure out a way to write this column.

---FLASH !!!--- Reports from several sources filtered in that LARRY GIESON was forced to smoke his own cigarettes at the picnic Sunday as no one seemed to have his particular brand. Certainly was tough on the home team!



JOHN "SMALL PARTS" MCGUIRE
TAKES HIS FIRST CHEW O' "SNOOSE"



● For Land or Sea Pilot Training, Ryan S-T type low-wing monoplanes are establishing enviable records in the service of the United States and friendly foreign governments.



RYAN AERONAUTICAL CO.



SAN DIEGO, CALIF., U.S.A.

Ryan **Flying Reporter**



PUBLISHED BY AND FOR EMPLOYEES



RYAN AERONAUTICAL COMPANY

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RYAN FLYING REPORTER

VOL. 2 NO. 7

keep 'em flying

October 17, 1941

A MESSAGE TO RYAN EMPLOYEES

Every one of us recognizes the fundamental importance to any man of equipping himself with all possible technical knowledge and skill pertaining to the industry or profession in which he is employed.

Airplane manufacturing is a highly technical industry and one with a tremendous future ahead of it. The men equipped with the best technical knowledge and skill will play the most important part in its further development and will profit by the opportunities that their ability makes available to them.

The men employed in the industry who have the ambition and energy to improve their knowledge and increase their ability by additional training are, of course, the ones any one of us would choose as those who will benefit most by the opportunities available.

These are general facts that apply to any men in any airplane factory, but I am thinking particularly of the men in our own organization. There will continually be opportunities for the men who are willing to study, who stay with it and prepare themselves for these greater responsibilities. It is definitely to the company's interest to do anything it can to help its own men to obtain additional training.

With this purpose in mind, a training plan which is adaptable to men actively employed is being sponsored by the company. A description of it will be found elsewhere in this issue of the FLYING REPORTER. It is my hope that many employees will investigate the courses available and take advantage of this means to obtain valuable training along the lines in which they are interested.

The company has agreed to pay one half the tuition and equipment costs for any of these courses for which its employees desire to enroll and show suitable qualifications to undertake.

Consideration is being given also to an arrangement for the company to provide certain awards to those making the highest grades in any given course. The details of this arrangement are not yet definite and when worked out will be introduced in the FLYING REPORTER later on.

J. Claude Ryan



NEW EMPLOYEE TRAINING PLAN

Training courses sponsored and in part financed by the company for the benefit of its workers are now available to qualified Ryan employees in order that they may, in their spare time, prepare for advancement in various fields of aviation work. Here is a real opportunity for ambitious employees to equip themselves to accept more responsible positions!

Details of the plan, which calls for home-study instruction using texts developed by leading industry technicians, have been worked out by Ernie Moore, assistant factory superintendent, with a newly organized affiliate of the Ryan School of Aeronautics which will handle the training program.

Under terms of the training agreement, the employee will pay only a \$2.00 weekly instruction fee, with the Ryan company, upon recommendation of the factory superintendent or his assistant, contributing a like amount to defray the costs of training, providing the student shows possibilities of being upgraded to work of higher classification. To facilitate handling, payroll deductions will be arranged.

Five courses of study are offered:

Course No. 1 AIRCRAFT CONSTRUCTION AND MAINTENANCE

Course No. 2 AERONAUTICAL DRAFTING AND ENGINEERING

Course No. 3 AIRPLANE STRESS ANALYSIS

Course No. 5 AIRCRAFT POWER PLANTS

Course No. 2-1 SPECIAL DRAFTING AND ENGINEERING

Although it will be necessary for employees to enter into a training agreement with the Ryan Aeronautical Institute, the finance plan is so liberal and the conditions so fair that no one need hesitate in enrolling for the instruction because of fear of becoming involved with an embarrassing financial obligation. T. Claude Ryan endorsed the training program only when satisfied that employees would not be in any way burdened in enrolling for instruction.

These important features of the agreement assure Ryan workers that their best interests will be completely protected.

1. There is no down payment or registration fee for Ryan employees. Others taking similar courses must pay a \$30.00 registration fee.
2. The courses are available to Ryan employees only at half the cost others have to pay since the company contributes an amount equal to that paid by you.

3. Training may be discontinued at any time on written notice without further financial obligation.
4. The faster you absorb the training, the less it will cost you, thereby giving a premium to the ambitious student. For example, if by diligent application you can complete the Aircraft Construction and Maintenance course in 20 weeks, instead of 30 weeks, it will cost you only \$40.00 instead of \$60.00.

For the benefit of those employees who feel Aircraft Construction and Maintenance to be too basic a subject to require review in the Aeronautical Drafting and Engineering Course (of which it is a part) special arrangements have been made to offer the balance of the work in a Special Drafting and Engineering Course at a reduced price. This special course is available only to Ryan employees.

Engineering training will be found of great benefit even by men who may not expect to enter the engineering field, for it

OUTLINE OF COURSE AIRCRAFT CONSTRUCTION AND MAINTENANCE

BOOK 1—TYPES OF AIRCRAFT AND PRINCIPLES OF PHYSICS

Introduction, History, Enumeration of Surfaces, Monoplane Bracing, Biplanes, Biplane Bracing, Operation Classification and Military Planes, Mechanics, Aeronautical Mechanics, Measurement, Time, English and Metric Systems, Mass, Volume, Distance, Forces, Law of Gravity, Acceleration, Density, Work, Horse Power, Velocity, Foundal and Dyne, and Momentum, Kinetics, Potential Energy, Centrifugal Force, Gyroscopic Force, Inertia, Motion, Action and Reactions, Levers, Angles, Parts of a Circle, Uses of Angles, Pythagorean Theorem, Functions of an Angle, and Parallel Line Cut by a Transversal.

BOOK 2—THEORY OF FLIGHT

Aerodynamics, Problems of Mechanics, Lift and Drag, Development of Lift, Negative Pressure, Drag of Pressure Travel, Aspect Ratio, Coefficients, Basic Pressure Formula, Camber, Comparative Pressures, and Reduction of Drag, Four Forces on Aircraft, Center of Gravity, Axis of Aircraft, Wind Tunnel Testing, Wing Section Graphs, Lift Coefficient, Drag Coefficient, Center Pressure Location, Law of Fluid Flow, Lift and Speed Calculation, Cruising Speed, Laws of Pressure, Wing Section Layout, Method of Control, The Fuselage, Directional Control, Longitudinal Control, Lateral Control, Control and Stability, Lateral Stability, Forces Acting Relative to Dihedral, Horizontal Equivalent, Angle of Attack, Longitudinal Dihedral, Sweepback.

BOOK 3—TYPES OF CONSTRUCTION

Stick and Wire, Reasons for use of Wood, Disadvantages of Wood Construction, Stick and Wire Fuselage Construction, Nomenclature, Tensioning Methods, Safelying of Tumbuckles, Double Safety, Other Methods of Tensioning, Fuselage Alignment, Establishing Bay of Reference, Application to other types, Repair of Stick and Wire, Bicycle Construction, Welded Steel Tube Construction, Materials for Body Construction, S.A.E. Steel Classification, Other Materials in Use, Warren Truss, Types of Tubing, Preservation of Steel Tube Members, Disadvantages of Steel Tube Structures, Formed Structural Members, Extruded Parts, Castings, Forgings, Monocoque Construction, Semi-Monocoque, Wood Semi-Monocoque, Pressed Plywood, Metal Monocoque, Methods of Forming, Cone Rolling, Plastics, Geodetics.

BOOK 4—WING CONSTRUCTION

Problems of Design, Structural Elements, Attachment Methods, Function of Ribs, Drag Forces, Drag Struts, Drag and Anti-Drag Fittings, Forming of Hard Wire Ends, Tie Rods, Double Bracing, Warren Truss Bracing, Special Drag Bracing, Spars Considered as Beams, Wooden Beams, Characteristics of Wood, Grading Wood, Specific Gravity, The I Beam, Internal Routing, Built-up Spars, Box Spars, Fabric Covering, Grades of Fabric, Dopes and Finishes, Repairs to Fabric, Stressed Skin Wings, Use of Plywood, Advantages of Plywood, Disadvantages of Plywood, Metal for Stressed Skin Wing Construction, Conventional Metal Wings, Skin Application, Types of Metal Spars, Transverse Corrugation, Disadvantages of Metal Wings, Flaps, Slots.

BOOK 5—CONTROL SURFACES AND THEIR OPERATION

Axes of the Aircraft, Ailerons, Aileron Aspect Ratio, Differential Ailerons, Mechanical Hook-ups, Cable Pull Control, Underlugs, Horns, Wheel Control, Horn Substitutes, Bellcranks to Change Direction of Motion, Push-Pull Rod, Change of Direction by Triangulation, Torque Rod System, Elevators, Lever Arm Action, Elevators in Pairs, Individual Elevator Horns, Central Elevator Horns, Direction of Motion, Counter-Balanced Elevators, Remote Static Balance, Aerodynamic Counter-Balance, Elevator Hinges, Rudder Control, Aerodynamic Action, Mechanical Control, Rudder Pedals, Rudder Balance Systems, Rudder Functions, Counter-Balance Rudders, Ice Prevention, Multiple Rudders, Rudder Action, Bi-Rudder Mounting, Flettner's, Flettner Principle, Tabo, Aid Flettner's, Method of Adjustment, Centroids of Hinge Line, Non-Reversible Mechanism, Adjustable Floating Flettner's, Flettner For Direct Control, Hydraulic Aid.

BOOK 6—LANDING GEARS

Landing Loads, Vertical Loads, Longitudinal Loads, Side Loading, Center Mounted Gear, General Gear Consideration, Tread, Full Axle, Split Axle-Type Gears, Center Shock Absorption, Single Leg Gears, Retractable Gears, Classes of Retracting Mechanism, Gear Type Retraction, Breaking Knee, Jointed Truss, Safety Precautions, Landing Brakes, Cable Control Brakes, Brake Pedals, Toe Brakes, Heel Brakes, Brake Cables, Disk Brakes, Brake Drums and Shoes, One Shoe Brakes, Two Shoe Brakes, Brake Adjustment, Hydraulic Brakes, Hydraulic Brake Controls, Full Pressure Hydraulics, Hydraulic Disc Brakes.

BOOK 7—AIRCRAFT ENGINES

Combustion Engines, Two and Four Stroke Cycles, Fuel, Compression, Volumetric Efficiency, Thermal Efficiency, I.M.E.P., Indicated Horse Power, Mechanical Efficiency, Cycle of Operation, Diagrams of Two-Stroke Cycle, Four-Stroke Cycle, Principle, The Four Strokes in the Cycle, Valve Timing, A Cycle of Operation, Valve Laps, Principal Mechanical Elements, Cylinder, Connecting Rod, Crankshaft Arrangement, Crankshaft, Crankpin, Crankcase Form, Hitting Orders of Vertical Gines, Cylinder Enumeration, After Centerline, Running Mates, Compressions and Opposites, Valves and Valve Drives, Carburetors, Spark Plugs, Ignition, Lubrication, Fuels, Fuel Quantities, Octane Ratings, Fuel Systems, Fueling, Air, Fins, Baffles, Cowling, Liquid Cooling, Circulation Systems, Engine Mounts.

BOOK 8—PROPELLERS

Propeller Nomenclature, Diameter, Pitch, Metric Pitch, Aerodynamic Pitch, Effective Pitch, Actual Pitch, Propeller Slip, Blade Width, Blade Area, Materials for Propeller Construction, Wood, Reasons for Use of Wood, Hub, Hub Attachment to Propeller, Track, Reasons for Rejection of Wooden Propellers, Materials for Propeller Structures, Metal Propellers, Adjustable Blades, Variable Pitch Propellers, Methods of Varying Pitch, Electric, Oil Pressure Control, Constant Speed and Full Feathering Propellers, Hydromatic Propellers, Bending, Tension, Compression, Centrifugal Force, Drag, to Gyroscopic Force, Blade Arrangement, Single Blade, Four-Blade Propeller, Three-Blade Propeller, Geared Down Propellers, Types of Gear

AERONAUTICAL DRAFTING

Use and care of drafting instruments, pencils, triangles, T square, French curves, protractor, engineers' scale, etc.—Use and outlines of drawing sizes and ruling, aeronautical drawing numbering plans, and aeronautical drawing bills of material—Methods of identifying materials in cross sectional views, identifying forms of material, i.e., bar, tube, etc., and showing countersinking, counterboring, etc.—Airplane tolerances for bolt holes, drilled and reamed, and for bushings and rotating bearings—Airplane bolts, nuts and machine screws their threads, head diameters, grip, lengths, airplane coded numbering systems, standard cotter pin hole sizes, materials and explanation of accepted airplane uses—Material gauges, Birmingham Washburn & Moen, Brown & Sharpe, Malin's; the materials to which each applies, and charts showing thickness of material of each gauge—Airplane bend allowances for aluminum, duralumin and steel in all gauges—Methods of showing bends in materials—Standard drill sizes, fractional, number and letter, types—Table of decimal inch sizes of letter and number drills—Table of Standard Aeronautical drafting signs and abbreviations—Table of Standard Aeronautical engineering designation for various surface finishes—Lines and their uses, heavy, light, dotted, projected, center, ordinate, etc.—Instruction in Mechanical Drawing, including the various fundamental figures and layout of unusual curves and figures for

airplane drafting—Methods of dimensioning, etc.—Methods of showing project first angle as used in foreign drawings and third angle as used in American drawings—Methods of showing sectional views of parts (airplane practice)—Methods of showing different types of screw threads, U. S. form, Acme form, Square form, Single, double, and triple thread—Screw thread explanation, form, pitch, lead, and depth—Student practice in drawing airplane detail parts—Methods of determining flat pattern shape of sheet metal parts and fittings, sheet metal shop equipment and its uses; shears, brakes, rollers, bumpers, nibblers, spinning lathes, hammers, hydraulic presses, etc.—Machine shop equipment and its uses; portable drill presses, lathes, milling machines, shapers, planers, presses, automatic screw machines—Applied Mathematics—Metal hand forming—Wood working machines and their uses, circular saw, band saw, planer, lathe—Airplane factory basic assembly procedure—Methods of assembling Airplane parts, riveted, bolted, etc.—Methods of showing rivets and rivet holes, bolts and holes, etc.—Individual Airplane parts and how they are specified on assembly drawings—Student practice in making drawings of airplane assemblies—Blue Print Reading (twenty blue prints of different types furnished with this course)—Student drafting of parts selected from assembly drawing.



FUNDAMENTALS OF AIRPLANE DESIGN

Aeronautical Dictionary—Diagram and explanation of complete airplane assembly—Explanation of main airplane assemblies, wing attach fittings, longons, landing gear attach fittings, fuselage welded structure and fittings—Bulkheads—Fuselage frames—Landing gear—Landing gear hydraulic shock absorber strut—Explanation of types of layouts, including method of developing layouts of details from master layouts of assemblies—Drawings of right and left hand parts—Explanation of actual layout of tubular steel bulkhead assembly—Fitting design layout—Examples and examinations of various layouts—True projections illustrations of their application to airplane design—Welding and its application—Illustrations of various methods and types of welds, common, puddle, slotted and fitting, butt joint, fish mouth, lap joint, angles, lugs, etc.—Important considerations in the use of welding—Strength and weight consideration of welded fittings—Methods of showing various types of welds on drawings—Curved and circular projections—Illustrations of connections of small tubes to large at various angles—Illustrations and methods of determining

projections of joints on curved surfaces such as tubes or cylindrical shapes—Illustrations and methods of determining projections of angular cuts on ends of cylindrical shapes—Illustrations and methods of determining curved and circular projections—Design of wrapped fittings, etc.—Drawing of angles and practical application—Applied geometry and trigonometry to airplane design problem—How to figure angles, lengths of sides of angles, solution of triangles, true and true lengths of sides of angles—Illustrations and design of tube ends and fittings of duralumin and steel, including milled, flat and forked types—Methods of manufacture of tube ends of above types—Method of attachment of various types of tube ends, welded, riveted, bolted, etc.—Aluminum and aluminum alloys, their commercial designations, types, compositions, uses in airplane design, advantages and limitations, working properties—Modern airplane design discussion, monocoque skin stressed structures compared to tubular, basic theory of skin stressed structure design, illustrated—Field engineering, student development of detail and assembly drawings from sketches.

ADVANCED LAYOUT AND BASIC MECHANICS

The lever, arms, including weights and loads, formulas—The crank, illustrations and formulas for figuring cranks with applied loads, the fulcrum point, the throw, the rack and pinion—Gears, Spur Gears, the "involute" tooth, pitch diameter, outside diameter, root diameter, correct mesh, friction in gears and gear boxes, heat generation, drawing pairs of gears, specifying diameter, etc.—Bevel Gears and Mitre Gears, the "pinion", "vertex" and angles of drive shafts, bevel and mitre gear "pitch diameter", pitch angle, pitch line, 90° gear and pinion, 75° acute angle gear and pinion, 105° obtuse angle gear and pinion, drawing bevel and mitre gears—Worm Gears, lead, linear pitch, pitch diameter of worms and gears, mountings and types of gear box—Spiral gears, principles, angles, and methods of drawing—Application of forces, how to design structures to withstand forces set up by the application of loads—Tension—Tensile Strength—Yield Point—Elongation—Compression—Slenderness ratio, compression applied to columns, tubes and sheet metal, modulus of rupture, standard data sheet on steel tubes—Bending—Shear—Shear on bolts, rivets, sheet metal, etc.—Data sheet on bearing values, shear, tensile strength of aluminum alloy, steel annealed and heat treated—Torsion, beams in bending showing extreme fibres, etc.—Distribution of loads, formulas and illustrations of loads carried in straight and angular members, figuring stresses, eccentric and concentric design—Modern Fuselage fairing and design; how to start the design and layout of a monocoque or semi-monocoque fuselage shape, locations of frames and bulkheads. Complete illustrations and explanation as to how the shape of a fuselage is laid out and developed, superimposed development and use of the drafting spline. Method of checking such a structure for reverse curves. How the shape of each or any frame or section is developed. How this type of layout work is done

in "lofting" as used in developing the lines of boats and airplanes—Modern construction—Stringer and frame section, monocoque and semi-monocoque construction—Fuselage skin application to frames, stringer splices and corner gussets, rivets, riveting tools, bucking bars, etc., rivet edge distances with tables, staggered rivet joints, sheet metal riveted splice plates—Modern Airplane Detail Design from Strength Standpoint, design, and layout of a structural sheet metal wing in connection, using rivet and bolt strengths, shear, bearing values, etc.—Airplane Wings, types of construction—Wing Sections, airfoils and ordinates, theories of explanation of how to lay out various wing sections and curves, standard ordinates and percentage of chord, ordinates of "Clark Y", Gottingen, NACA, M7, USA sections—Wing Ribs, air loading, attachment to wing beams, single, double, or spar wings, one-piece, sectional sheet metal, and built up structural wing ribs—Wing Spars, spar web design and construction, wooden spars and beams, and web spars and beams, box spar four-piece construction, box spar built up construction, upper and lower cap strip—Wing Beam and Rib Assembly Design, attaching ribs to wing beams, relative setting of wing beams in relation to chord line—Airplane Controls, physical proportions of cockpit controls for large and small airplanes and their relation to size of pilot, adjustable features, rudder pedal bar, control stick, control wheel, flight controls and their relation to size of controls, control lever proportions and design, cable control sizes, explanation, and strengths, turnbuckles, thimbles, typical control cable assembly drawing, pulley control diagram, fairleads and their uses—Tail surfaces or empennage, types, locations, design principles, construction, attachment design of tail surface to fuselage, single, twin and triple rudders and their respective advantages.

is a known fact that in learning to make working drawings you gain a far greater knowledge of the problems of engineering and can apply them to production, and an opportunity is afforded in these courses to prepare for such work as this.

The courses contemplate two to three hours study at home at least two nights (or days) per week. Advantages of home-study training are many, including the fact that you can progress as rapidly as you care to without waiting for "slow" students in a class group. Likewise the relatively slow student is not hurried over points not readily absorbed, but may take his time in obtaining a thorough understanding of the work. It is a well-known fact that we retain information which we read much longer than that which we hear, as in a classroom.

Unlike many home-study courses, these Ryan Institute lessons are stripped of non-essentials and you are assigned only actual aircraft problems from the first. Everything you will study directly concerns aviation. No unrelated material is given. Unnecessary mathematics, for instance, is not taught.

Men taking Courses No. 2 or No. 2-1 in Aeronautical Drafting and Engineering will need a set of drafting instruments and equipment, but here again the company has offered to absorb half of the cost of the needed material as specified by the Ryan Aeronautical Institute.

All courses are written by men now actually employed in the aircraft industry--men in important positions with such outstanding firms as Douglas and Consolidated. For example, the Aeronautical Drafting and Engineering Course is largely the work of Harry Adams, one of Douglas Aircraft's leading engineers.

To give employees some understanding of the scope of the material covered in a typical Ryan Aeronautical Institute course you will find listed on the opposite page the complete work given in the Aeronautical Drafting and Engineering Course, which includes the main divisions of Aircraft Construction and Maintenance, Aeronautical Drafting, Fundamentals of Airplane Design and Advanced Layout and Basic Mechanics.

Following is a tabulation of courses and terms:

Course No.	Name	Regular Tuition	Company Pays	Maximum Employee Pays	Weekly Fee	Maximum Weeks to pay
1	AIRCRAFT CONSTRUCTION AND MAINTENANCE	120.00	60.00	60.00	2 00	30
2	AERONAUTICAL DRAFTING AND ENGINEERING	300.00	150.00	150.00	2 00	75
3	AIRPLANE STRESS ANALYSIS	210.00	106.00	104.00	2.00	52
5	AIRCRAFT POWER PLANTS	120.00	60.00	60.00	2.00	30
2-1	SPECIAL DRAFTING AND ENGINEERING	*	90.00	90.00	2.00	45

Schedule No. 1-R

* No regular course given. This is offered only to Ryan employees.

Complete listings of all courses are obtainable from the office of Ernie Moore, Assistant factory superintendent. Enrollment applications are also available in this office.

In order that those interested may be given full information on all phases of the training program, it is requested that you fill out coupon opposite and hand it to your foreman or to the guard in the clock house. An interview will then be arranged for you.

To: Ryan Aeronautical Institute

I would like to receive more complete details of the new employees training plan. I am particularly interested in the instruction checked.

- ☐ Aircraft Construction and Maintenance
- ☐ Aeronautical Drafting and Engineering
- ☐ Airplane Stress Analysis
- ☐ Aircraft Power Plants
- ☐ Special Drafting and Engineering

Name _____

Clock Number _____ Department _____



RYAN FLYING REPORTER

Published by Employees of the
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Through their Welfare Department
under direction of
MERVIN MARCO and LARRY GIBSON

* * * *

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Fabric Department Hi-Lites
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* * * *

COVER PICTURE

"Here's a 'V for Victory' that means something. The planes are Ryan PT-21 primary trainers; the men are aviation cadets of the Ryan School of Aeronautics at Lindbergh Field."

That's the caption which appeared on the hundreds of pictures, similar to that on the front cover, which Acme Newspictures has supplied to newspapers and magazines throughout the country. Thus is the Ryan name spread. This picture, too, is the basis for the company's present advertising program in aviation trade papers:

DESIGN FOR VICTORY

VICTORY for the Democracies is being speeded by the

VOLUME production of Ryan Trainers for the U. S. Army, U. S. Navy and friendly foreign governments and their assignment to

VOLUME operations where Ryan planes are playing an important role in training the world's finest pilots.

LOYALTY

Loyalty--seasoned with a dash of TOLERANCE, which means endurance; TEMPERANCE, which means moderation; FAITH, which means unshaken adherence; and HONESTY, which means fairness--is one of the greatest assets that any man or group of men can possess.

Based on this one factor great nations can be made or destroyed. It behooves us then to learn its full meaning early in life and to govern our actions with this thought ever present.

Loyalty comes from within one's self. It cannot be bought, nor can it be taken away. One can be loyal to one's self as well as to his associates.

It is evident in our home life, our work and our play.

Loyalty between workers tends to better team work. Better team work tends to better production and that is the ultimate desire of all business.

Loyalty between employer and employee creates a harmony that might even be called a symphony of industry.

With this thought in the minds of all of us I am sure that we will come immeasurably closer to the slogan "Keep 'em Flying", and "Keep Ryans a Better Place to Work".

Daniel B. Burnett, Jr.
Night Superintendent

All business as now conducted--particularly those lines of business which embrace the so-called industries--requires specialized training and technical education, in fact so much scientific knowledge that the distinctive line between "business" and "profession" is fast disappearing.

Anyone who hopes to achieve success, even the average, must know more, or at least as much, about some one thing as any other one, and not only know, but know how to do--and how to utilize his experience and knowledge for the benefit of others.

—Theodore N. Vail

LET IT NOT BE SO.....

I had a terrifying dream last night. Enemy bombers were over San Diego. And, plummeting earthward in gigantic curving arcs of death and destruction were great steel bombs which my dreaming mind was able to pick up and see while still thousands of feet in the air.

At first I sat on the sidelines as it were, watching intently as the first bombs fell short of their goal. In a way it was interesting, and the kind of "fun" one enjoys in watching some historic event taking place before one's very eyes.

Then those explosive monsters began falling closer, and I noticed that they were delayed-action bombs. Finally, one fell on the street directly in front of me, and I knew I must get out of there quickly to avoid being blown to kingdom come.

Soon there were too many of them falling in the downtown district for me to dodge them all, so I hurried home only to find my wife hysterical from my long absence and because one bomb had blown up the tree in the back yard.

What were we to do? The neighbors called a council and it was decided we should all go downtown to the air-raided shelter in the basement of a store building. How long we lived there under bombardment I didn't know, but finally the terrible odor from hundreds of people living in close confinement for days to end was too much for us.

My wife and I decided we would rather be blown to bits in our own home than live there longer, so we left the shelter and started home. As we neared the house, dive-bombers which had not previously been in the air appeared overhead, and almost at the same time we saw our own pursuit planes take off to engage the enemy.

Dog fights broke out all over the sky. One in particular attracted our attention. A P-40 was on the tail of an enemy aircraft; now he was in position; and with a squeeze of the trigger on the stick he poured hot lead into the hostile plane. Down it came in wild, flaming gyrations. But wait...it was heading straight for our house...yes, it was going to crash. We were overcome with fear of the impending catastrophe. And then, as in most dreams, I awoke in a cold sweat just as the climax of the story was reached.

For a quarter of an hour I lay there in my bed in the early hours this morning trying to clear from my memory the fearful happenings of my dream so that I could go back to a restful sleep.

What queer quirk of the sub-conscious mind had caused me to dream this terrifying experience, which, God forbid, may never come to any American city. Oh,



By the Dreamer

yes, I had been reading in bed before dropping off to sleep. Reading LIFE magazine to be exact. Now I remember. It was an article on the "trickle" of American aid which has so far reached those countries fighting aggression.

It was the story of billions and billions of dollars being appropriated; billions and billions of dollars in armament contracts being let; but of too few millions of dollars of equipment being delivered. What was it the article said...now I remember... "not a torrent of arms, nor a river, nor even a stream, but still a wretched, inadequate trickle."

So that was it...that was where my sub-conscious mind got hold of the idea of an inadequate preparation which would permit even San Diego to be bombed. Or could it be that it was not the sub-conscious, but rather my own CONSCIENCE which was playing tricks with me? Yes, that's it, was it my conscience? Had I been doing my very best...producing the greatest number of accurate parts there at my bench...and how about you there at the next bench, and you, and you...were you working at peak efficiency?



With a resolve to put forth just an extra effort each work day from now on I eased my mind sufficiently to drop off again, this time to a peaceful sleep for the balance of the night.

In the morning light, and with the clear thinking that comes at dawn, I knew that you and I - all of us - are well-
(continued on page 7)

THE BODY BUILDERS

NOT DEAD! JUST FORGOTTEN! *by Jos. G. Groszek*

Yes, fellow Ryan workers, it's about time that somebody brought to light the department where all the streamlined Ryan fuselages are assembled.

There we were, nestled far away in the corner with nary a word about us in the "Flying Reporter". But we'll have no more of that! Starting with this issue, the "Body Builder" will be a regular feature and here's hoping that we can do our part in keeping the "Reporter" the swell book that it is.

First of all, we'd like to introduce ourselves. At the head of our department is J. G. JOHNSON, our foreman. Secondly comes GEORGE LITELL, our assistant foreman. Next come the boys, who are doing a swell job as our leadmen.

On Jig No. 1, we have JACK WEYER. OTIS G. JOHNSON reigns over Jig No. 2. Jig No. 3 is taken care of by AL LAUBE, our youngest lead man. STANLEY "OLE" OLSEN, the smiling little Swede, handles the master position on Jig No. 4. Next in line comes ROBERT "TAYLOR" WALLIN, who can be seen ruling over Jig No. 5. Then we have the king of Jig No. 6, PHIL "HAPPY" BERSANT. Over on the other side we have MORRIS "MOOSE" SIRATON in the tail cone assembly. Not to mention about 70 other boys, this completes the department.

ON THE ALLEYS

Now that the bowling season is in full swing, we find that our department is well represented in the Ryan Bowling Tournament. We have two teams, one just as good as the other and they're out to give the other teams some real competition.

Team No. 1 is headed by CAPTAIN BOB WALLIN. Others on the team are MORRIS "RED" HAZZARD, DOMINIC ZULLO, JOS. "FLASH" GROSZEK, and WAYNE "300" HANSON.

Captain of Team No. 2 is AL LAUBE. Others on the squad are MAX BITTON, "TINY" DURR, BOB KOCHER, PHIL BERSANT, GEORGE LITELL and DON COMPTON.

WAYNE HANSON seems to be the most promising of our bowlers. It won't be long before he'll be in the two hundred column.

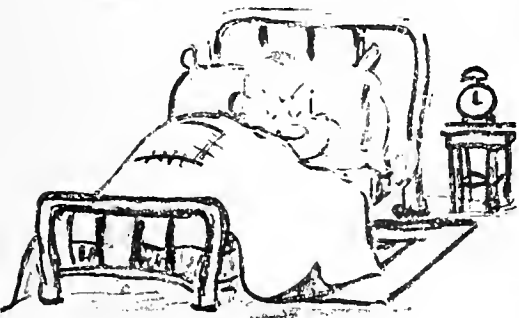
First member of Team 1 to bowl a 200 game was CAPTAIN BOB WALLIN. He really kept the pins flying as can be readily seen when we find he bowled a 206 game.

"RED" HAZZARD seems to be having a little trouble with those "Chicago Strikes". What's the matter, Red, or is it the beer?

AIN'T IT THE TRUTH?

We have another lead man in our midst when the lunch whistle blows. ANDY SMITH by name. Little GURNESS "WHITEY" FLINT can verify this statement because as he says, anytime he looks behind, he can always see Andy leading the crowd.

VERNON BEAMAN, the Kid from Kansas City, says that the only thing he likes about his girl is his arms.



LET IT NOT BE SO contd. -- ing that "wretched, inadequate trickle" of arms, till it becomes a stream--and the stream a river, until finally a real torrent of material will in reality make America the Arsenal of democracy.

Last night's dream taught me something. Hereafter I'll be putting forth that extra effort of which we are all capable and perhaps by telling you my dream, the tempo around the whole factory will go up a bit...enough at least to make it worthwhile for this personal experience to be retold in the pages of Flying Reporter.

Slim's Pickin's



We read where the government is building an airplane factory with an 18-hole golf course on top. The idea is what they call a shadow factory to fool enemy bombers. There is nothing more innocent looking than a golfer cheating,--ask LARRY GIBSON.

Also in the same paper I notice that the way we finance the defense deficit is two-thirds revenue and one-third borrowing. Her-
ring of Iowa favors paying the income tax in twelve easy installments next year. He could have left out that "easy" without changing the subject any. Personally we would rather pay it in a lump sum and get it over. We are not worried, however, as we've just helped pay off the last widow of the War of 1812.

The same paper showed pictures of the Duke of Ken, youngest brother of King George VI, visiting the United States. The Duke was stunned by our sky-line, and super-stunned by our beautiful women. That's getting one bird with two stuns.

Conversation overheard in the front of-
fices:

st Ryanette: "H'lo Hon, Kumera minut kan-
cha."

nd Ryanette: "Awrite, jussa secun."

st Ryanette: "Wajudo lasnite?"

nd Ryanette: "Muh boyfreni wen tashow."

st Ryanette: "Sodeye. Java gootime?"

nd Ryanette: "Yeah, Jew?"

st Ryanette: "Uh Huh, goodanuf."

nd Ryanette: "Jeetcha
lunch?"

st Ryanette: "Notchet.
Jew?"

nd Ryanette: "No lesko."

ERNIE SIMONSON recently
as extolling the virtues
f Smorgasbord, the Swedish
read. In translating the
eaning of Smorgasbord, we
ind it is the root of
smore' meaning "to smother".
he second syllable 'gas'
s a correlative of bicarb
f sodium. And 'bord' means
without room".

RAY "IRVING BERLIN" MOR-
OWSKI has been toying with
ome titles using the names
f men employed on the night
ift. Here are a few ex-

BY SLIM COATS

examples: "JARDINE I dream
of Lilac Time." "TREKAS of
you, my skies are blue." "WHATRON I say af-
ter I say I'm sorry." "I'm just WILDER about
Harry." "Down upon the SWALMie river." "A-
MISS my Swiss." "Some THOMPSON happy, some
THOMSON blue." "I'll SALLA in my dreams." "B-
BRAZEE Bones, sittin' in the shade " and
"THACHER the BALL is OFFER." Well, don't
blame me, I have to work with him. Oh yeah,
he had one other, "Seven beers with the wrong
WINNER."

E. P. MALLOTT is recovering from an auto-
mobile accident. He had six stitches taken in
his head. (Cross stitches, girls). The doc-
tor removing the glass from the cut, thought
he was having a sky light installed in his
dome. BUTCH ORTIZ just returned from his
vacation in Reno, Nevada. He says the gam-
bling weather up there is faro and warmer.

KENNY WOOD: "Who is that close-mouthed
guy over there?"

A. L. KEITH: "He ain't close-mouthed.
That's Floyd Bennett wait-
ing for the janitor to come
back with the cuspidor."

Have you noticed how HAP MILLER's hair is
growing in again in tufts, like swamp grass.
AND don't let him kid you that those bags
under his eyes are Bundles for Britain.

We should like to extend a hearty welcome
to new members of the gang: J. M. REICHARDT,
M. E. FORTNEY, E. E. GILBERTSON, C. F. TROTT,
C. R. "TENNESSEE" THOMPSON,
C. E. POWELL, and AL WEBER's
cousin FILBERT, from Osh-
kosh.

Did you know that when
JOHNNY BURDICK's girl friend
calls him at the plant, she
asks for "Rosebud"? How
come?

Guess we'll have to close
with the lament of the Ryan-
ette who said, "Why is it
that everything I want to
do is illegal, immoral or
fattening?" Well, it's just
like the farmer said when he
saw the calf running after
the cow. "Life is just one
thing after the udder."



**HE AINT CLOSE MOUTHED
THAT'S FLOYD BENNETT!**

ENGINEERING

by V. J. Park  & Bob Close 

Having revealed information on some 50% of the engineering personnel in the last issue, we will attempt to convey some information on the remainder!

"Gif's ah new deal today." There is a whispering campaign afloat in the department. "He that should be so bold as to speak above a whisper will be immediately frowned upon, by his disgruntled neighbor." So take heed ye men from other departments who risk a visit with the Engineering Department. Baby is asleep, so don't make so &%)A#?*)" much noise. Yes it has its point.

In the last issue BOB CLOSE made a statement to the effect that we need more men like T. P. HEARNE as an anchor man, on the end of a rope. I might add to this, Bob did not mean dangling.

All the boys join us in extending a generous welcome to MARTIN DAVIDSON who has recently joined our department as Group Liaison Engineer.

We're all missing "SMITTY", Vault Executive. Hope Receiving Inspection appreciates him as much as we did. Good luck Smitty. His place is taken by R. R. MCREYNOLDS, a new man in the organization.

We all wonder what car BILL BUNSEN has reference to when he says, "My Jeep".

SAY! Has anybody seen KELLER?

WAYNE LEUTLOFF is just too silent. (Why don't you make a noise once in a while, Wayne?) What! And wake up the department.

MAC CATTRELL said he went fishing. Well, it could be. What is it about these fishing trips that is so attractive? Could it be the scenery or fresh air? Or the sport of fishing, or are the Mermaids in season. Mermaids???????

WILL VANDERMEER, our Assistant Chief Engineer--a fishing expert with an unlimited knowledge of where not to go.

FRANK ANDERSON, Chief of Parts List, a golf enthusiast and a good guy. So good, in fact, we have no dirt on him. A shower a day keeps the dirt away.

BOB JOHNSON, Chief Aerodynamist and Flight Engineer insists color photographs are the only thing. I bet his wife is a camera widow. (And I could name a lot more!)

RUDY REIZE, the man of mystery. Why doesn't somebody buy him a comb; not that I care but just for mystery's sake! It isn't that bad, Rudy. A lot of people wish they had hair to comb. (That includes me--Wagner)

Since WALT SORENSON has been married he hits the time-clock on the button every morning. In fact, he's never late, but so darn close to it that if the guard

didn't stop him for his badge, tornado would result from the backwash of his entrance. (Maybe it's that Gulf Aviation Gas)

GUS OHLSON tells us that he gets plenty of exercise at home. Maybe that's why he's always so easy to get along with.

The sleek yellow convertible is driven by none other than BENNY BROMBERG, Chief of Stress.

HARRY GOODIN was seen last Sunday in a certain drive-in with a very charming young lady. He's been telling us he doesn't care for the fair sex!

RALPH HAVER was moaning about having to go to Seattle on a plane--gee, some guys have all the tough luck! (For an expectant Father he still looks pretty good!)

JIM CRABTREE will tell you Escondido is the place to live.

ED SPICER and love for his car are so close together one would think they were man and wife. He is always broke supporting her. (I should continue on page 10)



NURSE: "Duncan, the FLYING REPORTER is on the wire."

DUNC: "H---, the one I want ain't no wire!!"

Pick myself up, dust myself off, and stick out my chin again! So, Mister Slim Coats, you think we women are all predatory, and especially the Ryan girls; you poor defenseless males. What's the matter that you're so bitter; didn't a Ryanette chase you? I was a little annoyed when I read your prologue on women in the last issue, but now I realize it was probably our faults, not yours. You see, we very foolishly mistook those "cries of help" (we heard on all sides) for a "wolf-like" call. Entirely a case of mistaken identity. You will forgive us, I hope.

However, Mr. KENNY PEARSON, of the Ryan Police Department didn't escape. Miss MARZELLA AUEN of the Tabulating Department trapped him, and they will probably be married by the time this issue comes out. Congratulations from all of us, kids. (Enough of Mr. Coats, I want to retract that compliment I gave him a couple of issues ago.)

We girls are all sporting our Ryanette pins now, and I think one and all are very

proud of them. Now that our campaign for the pins is over, I suppose we can start working on the "eating-place" problem again. (Any one who wants to turn their worrying over to me may do so.)

This bowling looks as if it's going to be a lot of fun. Even if we can't bowl with the fellows on Monday Night, we can have our own private league. I think we're going to be surprised too, at the results. (You can take that any way you want, but I meant in a pleasant sort of way). Anything to get away from that "office spread"; even if it means throwing a great big ball at ten poor little pins, and landing in the groove. (on the side)

Now that Winter is practically upon us, our thoughts turn to that ever persistent thought of women---of clothes. Even if we mustn't touch, we sure can look, and speaking of looking, isn't GENEVIEVE BERGRATH'S choice in clothes wonderful? and BARBARA LIPPIT's wrist watch? and HELEN CROSIER's Bright Green purse?

(continued on page 12)

MORE ENGINEERING

(talk) (I've heard many a peculiar name for the feminine sex, but I dare say this one is unique.)

I am told that ED BERLIN and GEORGE GILDER-SLEEVE are a couple of hot gophers,--whoops, I mean golfers).

WALT SCHROEDER, better known as Paul Bunyon can certainly sling some tall tales of intriguing Navy life.

WILLIE CROVER has assumed life with the Ryan Company. He's working with EARL BREUTER in the print room. Welcome, Chum.

EARL BREUTER claims Ocean Beach is the place to live. I wonder why? (I've lived there for two years. Well maybe I don't look around the right corners, or under the right blinds.

J. H. WOOD, known as Woodie, (Knot-head), claims he's never stolen a towel from the San Diego Club. Says a free conscience leaves room for pure thoughts.

FRED ROSACKER, TOM DAVIDSON and EARL KOPS. Aw, nuts, what I know about them would take too long to write.

JACK CONYERS just returned from a placid vacation. It must have been as he is not wearing one of his hot bow-ties.

KAY LARKIN and WALLY BORDEN wear their new role as Father in a chick manner.

MILLARD C. BOYD, Chief Engineer,----- (we should stick our necks out?)

BOB BENESCH, Chief Checker. Just to prove there is an exception to the rule, checker's are decidedly on the black list of most draftsmen, but Bob is tops with us.

LEX WHATLEY, the "DEAL" from Nevada. Girls we wish we could elaborate, but a man's past always puts a maid's heart into an uproar! So the Big Boys tell us.

Hey, Close. What floor does BOB EVANS spend most of his time on when he sojourns to the Mercy Hospital? I can tell you that it's not the fifth floor. Now that's odd isn't it?

DONALD JEFFERDS, Strong and Silent--that's all we know.

BOB CLOSE returned from his vacation this last week. Said he spent most of his time in bed. Why! Bob.

V. J. PARK can now consider himself a man and further more he has the proof. It was a boy, born the 27th. Oh yes, the name V. J. Park III. Congratulations. I can see now why Park knows Evans does not spend his time on the fifth floor.

And now if we have left anyone out over and above those mentioned in the last issue, we are sorry, but what do you expect when guys like us try to write a column? (Don't answer that.)

Meet -

MEL THOMPSON

by Sue Zinn pinch hitting for J. R. CONYERS on vacation.

When you can pry a man on vacation loose from that soul inspiring California task of de-snailing, de-slugging, and de-sowbugging his garden and induce, bribe or by other dubious means persuade him to come down to the office, you've either got blackmail goods on him or he's just plain accommodating. 'Nuff said--no blackmail goods at hand on Mel Thompson.

Like all good little boys, Mel was born and the particular spot which he selected for the event was the little town of Calhan in eastern Colorado in the year 1906. Mel rambled through grade schools in various parts of Colorado, principally in Colorado Springs. His high school education began with a year at a mining camp in southern Colorado where he developed the manly art of holding his own with the tough young gentlemen (?) that inhabited the mining town. From there he transferred to a boarding school on the western slope of the state.

Mel says that although he played some baseball and basketball during his high school daze, his main athletic activity involved milking cows and tending a greenhouse. The greenhouse, it seems, specialized in leaf lettuce -- "the finest", Mel confided, "in the whole vicinity - crisp, brittle, tasty." But aside from his interest in leaf lettuce, young Thompson found plenty of time to support a string of scholastic "A"s that would put the AAA to shame. The only fly in the ointment was History, especially that of the ancient and medieval species -- a diabolical subject imposed upon the defenseless student body by the printers of history books.

Mel's interest and enthusiasm over aviation dates back to a day in 1919 when an aerial

Mel Thompson, for many years Chief Inspector, has just been selected for the new post of Assistant Service Manager to assist Walter Locke in this expanding department which is taking on added importance because of the large number of new Ryan trainers in military service. Few men in the organization are more familiar with Ryan planes than Mel and his transfer to service work will be an important addition to that department and will relieve the always busy Walt Locke for important contractual matters. Succeeding Thompson as Chief Inspector is Bert Holland with whom we will shortly have an interview for Flying Reporter.

circus came to a nearby town with a couple of Jennies, a Thomas Morse Scout and a Spad. This was the first time he had seen an airplane and his enjoyment was only heightened by the 25 mile bicycle ride over a dirt road which both preceded and fol-

lowed it.

In December, 1925, following his graduation from high school, Mel Thompson became a member of the 66th Service Squadron of the Army Air Service and went to the Phillipines for a year where he got his first real experience with airplanes. The job of the 66th Squadron was to uncrate and set up all the airplanes shipped to the Phillipine Air Depot and to handle all overhaul and repair work for the fourth composite group.

During the time he was there they set up some 20 of the DeHaviland 48s -- which were steel tube fuselage jobs and also several of the older DHs with the combination stick and wire fuselage and plywood, skin stressed fuselage. The biggest trouble with wood fuselages was termites that got in the packing cases and bored on down through the longerons so that it was necessary to completely disassemble the planes, take the covers off and give them a thorough inspection and put in new wood where necessary, then recover and reassemble.

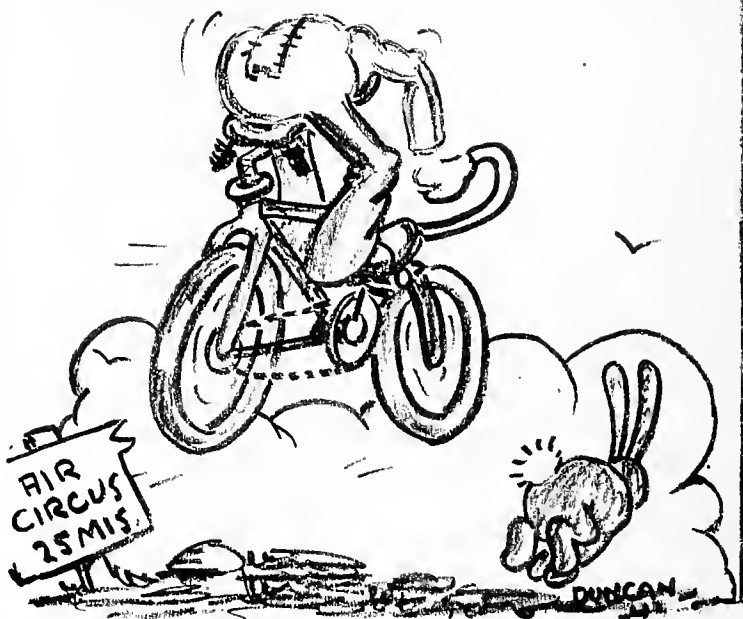
Hunting was a favorite sport while in the Phillipines and that "A" in high school Spanish was put to good use when on one such expedition they found themselves in the back country among a group of natives who had never before come in contact with such "bleached" specimens of humanity. The amazement of the natives was complete when they found that the "pale one" spoke a language which corresponded vaguely to their own broken Spanish.

Coming back to the United States in 1927 via China and Japan, Mel obtained his discharge and took up the more prosaic task of studying engineering at Colorado's Agricultural College. However, the shackles wouldn't spread quite thin enough and he had to quit short of a degree.

The next few years were divided between teaching ground school subjects to students of the Ryan School of Aeronautics and working on a natural gas piping job to Santa Fe and Albuquerque. In the latter instance, 8" mains were used to carry the gas 220 miles across the desert from Bloomfield to Albuquerque.

When the first experimental model of the S-T was under way in 1933, Mel Thompson again came back to Ryan to work in the Shop under Dan Burnett. Since that time his connection with Ryan has been unsevered although his tasks with the company have been many and varied, including a great deal of the experimental work on the S-C. In August, 1936, with the company's personnel list topping 50, Mel Thompson became "the inspector" for the Ryan Aeronautical Company. "After that", Mel says, "I just grew up with the Inspection Department." Incidentally, there are over 90 in the department today.

About what aviation is going to do when the hullabaloo is over Mel says, "That all depends. The companies who have established a good reputation for their company and their product and have kept their users satisfied during this boom period, are going to find themselves enjoying the lion's share of the business when we again have an opportunity to sell commercially." And that all leads up to Mel's new job, for starting October 1st he is



working with Walter D. Locke as Assistant Service Manager.

Contributing to Mel's recent successful years in the Inspection Department has been the queen of the Thompson household with whom he walked down the aisle in Phoenix on the day before Christmas in 1936. Now a little red headed daughter of four and a strapping young lad of 5 months (who Mel insists has inherited the sweet disposition of his mother) grace the Thompson home.

more Ryanettes

and CARLIE GROSS' lapel gadgets? This could go on with everyone of the girls having something extra special to add to the brightness of the office. We're awfully glad to have ADELAIDE SMITH out of her cast, and RUTH BOWEN, although not out of her cast, back with us again.

Speaking of casts, we're looking forward to seeing the next presentation of the Dramatic Club, which we understand is well under way. Six of the Ryanettes will be in this production: JANET ROSE, DOROTHY MANNING, DOROTHY ARMENTROUT, GERRY WRIGHT, WANNIE EDENFIELD, and TUNIE NIEMI. We'll be watching for you.

It seems as if I heard rumors of another romance eliminating from the Production De-

partment; however, I'm not going to say another thing. (GERRY, count red faces for me, will you? I'll bet there will be a good many more than one). Let me introduce Miss LORETTA PETERS, of Methods Engineering who thinks Mr. CLANCY is "swell" to work for, (two bits please, Clance) and has a passion for big, brown eyes. She hails from El Centro, and is a welcome addition to any office.

Horse-back riding is a very popular sport with the young women around here (there being no other kind); among the enthusiasts are HELEN GLASSON, MARGARET FUSON, and CLEOLA BOYD. It's a great sport, but the walking back from the ride isn't, and from here on in, this gal's sleeping on Sunday.

So long, all you nice people, and you too, Mr. COATS.

FABRIC DEPARTMENT HO-LOTES

This is the Fabric Department on the Air and between you and me, it's plenty hot and lots of it. Traffic is still slightly congested, but it's beginning to look as though Grand Central Station did have a chance after all. Of course the real admirers of beauty still use the detour. K. O. BURT had to repair the door which the visiting Firemen wore out.

Now that you have a fine radio that really plays music, WANNIE, how about having the gang over some night for popcorn or something. We might even shingle the roof for you if that keg of nails hasn't been opened yet.

That Jenial Gentleman who comes from the region where grits are Hominy and not sandpaper, with his genius for juggling new ideas and in general jarring the jills with his jokes and jamming the jitters with his generous grin---that Gentleman, incidentally, is now our Assistant Foreman and at your service.

And another thing. If you should feel a presence and out of the corner of your eye you should get a glimpse of a green or a blue shirt, it could be CARL PALMER on his way to another department. That man is busier than six Cranberry Merchants on Christmas Eve.

I was taught in school that cold air expanded but, that isn't so. According to the covering department, hot air expands and, boy do we. Four new girls and four new boys. Just this week too and that's not all. We have one of the old boys back with us. You guessed it---CHARLIE, the LaMesa Night-in-gale.

I don't know where that boy's from, but everyone is always kidding me about being so big and ask me where I hailed from, and when I tell them, "Good old South Dakota", they kinda smile and say, "I thought so. That's the only place anyone could stay green long enough to grow so much."

And just to prove to you that all the Skyscrapers aren't in New York---well, we will just skip it. The El Cortez is a nice place, don't you think?

Well, we have no casualties to report, but we do have an accident. AGNES TROYER and her husband had a car accident Saturday night and both were pretty severely cut up. If only some people would just remember to turn their headlights down, how nice it would be for us.

So far as your reporter knows there are no marriages or births this month, but then I wouldn't know anyhow. All I know is what I read in the paper. Say, how about some of you folksies giving out with the dirt?

Entertainment, ah yes. Three of our girls in the Covering department are in the play that the Ryan employees are giving. Let's all go. It just can't help but be good.

We don't have any scandals, so we will just skip that too. We are very nice people no skeletons in OUR closet. Skeletons are very boring, aren't they---especially when they travel incognito.

Well everyone seems to have a code in their head. Isn't that ducky---and Kleenex going up every day. Only yesterday I saw little Shorty with tears rolling down her cheeks and her nose as red as anything. I said to her, I said, "Who is the big brute who is responsible for this?" Then she turned to me and laid her head on my shoulder and said real pitiful like, "I just got an awful code in my head". Poor Dear.

Misnomer Department ---

There just ain't no SLACK in Slacks.

Our very red-headed redhead, STELLA by name, has a horse and a dog. She says she likes some men too.

Do you know what the P.K. on the rudder said to the P.K. on the wing? He says, "Brother, you might have a bigger spread than I have, but I cover more surface."

And then the airgun said to the wing as he made a hole in one---"My Deah, this is positively ripping, don't you know."

Do you know what the Cocoa butter said to the Pecan? He said, "Ha, Ha! We're both nuts."

Well, I'll be seein' you.

WATCH FOR IT!



ONE MAD NIGHT

Manifold Exhaust

BY MANNY FOHLDE

JOHN "SMALL PARTS" MCGUIRE, the woolin' man of Euclid ter, decided that if he were to win the girl of his dreams, one of many that he met at correspondence school, he'd have to build up his strength to a point where she wouldn't dare refuse him. With this in mind, hero ambled down to the city Y.M.C.A. where he looked up the man in charge of muscles and asked to be shown. (see cut) and upon reporting for work a few days later, he informed all who would listen that all he got his trouble was a very sore back and a whole herd of riley horses. "From now on", says John, and we quote, "I'll stick to getting my muscles out of the cereal bowl in the morning!"

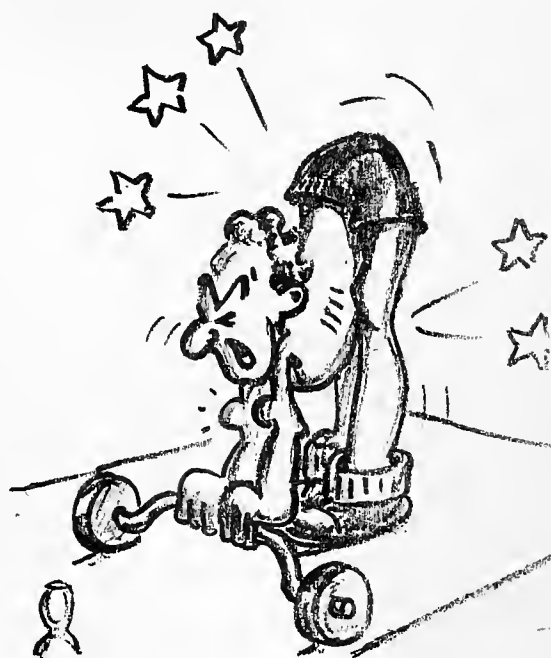
JACK "SPOONBILL" WESTLER declares that he has a good supply of merchandise on hand for his "retiring from business" sale. Due to circumstances beyond his control, (and the man who comes around) his overhead was greatly increased that he decided it imperative to quit it. His stand is located on the main drag in the Manifold department midway between the East and West Aisles. Thank you!

Rumor has it that BOB "THREE DAY" BALLINGER is seriously thinking of joining the W.C.T.U. auxiliary and selling the tobacco cure. "This is one time," says Bob, "when a fire in the hand was worth a great deal more than one in the bushes!"

"I was warned," pined BOB CHASE. "My mother told me there would be times such as these." Sleepless nights are all O.K. if one is suffering from insomnia. Some such disease, but when according to accepted standards one is perfectly healthy in that regard, is a pony of a different pattern! It seems that a bunch of the boys were whooping it up--no that's the wrong one--! It seems that a bunch of the boys were out to follow the Chase family to their home the other night following what was to have been a ball game, but rapidly took the form of a brawl game due to the defaulting of one of the teams concerned. The winning of this game, regardless of how it was done, necessitated a celebration, so it was decided, much to the consternation of the Chases, that it should be made up with brown bottles;---or was it cans? Anyhow, Bob came to work the following morning looking much like something the cat refused to drag in and said, "There'll be no more of that!"

JIMMIE APPLESTILL and DON JOHNS are negotiating a peace. At present they aren't on speaking terms due to a small matter of a nickel debt, so have appointed "BIG DICK" MORRILL as their go-between to keep conversation from lagging. It's much like a ring on the hot party line, two longs and a short.

Listening to the World Series and reading the fun papers is still among the two leading indoor sports.



Have you ever noticed that nine out of ten people who read the newspapers, always turn to the backside of the paper to begin their news gathering? The reason for this is very simple. It is news to the American folks when they find out just what has happened to their favorite comic character since the last installment appeared in print. The only time the average American stops to read the headlines is when they inform the world as to the status of the world series.

The boys working on the new Douglas Stacks feel much like the mas-sueuse in the old maid's home. They're having to learn a lot of new wrinkles. Speaking of old maids--did you ever hear of the two old maids sitting on the front porch of the insane asylum? Stop me if you have. The gist of it goes like this. One bright, sunny morning a couple of old maids were out on the front porch of the asylum, rocking back and forth in their chairs, when without warning one of the old girls said, "I wish some big tall, handsome man would come riding out of those woods on a big, white horse." (continued on page 23)

WELDING IN AIRCRAFT

Wm. J. van den Akker

PART II

WELDING OF 18-8 STAINLESS STEELS:

As in the case of Chrome-molybdenum steels, so too in the case of welding Stainless Steels is a knowledge of the base material essential. A brief review of Stainless Steel shows us that there are a great many varieties of this corrosion resistant material, that the 18-8 variety is known as the austenitic type, that the Carbon content is around .06% (this indicates a very low carbon content), that it contains about 18% Chromium, and about 8% Nickel plus the addition of a stabilizing element to permit the material to be welded. This latter stabilizing element is generally Ti. (Titanium), or Cb. (Columbium).

Since the base metal must contain a stabilizing element in order that it can be welded, it follows that the filler rod to be used must also be stabilized. Experience has shown that a filler rod stabilized with Cb. is more satisfactory than a filler rod stabilized with Ti., due to the fact that the latter has a tendency to volatilize at high temperature.

A neutral flame is essential for even a slight variation will cause embrittlement in the weld area. A reducing flame will carburize the weld with a loss of ductility and a sharp reduction in the corrosion resistant properties of the alloy. A good rule to follow in the welding of this type of material is to weld it as rapidly as is possible commensurate with adequate penetration.

In the welding of the Aluminum Alloys we have already mentioned that not all the alloys lend themselves to welding. For the welding of light gages of the material, the Oxy-Hydrogen flame is recommended. If high strengths are to be obtained, use a 5% Silicon filler rod, Neutral flame and generous quantities of a good flux. Flux should always be used generously and must be removed as soon as is possible after welding.

It should always be remembered that if you wish to avoid shrinkage cracks, and severe thermal stresses after welding, you can avoid much of the trouble by depositing a NARROW BEAD. It can readily be appreciated that the linear

coefficient of expansion or contraction across a narrow bead will be less, and further the heat required to lay a narrow bead is also less resulting in less heat input and substantially lower temperatures.

ARC WELDING:

Arc welding presents substantially the same problems as gas welding. The chief difference is the increase in temperature, with its corollary, faster welding. Thermal stresses are more severe and preheating is often required, especially on heavy sections. On the whole the deposited weld metal is more sound, the grain structure is finer and the strength higher. One of the reasons that arc welding is not used universally in Aircraft is that the arc welding of very thin gages used in aircraft is not always feasible, and it follows that thermal stresses and shrinkage will be more severe.

Much has been said for and against arc welding. It is the writer's opinion that arc welding will invariably produce a sounder weld than will gas welding. This opinion is prevalent to a considerable extent at the present time in the Aircraft Industry and a complete program of research is now in effect under the guidance of the National Advisory Committee for Aeronautics (NACA) in conjunction with the American Welding Society.

In the case of arc welding the choice of filler rod can be, and often is, critical. In the case of an alloy steel such as X4130, considerable difficulty is caused by the high thermal stresses which are set up in the metal due to the rapid heating and rapid cooling. It should be pointed out that the temperature of the gas flame is about 3200°C. while that of the Arc is about 6000°C. Further, the situation is aggravated because the heating is localized. Good practice demands that all structural parts which are arc welded be stress relieved before use. In addition to the above mentioned factors relative to arc welding, it also produces a finer grain structure, one which lends itself better to Heat Treating operations.

18-8 lends itself well to arc welding
(continued on page 17)

WELDING contd.

and this is one of the preferred methods of welding this material. Welds can easily be produced which will pass a bend test of 180° in the plane of the weld over a radius of one metal thickness. Due to high thermal expansion of this material, the expansion is only local and of such a nature so as not to buckle the entire assembly. The shrinkage stresses are sometimes quite severe and good practice requires a stress relieving operation. When light sections are welded to heavy sections using the gas welding method, the light section is often carburized due to the high heat input required to melt the heavy section. This can readily be avoided by the use of arc welding. The chief limitation of arc welding in aircraft lies in the inability to maintain a stable arc at the lower temperatures required in the welding of thin section. Considerable work has been done along this line, and at the present writing several machines designed especially for light gage material are available. Arc welding of aluminum

has not been adopted by the aircraft industry to a large extent. Sound welds can be obtained, but the resultant bead is generally rough and irregular in appearance. Some work has been done with the Atomic Hydrogen welder but so far it has not proven very adaptable for Aircraft in general.

Due to the fact that all welding done on aircraft is vital for the satisfactory operation of the airplane, the Army and Navy have set up qualifying standards which a welder must pass before he is permitted to weld on Army or Navy contracts. The tests are grouped for different alloys, and consist of checks on; 1. Penetration; 2. Elongation; 3. Yield; 4. Strength; 5. Visual Inspection; 6. Sectioning. All tests are witnessed, and full confirmation to specification requirements are mandatory. In the case of Austenitic 18-8, a bend test is given plus a check on penetration in lieu of strength test. The same is true of Aluminum. The latter is due to the fact that these metals are not primary structure materials when welded.

FAVORITE HOBBIES

HOME WORK SHOP

In 2,000,000 home workshops, American hobbyists are finding fun working with tools and making things of wood and metal. Stemming from one of the most time-honored hobbies of all, whittling, home craftwork has branched out in many directions. Approximately one in four shops, 500,000—out of the 2,000,000 total, are equipped with power tools. According to the estimate of one machinery manufacturer, home-workshop hobbyists in the United States install annually about \$5,500,000 worth of new electric-driven machines. Approximately 400,000 of the home-workshop fans are fortunate enough to possess power lathes. The average amount spent in twelve months by the confirmed home workshopper on tools and materials runs between \$50 and \$100.

Both farm and city dwellers enjoy home workshops. A few years ago when a leading farm journal made a survey of its readers, it discovered that 27 percent of all the farmers who replied to

the questionnaire had home workshops and spent their leisure on craft projects.

Besides woodworking, carving, furniture-making, and metal work, there are numerous specialized branches of home-workshop activity. One of the leading variations of the kind is amateur radio. The 56,000 licensed amateurs in the country construct, operate, and repair their own wireless sets. They range from schoolboys to octogenarians. The youngest is 11 and the oldest 88. One amateur has a layout that cost \$25,000 while scores of "ham" operators get along on a total investment of \$25. Banded together in The American Radio Relay League, 26,000 of these amateurs help maintain communication when floods or storms interrupt telegraph and telephone service.

REMEMBER !!

accidents don't always
happen to the other
fellow.

The JACKSONVILLE NEWS



from Eddie Oberbauer

Upon receiving the last issue of Flying Reporter, it brought to mind that I slipped up having Jacksonville represented.

First of all, I have been hearing rumors that people have been wondering what has happened to me, wondering whether I had forgotten to come back, been lost in the swamps and eaten by the alligators, (incidentally right close to Jacksonville there are some spots one can imagine are just crawling with them) or had joined the Navy.

Now the latter could happen. But to put an end to all these I am still alive and watching the NR-1s---keeping them flying---which isn't very hard to do. Sure hope they keep on being that way.

Now to answer when I'll be back---well it's a long story, and when you find out, drop the word to me.

Have sort of gotten used to this Florida climate. First it was terribly hot; then hot, with rain thrown in for several weeks. Now it is just hot again. People around here don't seem to mind and the Navy just flies on---weather or no weather.

There are days when the one squadron which has our Ryan NR-1s flies over 600 hours. That's no small amount, believe me. In a day's work plenty of interesting things happen, but I am not at liberty to tell them, though you can get some idea by knowing a hundred of them are operating here.

To break away from the airplanes and tell a little about Northern Florida, with which I'm not very enthused---yet it has its interesting points.

When Walt Ferguson, the Kinner representative, was here, we made a trip over to St. Augustine to see the old Fort. We looked it over good, even going down in the dungeon where they supposedly kept some of the prisoners, and when it was discovered in later years there were bones of several skeletons found in there. They have some weird tales to tell of it.

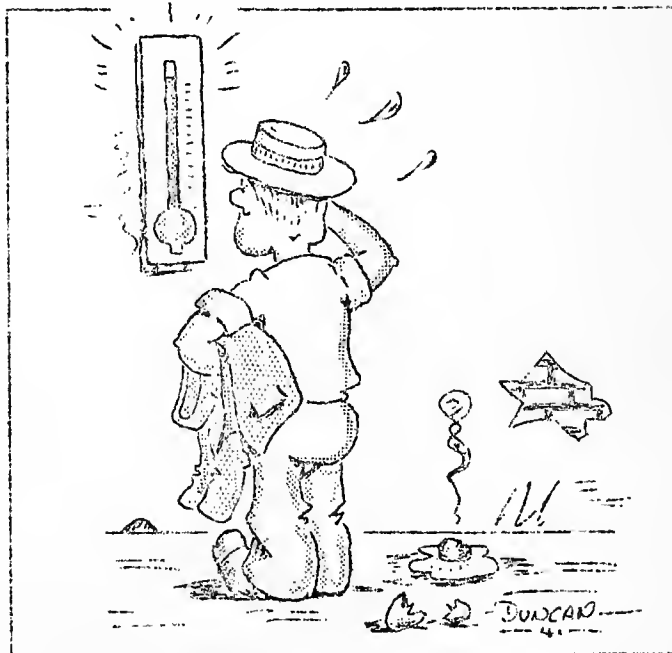
Also saw the Fountain of Youth and drank some of the water, but am sorry to say I still feel as old as I did before. They did have some pretty guides though, so it was time well spent.

I want to tell all you fishing fans that I---(though I don't profess to be an expert---tried out the so-called wonderful

fishing. I've paid considerable attention to what the papers say about fishing here but can see no reason for Florida to brag. I'm sure you can do better any day back there. Could be it's not their season, or I am too far North. Still, that's the way I see it. Yes, I caught some, but we'll stop at that. Wouldn't want to make REX SEATON feel bad.

After reading about the wonderful picnic you all had, it made me plenty sorry to have missed it, and I must say even a little homesick. Not hard to do when so many of your friends are back there, and so many things one can do. I sure miss everybody and am waiting for the day when I'll be heading back that way. Guess I've stayed at one place too long and become too attached to it.

Anyway, we all have a job to do and it's a pleasure to feel you're doing your part. So, until I'll be seeing you all, "Keep 'em Flying".



front views and profiles

DAVID B. BRACKEN-----BY RAY MORKOWSKI
Yes, friends, David is one of those rare species known as native Californians for he was born in Los Angeles on September 20th, 1914. He attended Southwestern Military Academy in San Marino, California, Hollywood High School and Los Angeles Junior College where he majored in dramatic production. Since leaving school, he worked in stage production and management and also ran a printing press.

He is, at present, "batching" with three other native Californians who tell me he is an expert cook. His present hobby is making recordings of Logan H. Bennett's (one of his room-mates) piano playing, although he does make some neat little model boats, and enjoys an occasional horseback ride. He sports a "Letter" for his feats on the football field and his ambition is to own a stock farm specializing in horses.

His ability as an open field runner in his football days was a god-send when a hungry pelican took after him at Rosarita beach one day.

Bracken is not married, stands five feet eleven inches, weighs 175 pounds, has dark brown hair and blue eyes. He is floor inspector in the sheet metal department on the second shift.

- o - o - o -

HAROLD L. McCRAY was born in a covered wagon at the end of the trail. His folks were cattle ranchers and were returning with a herd from Kansas. His birthplace was Haysprings, Nebraska. Nicknamed "Nig" because he was an assistant provost marshall in France, over 6000 colored soldiers. He will celebrate his forty first birthday on September 10th.

"Mac" went to a little country school in Sheridan County, Nebraska, and had to ride a horse seven miles to get there. He later graduated from the University of Minnesota as an electrical engineer. He saw active service in World War #1 in the 5th Division 9th Brigade. Besides being a cattle man, he worked on the Pathfinder dam in Wyoming installing turbines and tells of the time he was hanging a power line on a canyon wall

when the bracket gave way dumping him two hundred feet into the Roaring River below.

He calls this his most embarrassing moment. Early one morning, in the front line trenches he found it very advisable to retire to a nearby shell hole. Unfortunately the shell hole contained some mustard gas so when "Mac" got back to the trench he began to itch and scratch with the result that he pulled off a part

of his hide and he still regrets the two months he spent on his stomach.

McCray was married on January 10th, 1921, has six children. One, a daughter, is married and has presented "Mac" with a grandson. Incidentally, her father's wedding gift to her was an 1800 acre ranch including a goodly herd of cattle. The price of wheat went up so she put half of it to that purpose and McCray being a true cattle man is plenty mad about it.

He played baseball with the 5th Division, champions of the camp. His hobby is trying to do the impossible with electrical gadgets and his ambition is to give his children the best rearing and schooling possible. He stands 5 feet 9 inches, weighs 165 pounds, has dark brown hair and eyes and wears horned rim glasses.

- o - o - o -

When I asked EARL LEWIS MUNDELL, Jr. of Final Assembly for an interview, he said he had nothing interesting to tell but by the time I was through with him, I realized it was just modesty that prompted that remark. By the time you finish his story you will agree that many twice his age wish they had half his experience.

"Bud" is his nickname. They tacked it on him to keep both Junior and Senior
(continued on page 24)





Machine Shop

by win alderson

From the inspection point of view, a machine shop is simply a place where parts undergo changes in order to make them purchasable by the customer. The inspector's job is to determine whether or not the parts are what the customer has ordered. Every operation, regardless of how minute, has a separate inspection. A milled slot or a drilled hole must bear an inspection stamp of approval before the operation is continued.

The maintaining of close cooperation between the production and inspection departments and the careful coordination that exists between the first and the second shifts has resulted in efficiency, good production and quality.

BILL HENRY and JOHN MCCARTHY, trained inspectors, receive the whole-hearted cooperation of CLARENCE HUIT and SAVAGE on the first shift. On the second shift, ROMIG and myself find that CHRIS MUELLER and DON WALKER want quality--in spite of their being production minded.

It is a pleasure and a privilege to be connected with two such harmonious groups of men as those that we find in the machine shop.

AND STUFF

BOB FINAN, burr leadman, has a new one. Instead of the one that got away, he tells of how to run them off. He maintains that he, or anyone else, (preferably the latter), can jump into a tank full of sharks, and as long as he keeps moving, the sharks will leave him alone. Bob is open to all arguments to the contrary.

JIM HUMPHREY and BUD DILLON, recently drove 300 miles, stayed up all night and the following day, but feel that they were amply repaid. Each of them proudly displayed the limit of doves on their return.

EUGENE WOODS does not think so much of hunters. His brother returned from a hunting trip with a six point buck but Eugene is still bringing cheese sandwiches to work.

BOB MILES and GEORGE SALISBURY recently returned from their vacation with tales of the wonderful performance of Bob's new Ford. They wound up their trip by driving from Denver to San Diego in thirty-six hours. CHRIS MUELLER suggests a new car for the boys.

Speaking of driving, ARTHUR WELLS spent last week in Davenport, Iowa. He was gone exactly seven days, spent the biggest part of the week in Iowa, and

says that the only disagreeable part of the trip was the time that they spent loitering along the road. This makes a person wonder what Wells could do if he were in a hurry.

It is pleasing to see the familiar grin of tall, cheerful, attractive SLIM COATS decorating the manifold department again. His three weeks vacation forced us to notice that only his presence could be more noticeable than his absence. Fred and Slim could be seen intermittently throughout the first evening of his return, exchanging Indian signs and signals. Finally Fred excitedly announced that Slim had been to Detroit and had purchased a new Chevrolet. But more power to you, Slim. Two more jumps and you'll be in the Buick class.

And FRED STEWARD has been doing his good deed by keeping BILL HUBBARD happy. His mimicking of the Streamliner is nearly perfect. He pulls on an air hose, emits a blast like a train whistle, beats on a piece of tubing and shuffles his feet. He completes the picture by taking a deep breath and grinning.

ARTHUR TORGERSON of Chicago, Ill., has his own brand of troubles. In a recent conversation he was overheard to

(continued on page 24)

WING ASSEMBLY



BY THE KITE MAKER

DENNY, CALTER and BASORE are getting up a petition to have a Ryan picnic once a month. We wonder why----

BASORE (again last month's news) set the whole Wing Department off schedule while he was off for a week with a boil on the "back" of his hip!

GEORGE "The Greek" got so wrapped up in his work the other day that he broke a rib as he unwrapped himself. That's O.K., George, but the men in salvage don't like to be called "Those guys from Wrecking".--But then again, maybe you've got something there.

It cost CARPENTER \$5.00 to find out that the Dodgers were really bums.

VINC "SINK YOUR GRANNY" is still having trouble. Does anyone know of a boarding house where the eggs aren't half solid and the toast isn't burned for breakfast?

MAST (new member of Safety Drivers) is going to believe us some day, if he isn't careful, that Henry Ford's V8 motor wasn't built for airplanes. He has had

four forced landings already.

BENNETT snapped out of that bowling rut and is playing a good game now. He is going to take the city exam for flat feet soon.

The "S.D.'s" welcome MINOR. After that trip to Oakland, he has showed his interest by getting two dented fenders and one ticket for speeding.

One of our fine boys tied the knot last Saturday night and I, for one, can say he sure tied it in first class shape. You boys that didn't go to the wedding sure missed a very beautiful wedding. Lots of luck, HARRY, and I hope you liked our gifts.

We lost one of our very fine boys to North Island. I am sure we all hated to
(continued on page 22)

NEWS OF THE FLYING CLUB AND FLIERS

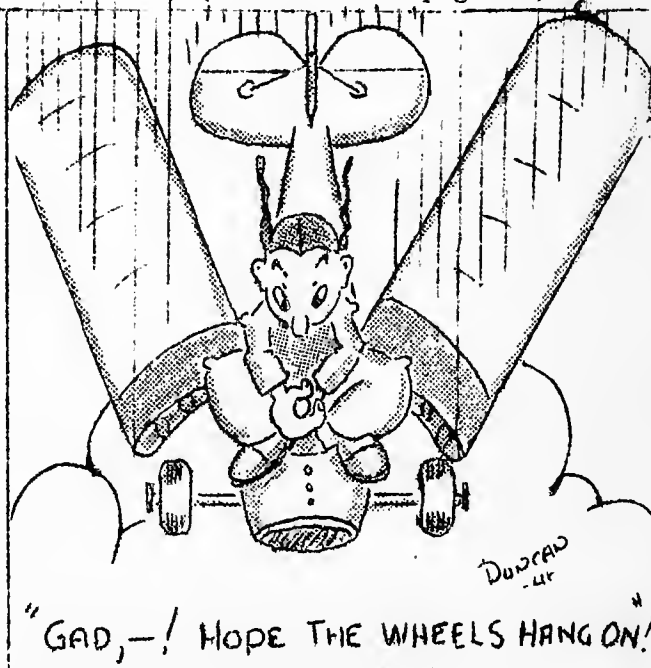
by Earl E. Byrdman

There is more action with fewer principals than there were at the Battle of San Juan in the flying club. MARGIE PILLING, one of our lovelier brunettes won her Private License, and DICK WILSON, Beau Brummel of the Tooling Department just soloed (again). Dick was a flier before he came to Ryan, but had dropped his ticket. BILL PONGRATZ is doing most of his flying these days around Detroit and Ypsilanti, Michigan.

The cross-country hoppers to Warner Hot Springs included JENS NEWMAN, VINC BENKENNICK, JOHNNIE TAYLOR, "SLIM" COATS, JACK GAGE, NONA NEUMONT, AND "SKIPPY" GOODRIDGE.

CARL THOMAS and "BUTCH" KEITH are on their vacations, but other regular fliers are ORVAL WERTH, EARL ERWIN, RENIG KLUTH, SAM PINNEY, DALE FARIS, HANK HANGGI, ODESSA HOWELL, HARRY MILLES and TOMMY FEWINS.

IN CASE YOU DIDN'T KNOW---Down at the bottom of an aerial "layer cake" and not liking it one bit are private plane owners. Under new Civil Aeronautics Board

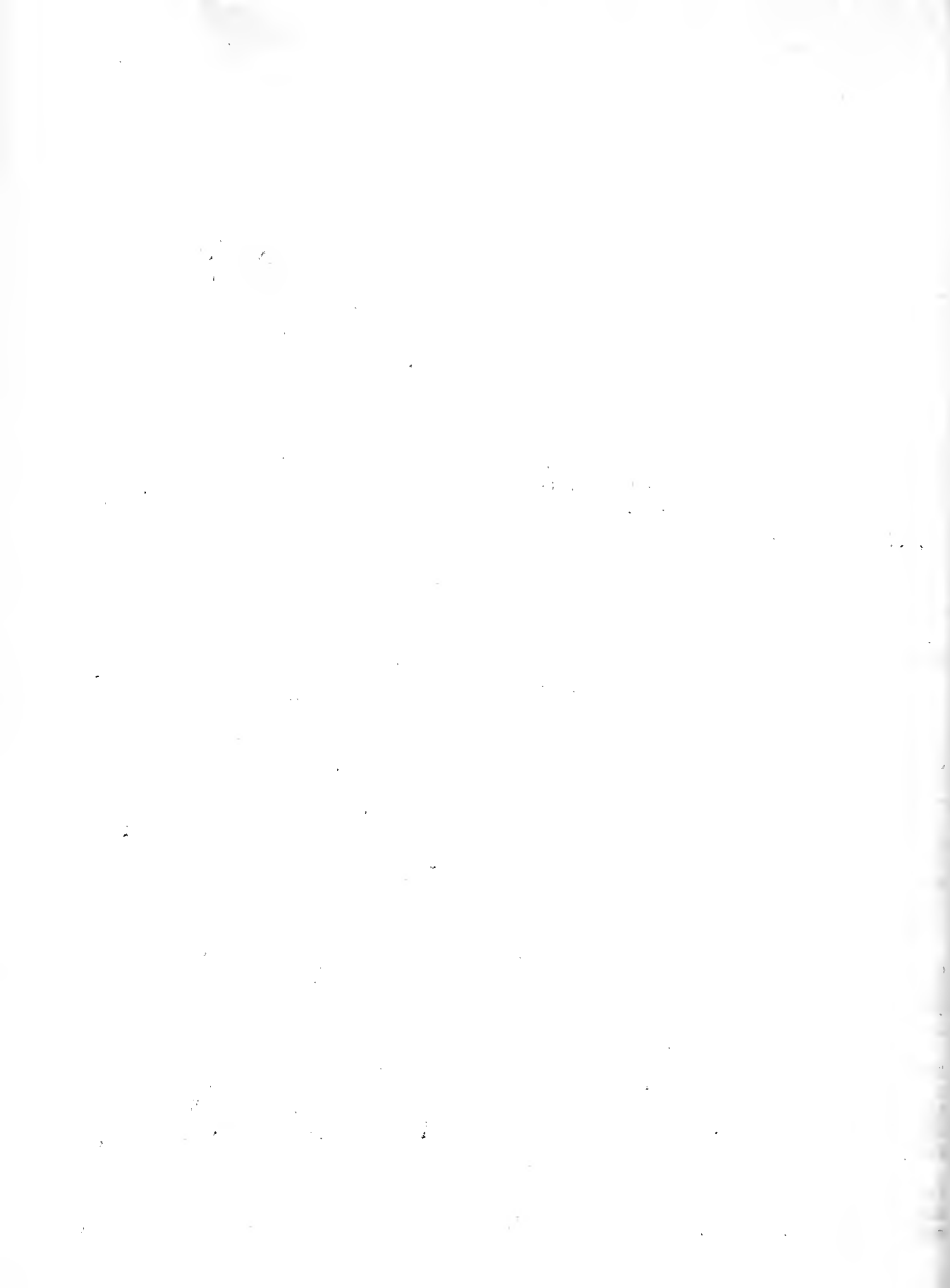


regulations, they must fly below 3500 feet altitude. Above, fly commercial airlines, but only up to 17,000 feet. Levels above 17,000 have been restricted to the exclusive use of military planes.

Q. What is the last word in parachutes?

A. Jump.

If any of the gang read this stuff, my last word will be DUCK.



IF THE TIME CLOCK TALKED

YOUR EYES

I just had an accident! As George, the pipe-fitter was hoisting up a new piece of sprinkler pipe, the end swung around and socked me right in the face!

My face wasn't red—it was smashed, and I sure skipped a few ticks! But they fixed me right up with a new piece of glass and later I was wondering if they should have given me some of that tough glass,—the same unbreakable kind that's in the goggles the fellows on the bench wear. I guess there's no need of that because I haven't any human eyes.

Speaking of goggles and human eyes---80% of the things you know come to you through your eyes. It's a fact. You watch a ball game; you read the newspapers or a book; you recognize your friends and members of your family; you see a movie or a show; you look at a sunset or country or city scenery; you can't drive an automobile unless you can see, and so forth.

You wouldn't like to lose those things, would you?

Just wear your goggles! You shouldn't wear them just once in a while, but you should wear them whenever there is even the smallest chance that some bit of material might fly into or strike your eye.

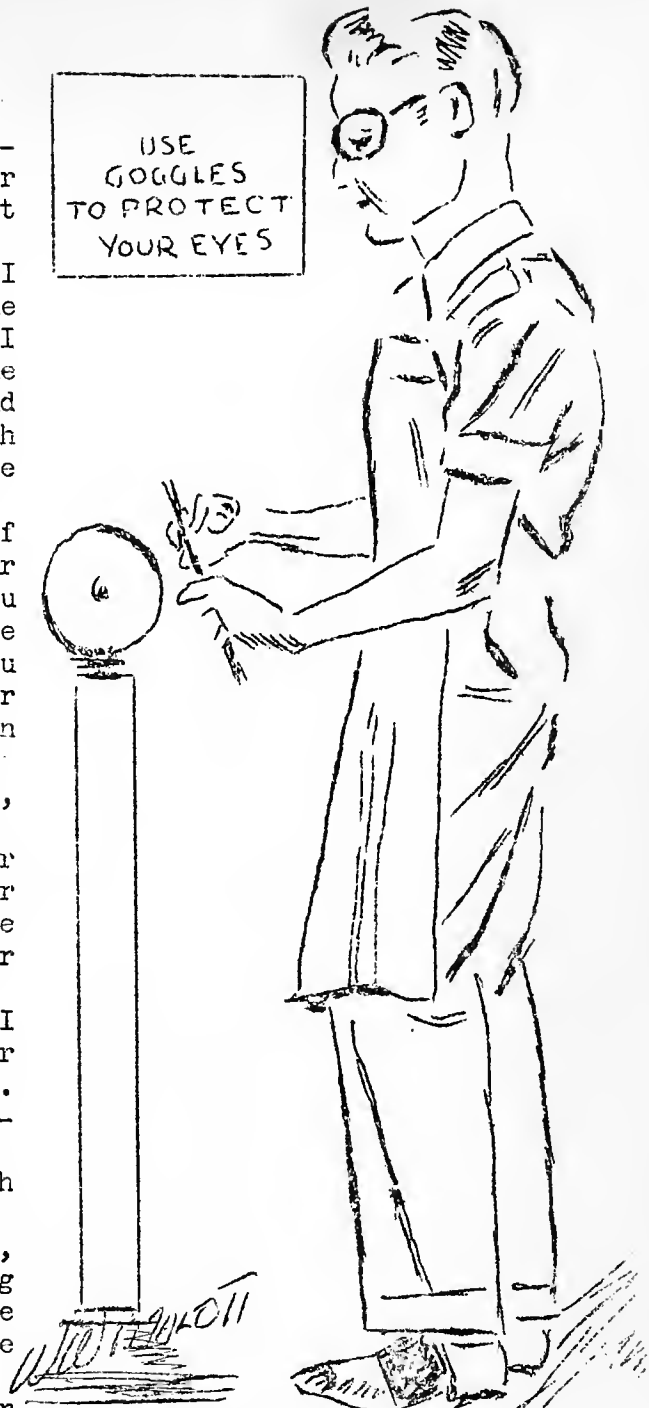
It always makes me skip a beat every time I see a thoughtless mechanic go over to a grinder and touch up a cutting tool without his goggles. He probably doesn't bother to put them on "because he's just going to do a short job."

The length of the job has nothing to do with it!

It only takes a split second to lose an eye, and whether your grinding, buffing or snagging job takes three seconds or three days, those goggles should be right up there covering those eyes of yours every instant.

If you stop a minute to think how much your eyes really mean to you, you'll never allow them to be unprotected when they need protection. A glass eye looks real,—but you can't see with one.

USE
GOGGLES
TO PROTECT
YOUR EYES



more Wing Assembly

see him go. The boys on the Bowling Team really cried. So long, LOU, and good luck.

For some reason or other MORGAN can be found helping the wife knit sweaters during these evenings. He also likes to get up in the morning and cook his breakfast. What's the mystery, Mr. "M"?

We are getting more members every day in the Wing Department's "Safety Drivers!" To date, KELLOGG is the starring member.

It seems that someone fell asleep at their wheel and hit him head on out near Encinitas one night.

Last month JIMMY SOUTHWICK used to be annoyed by a dog on his way to work, until one morning he got his nose caught in the spokes of a motorcycle. Now the same dog sits on the curb and wags his tail as Jim goes by---Moral---don't keep your nose to the grindstone---sit on the curb and wag your tail. (It's a good idea, but doesn't buy groceries---Ed.)

more Manifold Exhaust

horse and grab me up in his arms and carry me away with him." "Be careful, Mary", said her companion, "or they'll be tossing you out of here in a couple of days---you're talking sense now." It goes along like this for months and months and then steadily grows worse.

"BIG ICKY" MCCRILL, first cousin to the "thin man" claims to have the most devastating, diabolical dentures in existence. He has been religiously endeavoring to break them in properly for the past few days by eating corn on the cob, rock candy and walnuts on the half shell. The pronunciation of "Kansas City" has been his stumbling block, though, as he has been unable to say it in a way that doesn't resemble a locomotive letting off steam at a mid-desert water tower. "I find," says "Icky", and we quote, "that there are a great many uses for them aside from employing them for mastication purposes." "They come in very handy as paper weights, door stops, chock blocks for the baby carriage and various other uses around the house." We might suggest in all seriousness too, that they are just the thing for scratching the back when a door jam can't be found.



Hangar flying is a popular pastime around any aircraft plant, we imagine, but few if any can surpass that that goes on in our back yard at lunch time. The only fault we are able to find with it is that the er,-ah--fog gets so thick

that navigation of sandwiches is right near impossible. You ought to come out there some noon time and listen in. It's highly entertaining if not educational.

JACK CHESS wins the "Keg Lined" loving cup this week with his tall one. "You know," said Jack, "That baby of mine really is a bear cat. Already at the age of five weeks he's trying to stand by himself!" "He'll be walking in another two weeks and shaving in three at that rate!"

JOE LOVE and HANK HANGGI have been vieing with each other for some time now for the position of "hizzoner", president of the Ryan Breakfast Club. Hank, being a bachelor, has the edge on Joe due to the fact that he eats his breakfast at the plant more regularly. Attendance at the breakfast table seems to be one of the determining factors in the race, while the ability to dunk donuts in those collapsible paper cups is another. Joe Love drinks milk and nibbles on a cold-rolled snail, so is disqualified from that angle.

"Sorry, but I couldn't see him," said BOB GUYER. "Sorry, but I can't see it either," said the judge. "Three bucks, please!!"

RONNIE SMITH claims that the thing with four (4) wheels that he so erroneously calls an-automobile can outwrap anything on the highway. It's a virtue to have confidence, Ronnie, but be sure that the wrap you speak of doesn't prove to be the kind that was so popular a few seasons back---namely, the wraparound top-coat. It now comes in three flavors, 1.-Ponderosa Pine, 2. Oregon Pine and/or Knotty Pine.

"Sixty-nine Cents!!! -- is that all I owe you?" asked DYKE WARREN of the Crosley Car Warrens upon being presented with the bill for his monthly supply of gasoline. "That's a heck of a lot better than I'd even hoped it would be. Tell ya wot, don't bother to fill 'er clear up, just remove th' cap 'n' if ya can detect any odor of gas at all, I'll jus' skip the whole thing 'n' be in ta see ya nex' week."

The foregoing conversation was reported to have taken place at the station where Dyke does his business. We take this opportunity to present Mr. Warren with the gingham loving cup for cooperating with the petroleum coordinators to such an extent. (contd. page 24)

MACHINE SHOP... contd.

have mentioned the difficulties encountered in pronouncing the names of California towns. He said, "Isn't it funny. They spell it L-A-J-O-L-L-A and they pronounce it San Juan Capistrano."

GLENN STRICKLAND has finally exposed CUSHMAN BAKER's awning troubles. It seems that Cushman traded an old stove for his awning and he suspended it on his trailer from the four corners. After the first shower the awning looked like a big water bag, sagging nearly to the ground under the strain of three or four hundred gallons of water. When he unhooked one corner of the awning to let

the water out slowly, the rest of the catches gave way and he was caught in the ensuing flood. He managed to keep this a secret for a long time. But remember, Baker, truth will always out.

DON WALKER, attractive blonde expeditor, and CHRIS MUELLER, heavy-set foreman, are the cause of a debate which should not be overlooked. I contend that it is unfair to hold it against a man just because he takes on a little weight in his old age. Remember, Don, you'll be old someday.

And last let us remember that "Art" is only the best way of doing things.--- Let's all be artists.

FRONT VIEWS & PROFILES... contd.

from stampeding when they called. Junior is twenty-two years old and believe it or not was born right here in San Diego. He attended Washington Grade School, San Diego High and San Diego Junior College. He got his letter playing football next to Eddie "Double Hitch-backed, Superquad, Drooper-whoa, Fire-plug, Chief" Becker. Like all ex-grid men he worked on construction jobs at the Destroyer Base which he says is "damned hard". Aviation is his life; he soloed and rated his private license at Speers, took an advanced training course at the Ryan School and has just passed his physical

test for the Army Cadets and we can expect to lose him any day now. His enthusiasm for flying prompted him to buy a plane of his own which was wrecked in a faulty landing. He has one hundred and four hours logged.

He says the closest he ever came to displaying another talent was at a night club when his friend Jim Nebel Thau sang and he watched. "Bud" drives (?) a '29 Model "A" that is in a very sad condition. He is 5 feet 6 inches tall, weighs 160 pounds, has hazel eyes and brown hair.

MANIFOLD EXHAUST... contd.

BOB GARDNER, the wandering nimrod of manifold welding (He's the boss man by the way), won't be riding the merry mix-up or anything like it at the fun zones or amusement parks in the near future. He just can't see the percentage in it. "Why should I give some guy a dime to foul me all up, when I can get the same thing for nothing somewhere on the slopes of Mt. Palomar? The scenery is much better anyhow!" Bob had it all over a couple of other fellows we know of, however. It seems that these fellows weren't as fortunate as Bob in being able to find a horse to bring them home and had to walk all the way. Bob was still all turned around though as he rode the horse all the way mounted hind part before muttering something about moss on the trees.



BOB GARDNER HOMEWARD BOUND.



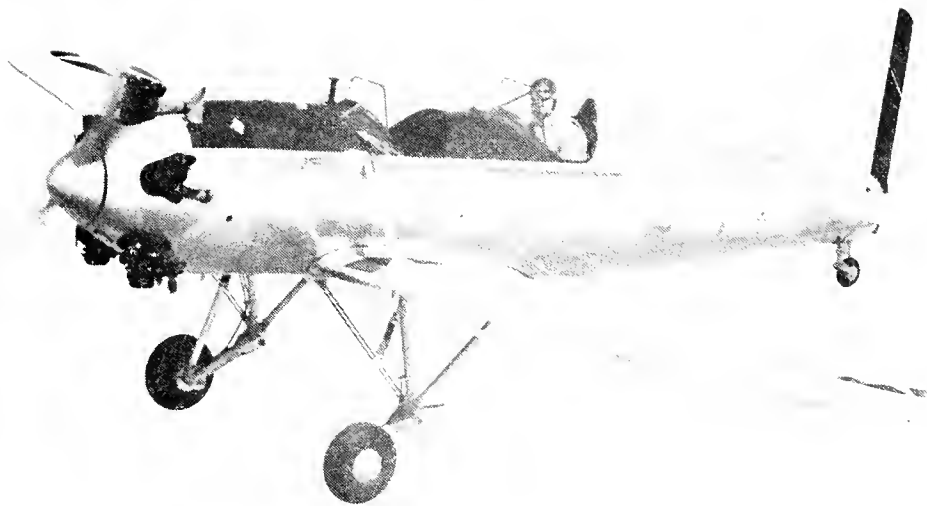
● For Land or Sea Pilot Training, Ryan S-T type low-wing monoplanes are establishing enviable records in the service of the United States and friendly foreign governments.

RYAN AERONAUTICAL CO.



SAN DIEGO, CALIF., U.S.A.

Ryan **Flying Reporter**



Vol. 2 No. 8

NOVEMBER

7TH

1941

PUBLISHED BY AND FOR EMPLOYEES



RYAN AERONAUTICAL COMPANY

RYAN FLYING REPORTER

Vol. 2 No. 8

Keep 'em flying

November 7, 1941

"TODAY IS THE TOMORROW YOU WORRIED ABOUT YESTERDAY"

Yesterday you fretted and worried about what was going to happen "tomorrow". Yesterday you made your share of mistakes and you had your aches and pains. You thought of the possible adversities of "tomorrow".

Today is the "tomorrow" you worried about yesterday and chances are the sun rose with great majesty and the greater part of the things you worried about yesterday didn't even come to pass.

Yesterday is gone; today is yesterday's "tomorrow"; tomorrow will, in a few hours, again be "today".

Only one day can be lived at a time; there is no use to regret the mistakes you made yesterday or to fear those you will make tomorrow. No more can be expected of you than that you make sure that tomorrow does not see you making the SAME mistakes as you made yesterday or today.

Failures do not come from making mistakes. Failures come from being unable to gain profit from mistakes we have made to the end that we do not repeat the mistakes.

It is unnecessary to fear either mistakes or the future.

Our greatest men have all made many mistakes but they were able to recognize them and never repeat.

You can bet that when a man is successful there's a reason and most of the time it is that he had no fear of the future because he knew that he wouldn't repeat yesterday's mistakes tomorrow.





RYAN FLYING REPORTER

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under direction of
MERVIN MARCO and LARRY GIBSON

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Douglas Cloudster	Dan Burnett
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The Body Builders	Jos. G. Groszek
Modeling	Paul Dawson
Ryanettes	Pat Kregness
Brenda & Cobina	Lenore Barr
Fabric Hi-Lites	Dorothy Kolbrek
The Wizard Cane Man	C. E. Thomas
Sheet Metal News	Jack Young
Drop-Hammer	Dick Gillam
Final Assembly	Jack Billings

COVER PICTURE

Test Pilot Joe "Cigar" Rust is pictured above in this excellent flight view putting one of the new Ryan PT-22 low-wing trainers through its paces following its delivery to the flight line by the busy final assembly crew. Cameraman Tommy Hixson took this fine picture from another PT-22 piloted by Lieut. Clarence Terry, former San Diego judge, now assigned to active duty making final acceptance check flights of our trainers for the Army. Lieut. Terry is generally to be met on the flight line, although a goodly number of Ryan employees undoubtedly had the pleasure of making his acquaintance some time ago in courtroom appearances resulting from too much speed while piloting a Ford or a Chevy around San Diego streets. You'll find him a regular guy.

PRODUCTION

by Dorothy Kolbrek

I wonder if the rest of you have felt the same way that I do at times. We are doing routine work. Some do skilled work, but it becomes routine after a time.

Do you feel insignificant and a little weary of it all? Well, we all do.

But did you ever think of the importance of each little job? Put them all together and they spell PRODUCTION. Isn't that what this country needs?

It's pretty wonderful to just be able to live in this glorious U.S.A. where people still can think out loud. No one wants to compel us to do anything, but these are not ordinary times. We must give the best that is in us. After all, we're only protecting ourselves.

We are not sacrificing a great deal. We get paid for what we do. Many lives have been sacrificed to bring airplanes up to their present standard. But these men, and women too, had a goal. It's funny, but we too have a goal and most of us don't realize just how much a part of everything else we are. We are just little people--living, loving, dying.

It's not very pleasant to think of the prospect of taking other human lives in order that we might live, and have our way of life. But the time has come--how few of us realize that.

Maybe a life depends on how well we do our work, and maybe a fellow worker's happiness depends on how we treat him or her. Perhaps we are just a small minority, but we can work together in peace. If every small group worked together in harmony, the big groups, yes, even the world, could live together in peace. Together we stand, divided we fall.

So let's have lots of laughter and happiness and interest in our work. Remember that we are the most resourceful nation in the world and we will find SOME way to lick even the DEVIL himself. Let's have faith in ourselves, faith in our fellow worker, and most of all, faith in our country.

DEADLINE for the next issue of FLYING REPORTER will be 5:00 p.m., Wednesday, November 19th. Larry Gibson in the Employees' Tool Store will be glad to receive your contributions.

Opportunity

condensed from
REDBOOK MAGAZINE

This excellent article which again gives convincing reasons why industry's opportunities go to the best-trained and most enthusiastic men, has been condensed from "WANTED: A MILLION MORE SUPERVISORS", written by CHARLES HURD and appearing in the October Issue of REDBOOK Magazine. - Editor)

It is a curious fact that the same emergency which forces the United States to go on a war footing is producing a greater immediate opportunity for youth than anything that has ever happened in this country's history

War today is a contest of industries, of vast organization and vast production. The fact is becoming clearer that it is fought in the factories, at work-benches and on drafting boards, more than in the air or on land or on the sea. For each soldier, sailor and aviator, there must be eighteen civilians supplying him with arms and munitions and clothes and all the tools of warfare.

Whether a country actually is at war, or whether it is preparing its strength to meet any challenge, makes very little difference. The needs are the same, as we see each day with announcements of new contracts, new programs, new priorities. The needs are for trained men and specialized machines, and most of all there is a need for capable brains and hands.

As recently as two years ago the million young men who came of age each year were new liabilities in a disorganized social system. Most trades were closed to them. College graduates often found the local filling-station or the corner drug-store offering the best opportunity available. Such work made their expensive training and hard study a joke. Today the country still has a disorganized economy to consider, but that is a matter for the future. Now it is the land of opportunity for youth, particularly for educated or trained youth.

For those who have no training, there are opportunities to get it in capsule form and to step after a few months into jobs once reserved for men with college degrees in engineering and technical subjects. Careers again are waiting to be made, by the thousand and the hundreds of thousands. As always, the greatest opportunities are open to the best-trained young men.

Only one-fifth of the forty billions of dollars authorized for defense has been expended, and that mostly for land and things which were on hand. Only one-third of the contracts have been let, and many of these are for factories and shipyards and machines not yet designed, let alone built.

Nevertheless, almost every man capable today of being a superintendent or an inspector or a foreman or a supervisor is at work, and usually working overtime. Productive brains have been spread to the maximum. Here is where the prime opportunity for youth exists.

A country which needs a million new industrial bosses must create them almost overnight, because the only regular source of supply of new production engineers has been for many years the annual graduating classes of the scientific and technical schools which produce each year between twelve thousand and fourteen thousand graduates. That is the current supply available in a year when the defense program needs hundreds of thousands.

There must be a technical expert for each ten men working in the average aircraft factory. Since there are relatively few aeronautical engineers, this industry has hired regular civil engineers and made them over into aircraft specialists.

If the need for trained specialists seems exaggerated, look at what the Civil Service Commission had to do to comb the field for marine draftsmen and engineers. The maximum age limit for hiring Civil Service workers always has been forty-five years. For these specialists, it raised the age limit to seventy years.

Since these things have occurred before the program really is started, it is hard to exaggerate the ultimate need.

The best specialists in the field are the young men with a long background of inquisitive study in classroom and laboratory. But time cannot wait on them. There must be quick, intensive training for wholesale numbers of young men.

So much for the present opportunity.

It exists but what of the future?
In preparing this article, the writer asked that question of a great many people, particularly the business and industrial leaders who have come to Washington to help develop the defense program. Their replies fitted into a rather general pattern, as they speculated on a future of which no one can be certain.

These men pointed out that there never has been a clear-cut future for any generation, whether there was war or peace. Some of them cited the good-time predictions made in 1928 as an antidote for the gloomy predictions of today's pessimists. On one thing they all agreed—that nothing has shown as clearly as the current war the need for trained workers, whether these men work with their heads or their hands or a combination of both.

There are two principal jobs facing the people of the United States:

One, the important immediate thing, is to bring defense production to a level greater than that of any combination of powers which may threaten the United States. The other, and probably the more difficult, is to evolve an industrial program that will make it possible for this country in a post-war world to hold on to, and to improve, the progress it already has made.

To a certain degree these are political problems, but politics can do no more than provide an encouragement, or an atmosphere in the world. The work itself is the task of engineers and technicians and trained workmen.

That is where the training and adaptability of today's youth will count both for the country and for the individuals themselves. In the end, any opportunity must go to the best-trained and most enthusiastic man.

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In the last issue of Flying Reporter the company announced a new employee training plan for home study of technical aviation subjects. Under this plan, half of the training expense is paid for the employee by the company, upon recommendation of the employee by the factory superintendent for this instruction.

A large number of employees have already expressed their interest in this training program, and the first group of students enrolled have begun their studies which are planned to prepare men for positions of greater responsibility.



By filling out the coupon below you will be furnished with more complete information on the training program, or if you filled out the coupon in the last issue of Flying Reporter and have not been contacted by a representative of the Ryan Aeronautical Institute, it is requested that you again fill out this coupon. Coupons should be turned in to the guards in the clock house.

Information may also be obtained by contacting Harry Siegmund at the Ryan Institute offices on the opposite side of the field. The Institute has arranged for Mr. Siegmund to be available daily from 4:30 p.m. to 6:00 p.m. especially to interview factory employees who are interested. Other details are also available in the office of E. A. Moore, assistant factory superintendent.

To: Ryan Aeronautical Institute

I would like to receive more complete details of the new employees training plan. I am particularly interested in the instruction checked.

- ☐ Aircraft Construction and Maintenance
- ☐ Aeronautical Drafting and Engineering
- ☐ Airplane Stress Analysis
- ☐ Aircraft Power Plants
- ☐ Special Drafting and Engineering

Name _____

Address _____

Department _____ Shift _____

RYAN VISITORS

As the Ryan Aeronautical Company continues to assume its position as an important cog in the country's defense program, official inspection visits to the plant by governmental representatives and foreign dignitaries become more frequent in order that they may observe progress for themselves and confer with management and production executives.

Just for the fun of it, let's take October 15th to show what we mean.

Highlight of the day was the visit of Sidney Hillman, co-director of the Office of Production Management, who, with his staff of Army and Navy officers, was conducted through the plant by Claude Ryan, Eddie Molloy and other company officials.

Earlier in the day Claude Ryan conferred in his office with the Honorable Rafael Larco-Herrera, vice-president of the Republic of Peru.

While Sidney Hillman and his party were being shown through the plant, Bert Holland, Walter Locke and Al Gee were conducting a Cook's Tour of the factory for the benefit of the Bolivian Military Air Commission consisting of Colonel Oscar Moscoso, Major Alfredo Pacheco, Captain Rodolfo Garcia-Agreda and Lieut. Hector Callardo. Major Edward H. Potter, U. S. Army, was liaison officer for the party.

Meanwhile Ryan's vice-president Earl Prudden was showing the sights to William Nissley, assistant to the Undersecretary of War, on a tour of inspection of pilot training facilities.

AIRCRAFT YEAR BOOK

Perhaps the most authoritative book available annually on aviation in the entire United States is the Aircraft Year Book published by the Aeronautical Chamber of Commerce of America.

The Aircraft Year Book for 1941 is now available for distribution and may be obtained by Ryan employees at reduced rates through the tool store in charge of Larry Gibson. The usual rate for the book is \$5.00 per copy but by special arrangement with the publishers, we are able to obtain a price of \$4.00 each. However, if sufficient employees place orders through the tool store for copies, the price will very likely be further reduced. If you are interested, contact Larry Gibson.

WELFARE TOOL STORE

The Ryan Employees Welfare Tool Store has been given a great reception in the first month of operation.

This store is for all employees of the company and we hope that you will avail yourselves of the opportunity to save a little money on the tools you find necessary to do your job.

This store has been established for all employees through the efforts of our Personnel Director, Mervin Marco, and I am sure that it is his wish that the store become a habit of service to each and every employee.

The store is operated on a strictly non-profit basis and is equipped to serve you with any type of tool or accessory that you find need for in your work here at the factory or in your home work shop. Plomb, Stanley and Starrett tools are featured mainly because experts of this and many other companies feel these are the best makes of tools on the present market.

It is to be remembered that this store is in no way a compulsory unit in our organization but that it is here for you if you find a need for it.

Frankly, the two main purposes of the store are, first, to save our employees all that it is possible to save them, and second, to make available the necessary tools with which to do the job you are doing.

At the present time the store is open from eleven to twelve in the morning, and from three to four in the afternoon. These are temporary hours and will be changed if necessary so that the service of the store will be as convenient as possible.

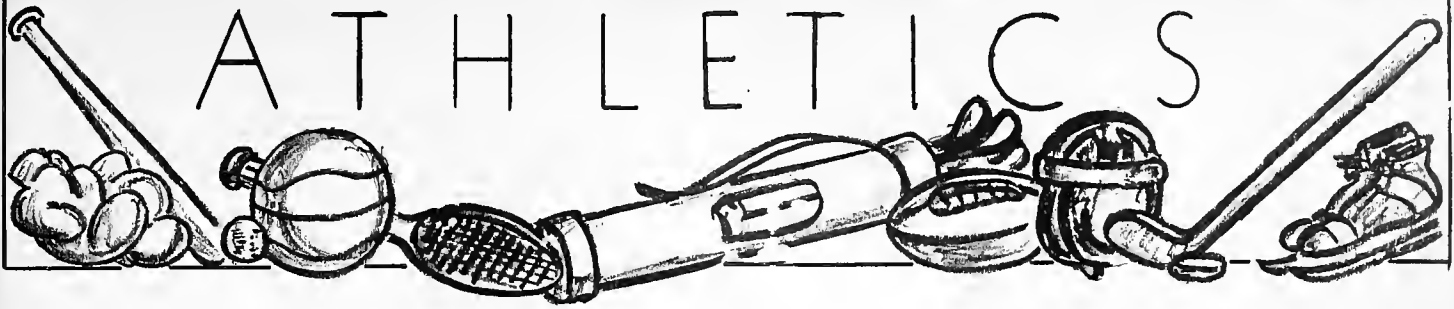
There you have it. Another step by your Personnel Department to "Keep Ryan's a good place to work."

The editors of FLYING REPORTER were somewhat disturbed to learn this week that some employees failed to receive their copies of the last issue.

The print order for each issue is sufficient to cover all employees and there is no reason there should not be enough copies to go around. Perhaps some employees are taking more than one copy. If so, we're pleased to learn of your interest, but remember if you take more than one copy some other employee will be denied his issue.

Extra copies of this issue have been printed. If you fail to receive a copy please report the fact to Larry Gibson in the tool store.

ATHLETICS



RYAN SOFTBALL TEAM IS TOURNAMENT WINNER

The Ryan Softball Team, often the underdog in its contests, finally came through to win the San Diego Softball Association Post Season Tournament.

Every contest was a fight to the finish with the white clad warriors from Ryan coming through in every start but one with a winning drive that was too much for all of their foes.

It is rather hard to pick out the outstanding feats of each player as every player on the squad put forth the best that he had in him and the result was, as I have said before, the tournament victory. It would be impossible to say too much about the team as a whole as they really were out to win, and win they did.

Their victory will be rewarded in two ways---first the glory that such a fine team brings to their sponsors....nothing concrete but none the less, very important. Second, each member of the team will receive a medal showing the date and the accomplishment.

Following is a list of the Ryan All-Star Squad which brought to Ryan its first city

championship in any sport:

ED HERRON - Utility
MERT FULLER - Utility
"LEFTY" MARCOUX - First Base
BOB CHASE - Short Field
TOM McWILLIAMS - Third Base
"MOOSE" SIRATON - Short Stop
BUD QUADE - Second Base
JOE BASSO - Left Field
JACK BILLINGS - Center Field Utility
SAM GILBERT - Center Field
OWEN "CHIEF" WALKER - Catcher

and last but in no way least --

MORGAN FINNEY - Pitcher.

Finney's pitching was outstanding and a boost that made the championship possible. The tougher the spot, the harder he pitched.

And there you have it---Ryan Aeronautical Company's first championship team in any sport.

To the team as a whole we say, "Congratulations, the company is proud of you." To every man on the team we say, "Well done and thank you."

RYAN BOWLING LEAGUE IN FULL ACTION

The Ryan factory day and night shift bowling teams are right in the midst of a hot scramble for those four points that mean so much to a team when the final tussle for league championship rolls around.

Monday evening from seven until nine o'clock is the time the 28 day shift teams come together at the Tower Bowling Alleys. It is truly a great thrill to see the teams in action.

There are 28 alleys available in the Tower Bowl which is without doubt the finest bowling academy in the western United States. All of these alleys are put to use by our Ryan bowling league.

The league will run for 27 consecutive weeks with the various places being determined by the number of points won and lost. There are too many prizes to mention but you may rest assured that all of them are worth work-

ing for and that the boys are really in earnest as they roll for the "one and three" pocket each Monday night.

There is truly a lot of interest shown in this year's league and from the number of spectators there are a lot of fellows and gals giving their department teams a lot of support. Drop in some Monday night and see for yourself just what is being done in the Ryan bowling league. It's really worth your while.

The first section standings will be printed in the next issue of your Ryan Flying Reporter. By the way, if you are interested in the weekly standings of your favorite team you may consult the new welfare bulletin board just inside the main factory entrance. We now have a large bulletin board for the exclusive use of Welfare activity of all kinds.

Meet_____

BERT HOLLAND

by J.R.CONYERS

"Hey, listen. Hey, look! Hurry, hurry, h-u-r-r-r-y to see the world's youngest daredevil leap from thousands of feet in the sky by parachute. It's thrilling! It's terrifying! And it's educational! See the 'Flying Squirrel', one hundred and ten pounds of death defying daring make his spectacular and famous leap into the very jaws of death. There is nothing else like it on earth. He's only a boy. Hey, look! Hey, hurry, hurry, hur-r-r-r-y!"

That little spiel, friends, made on July 4th in 1915 at a county fair heralded the six-footer you know now as Bert Holland, chief inspector. It was being made just 15 years after Bert's birth on a farm in the Ozark Hills near Poplar Bluff, Missouri. He had seen the balloon ascension at a county fair. His die was cast. So, at 15 he left home to become a balloonist himself.

In 1916 he helped a pilot repair the Curtiss pusher that had been cracked up in an unusually bad landing. His reward for that was learning to fly. Then the youngest known pilot in the United States, or in the world for that matter, his aviation career continued with barnstorming and 'demonstrations' until he joined the U. S. Signal Corp....by stretching his age a couple of years. Even at that he was too young to be accepted in the "Air Corps" which at that time was part of the Signal Corps.

After being discharged in 1919 he went to St. Louis where he took on some more education. Between barnstorming on the side and finishing up with high school, Bert was a very busy young feller until 1923. Then he devoted his attention exclusively to barnstorming county fairs (or anything else) until 1925. For a couple of years he was in business for himself, salvaging airplanes and reselling their parts at the best price possible.

Next, he went to work for Boeing as a mechanic. It was here that he first started developing the 'critical eye', so much a part of inspectors. After about three years at Boeing, Bert took an inspectors job at Keystone Aircraft Company. Later, he was assistant chief inspector there.

When Keystone folded up, in 1931, the 'Flying Squirrel' took a job with the Republic of Colombia, down in South America. He helped in organizing an air force for this enterprising Southern neighbor,

and was a flight instructor, too. When the Republic ordered some new airplanes from Bellanca, here in the States, they sent Holland back to supervise the job as Colombia's representative.

In 1934, he was sent to the Seversky plant on a similar job for Colombia and while there his contract expired. So, Bert joined the Seversky outfit as assistant chief inspector.

After three years with Seversky he took a job with the Canadian Car and Foundry Company in Montreal. This job was principally aerial survey work of the Northern Provinces. The Canadian Car and Foundry Company then sent him to their aircraft factory at Fort Williams, Ontario to organize an inspection department when they started the first Hawker Hurricane contract.

In 1939, he went to Mexico with a little handful of five men to set up and organize an aircraft factory for the Canadian Car and Foundry Company with a contract to build 40 training planes and 20 Grumman fighters.

All equipment was purchased from the States, 300 workmen picked up from the streets and mountains and trained for the job. At the termination of the contract with the Mexican government, the entire factory was turned over to the government and is now operating and expanding rapidly with a substantial backlog of orders from various Latin American Countries.

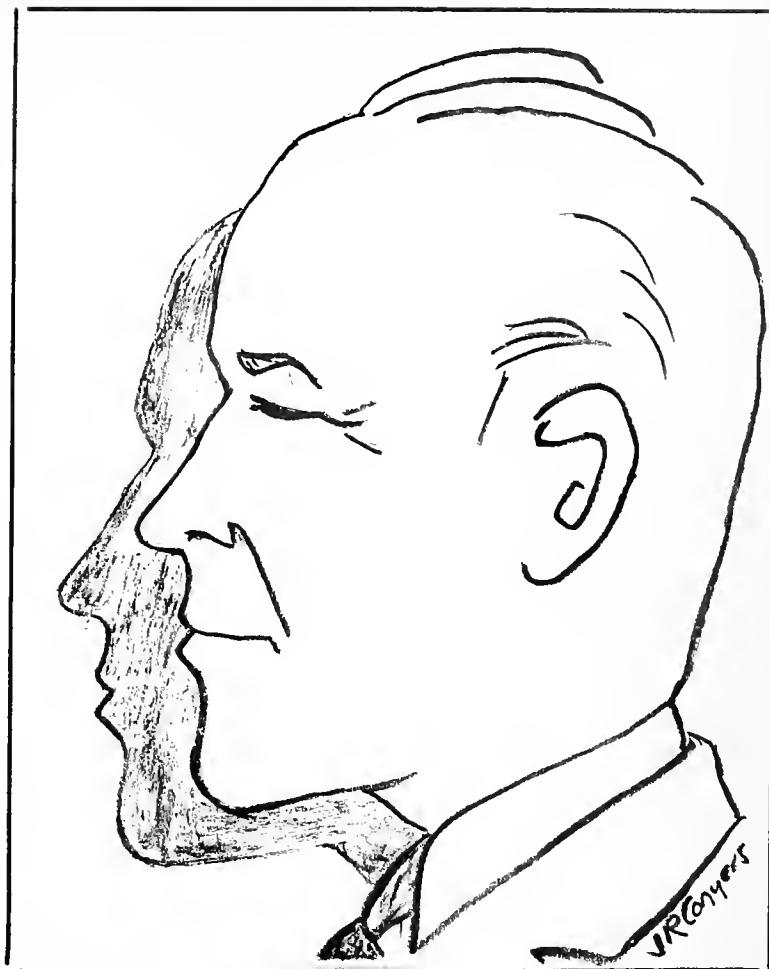
There is not one American in the organization. The factory is quite small but ultra modern in every respect and the natives constituting the working personnel are turning out beautiful work in spite of the

fact that they have never seen the inside of any other aircraft factory.

When he came back to New York City in 1941 he was dead set on having a vacation. It had been over three years since he quit working long enough to enjoy a good smoke, he says. Like all wise people, he came to California for this long coveted vacation and had little more than become accustomed to the fog when he finds himself Chief Inspector for the Ryan outfit. He said, sort of wistfully, that he had given up and abandoned all hope of the vacation now.

All in all, Bert has spent the last twenty-five or six years in or around airplanes. He's flown 'em up and torn 'em down. He's checked 'em and wrecked 'em. He even spent two and one half years in night school taking engineering work on 'em.

When you hear Bert Holland tell of the kind of guys that are building this brat of an aviation industry into a giant, you can have no doubts as to its future. "They spent too many long, lean years getting it going," he says, "nothing can stop them now."



NUTS, BOLTS AND RIVETS ————— by noremac

A woman applied to Mr. Marco for a job and gave her name as Jane Smith.

What is your husband's name, she was asked.

"Jack Smith," she replied.

"I mean his full name," said Mr. Marco.

"When he's full he thinks his name is Joe Louis but when I get my hands on him, it is still Smith," she replied.

"Any of you lads know anything about shorthand?" asked the sergeant to a bunch of draftees at Camp Callan.

There was a quick response. Six of them fell out at once.

"Righto. They're shorthanded in the cook house."

When there is so much weather as we have in California, it can't all be good.

Bill: Is it possible for a woman to keep a secret?

Jack: Oh yes. My wife and I were engaged six weeks before she let me in on it.

It's most aggravating to have something around the house that's broke and won't work ---especially a husband.

"Could you learn to love me?" asked the young man.

"Well," she sighed, "I learned shorthand in three weeks."

Son: Pop, are political plums raised from seeds?

Pop: No, son, sometimes a little grafting is necessary.

The new maid was asked by the cook if the company said anything about the cooking.

"No," replied the maid, "but I noticed them praying before they started eating."

Mr. Marco asked the applicant if he had a good head for figures.

"Nope", he replied, "everytime I see a good figure I lose my head."

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MANIFOLD EXHAUST

by manny fohld

"There I stood, holding the bag and it wasn't because I'd been on a Snipe hunt either," bemoaned JACK MARLATT. It seems that Marlatt, being in a great hurry to get to work as he always is, or it may have been due to his sleeping in a wee bit on this particular morning, rushed out of the house grabbing his lunch bag in transit. Imagine his chagrin, when upon being accosted by the guard at the gate, he discovered that his bag contained nothing more than one round dozen grade A, number one, extra large cackle berries!

GORDON JOHNS, of the gun totin' Johns brothers, caused quite a flurry of excitement around the neighborhood of Fifth and University the other evening. "Mad man on the loose with deadly weapon, approach with caution!" was the message that came over the police radio. After the dust, raised by the arrival of fifty prowling cars, motorcycle officers, fire trucks and "paddy wagons", had settled, Mrs. Johns was found behind the davenport with several sofa pillows piled around her, waving a white flag and hollering at the top of her voice. Her husband, Gordon "Muzzle-loader" Johns was located entrenched behind the circulating gas heater with his sights trained on a target that he had hung on the wall over the kitchen stove. It took a lot of persuasion but Gordon was finally able to convince the officers that he was merely lining up his sights in preparation for the opening of duck season.

Speaking of hunting ducks, AL CLARK, has a method all his own that proves very unpopular with his companions. Mr. Clark, he of the insatiable appetite, does all his hunting within hailing distance of a restaurant. "Hunt one hour and eat for three is my idea of a real way to do it," says Al.

CLIFF SCATES is down on the upper crust! Due to lack of materials and defense priorities he has been unable to buy, beg or borrow a set of new, improved dentures for the roof of his mouth. Peas porridge hot, peas por-



ridge cold!

Have been deeply engrossed the past week in a book entitled "The Seven Cures for Lean Purses". The old boy that wrote about this universal problem must have had a lot of experience in this line because one passage dealing with the saving of money was very well put. In effect it went something like this. "There is no use fattening your cattle for market and then running all the fat off in driving them there." Wee words of wisdom. "It's not the amount that's made, it's the amount left over that counts."

Psychology is a wonderful thing. No doubt about it. Remember a few years back when it was the rage throughout the country to say and keep saying, "Day by day, in every way, it's getting better and better"? HANK RICKMAN evidently believes there is something to it as he has been mumbling to himself for some time past. The phrase he had was different, but the idea was the same. He kept saying over and over again the words, "A man just wasn't made to live alone." He finally said it so often that he convinced himself that it was true and as a consequence, forsook the lot of the lonesome and took unto

(continued on page 10)

IF THE TIME CLOCK TALKED----- SLIGHT INJURIES AND SERIOUS INJURIES

Foreman Rusty is always on the job to spot any of the boys who have small injuries, to make sure they go down to the plant hospital promptly for first aid.

Lefty had been with us less than ten days when he slipped from the third rung of a ladder one morning. He only scraped his shin.

When Lefty came back from the plant hospital, Rusty was waiting for him out in front of me and Rusty talked the accident over with him.

Rusty said, "You know, Lefty, you might have fractured your skull instead of scraping your shin. You were just lucky, that's all. I have known guys who had to be taken to a hospital, and stay there a long time, as a result of falling only as far as you did."

Rusty went on, "I am just as interested in finding out why you fell off that ladder as I would be if you had fractured your skull. Once an unsafe act has been done, none of us

can tell whether a slight or a serious injury will result. That part of it is all luck.

"Let's go over and look at that ladder set-up you were using and see what we can find wrong with it." And off they went.

You can bet that Rusty found out why Lefty fell off that ladder. It may have been a bum ladder and shouldn't have been used at all; or maybe it was set up at the wrong angle; or maybe another man should have been holding the ladder; or maybe the ladder should have been lashed; or maybe Lefty was leaning over too far.

It's a cinch Lefty will know all about how to use ladders safely after this. That stuff about luck being the only difference between a slight injury and a serious one is pretty good dope.

A good way to figure it out is that every injury might have been fatal. Slight injuries are just as important as serious injuries. Both are bad news!

himself a wife. Yes, it all took place a week ago last Sunday in a little town in Arizona called Yuma or some such name. SAMMY GILBERT went along to keep him from losing the courage that he had worked up and to act as best man. When Hank was interviewed, he was asked if he had had the deluxe three dollar wedding with whoopin' and hollerin' thrown in or was it just a quiet ceremony. "No," said Hank, "I felt generous as ---- all get out and gave Judge Lutze a "V" 'n' he in turn gave me the works." Congratulations, Hank, and welcome to the ranks of the oppressed.

HANK HANGGI, Jack of all trades, just doesn't believe in trusting alarm clocks any longer. Whenever Hank arrives for work a couple of hours late, and it isn't too often that he does this, you can just bet your bottom buck that he has been up to his old tricks again. This trick of his consists of reaching for the telephone when the alarm clock goes off and starts carrying on a conversation with no one on the other end of the wire. "Mus' be the wind," says Hank and promptly returns to the hay. We might suggest that he hook up some other type of alarm signal to his clock or install an old auto horn on his telephone.

Well, seeing as how my keyhole peepers and men of letters have let me down as far as news gathering goes, I'll fold this under and call it quits.



The

RYAN-DOUGLAS CLOUDSTER

With the round-about editorial assistance of Dan Burnett

Just a few months more than 20 years ago the first Douglas airplane, designed in the back room of a barber shop and built in an abandoned shed, took to the air in Los Angeles to begin a long line of famous airplanes now known the world over.

The first Douglas airplane, the Cloudster, was one of the first airplanes in the world able to carry a useful load equal to its own empty weight---even today an unusual feat except for airplanes especially designed for weight carrying ability. The Cloudster was designed for that ability---to carry enough gasoline to cross the United States non-stop.

The attempt to be the first to make the transcontinental hop without landing, by Eric Springer, now El Segundo plant manager, and David R. Davis, Donald Douglas' first partner now famed as the designer of the Davis wing used on the B-24, failed because of engine trouble over El Paso. Before another attempt could be made the Army made the flight and the record.

Soon after, the Cloudster was sold by Davis and turned into a sightseeing plane. Then it dropped from sight as far as the Douglas company knew, the only report being that it had ended its days somewhere in Mexico.

This month from DANIEL B. BURNETT, JR., night superintendent of the Ryan Aeronautical Company in San Diego, came at last the story of the final days of the first Douglas airplane. Its last job was to carry beer from Ensenada to Tijuana in Baja California. Its last flight ended in the surf at Ensenada on a dark night.

The Cloudster was acquired by the Ryan Company, which was operating an airline between Los Angeles and San Diego, in the fall of 1925.

"My job at that time was rebuilding ships from open jobs into cabin jobs," says Burnett who has been with the Ryan company since 1922. "Naturally we were thrilled to take the three cockpit open Cloudster and rebuild it into one of the finest cabin ships of that time. In fact, it turned out surprisingly similar to the general cabin arrangement of modern airliners."

There are lots of yarns yet to be spun about the early days of the Ryan organization. This one, curiously enough, made its appearance in DOUGLAS AIRVIEW, official publication of the Douglas Aircraft Company, from which it is reprinted. Next year, incidentally, is Ryan's 20th Anniversary and the editor would welcome any historical information which some of the old-time employees might care to turn in to the Flying Reporter

The Cloudster's passenger cabin was complete with dome lights, ashtrays, soft upholstered seats and plush carpets. It carried 12 passengers, six seats on each side of the center aisle, a pilot and co-pilot.

"We used the Cloudster on our run to Los Angeles," Burnett recalls. "On one occasion we even carried some steamer trunks. On Navy Day in 1926 we landed at North Island (Navy field), taxied up to the line, opened the hatch and let down our ladder. Then all 14 of us climbed down before a surprised group of Navy personnel.

"The last assignment for the Cloudster was carrying beer in Lower California. The roads had been washed out and the only way to get beer from the brewery was to fly it up to Tijuana.

"The end came to the good ship Cloudster one evening when the pilot, J. J. (Red) Harrigan and the copilot, JOHN VAN DER LINDE, were flying a load of passengers from Tijuana to Ensenada. They were to arrive at Ensenada after dark and had been told that the tide would be out and they could land on a stretch of beach.

"Well, when they got there they picked out a likely looking spot on what they thought was beach---despite the darkness. They proceeded to make a slightly stalled landing and, just as they figured they were about to land, up rolled a big breaker and wrapped the ship in a ball.

"Red and John came up spitting gallons of salt water and yelling to see if everyone was all right. They managed to pull out all the passengers and walk ashore.

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Here is one of the Ryan STM-S2 seaplane trainers in use by the Netherlands East Indies government for naval pilot training, pictured at the Fleet Air Arm base at Sourabaya, Java. This new photo has just been received from the Netherlands East Indies where a large fleet of land and seaplane S-Ts are used.

BOB'S BUMPS

by g.(bob) harris

Boy, it sure seems good to be working. This depression of the 30s sure hit us hard,-- It is really a pleasure to see so many of the fellows with their new cars and nice clothes and the look of confidence on their faces. So much different than it was a couple years ago when all you heard was, "Did you find a job yet?" "I haven't had a days work in over a month." "Things are sure tough." "I don't know how people will make out this winter."

Now you hear, "I wonder if I will ever get a chance to take my girl out if I have to work until two thirty. It was bad enough as it was. Can you imagine getting your gal at ten in the morning to go to a picture show and a nice chicken dinner. No gal wants to do the town and sit out under a tree right in the middle of the day. Sunshine is no time for romance.

Our master mind, BILL "INVENTOR" WINTER, has transferred to the day shift. On being asked why the transfer, Bill said his girl just couldn't get romantic by the light of the sun.

The old song "They have taken her away"--who?--why none other than FLOYD "CHEW" BENNETT. The day shift may have him now but don't get to feeling high and mighty as we will have him back soon no doubt. Chew says they CHANGE him so often he is hoping they don't ask him to furnish his own SQUARES. Get it?

Our mutual friend MARGY, Miss Youngblood to youse guys, was telling me how the wages and taxes work. She says that according to the cycle the money travels, we workers get it in one hand and then transfer it to the other hand and then give it back to the government. Some business, huh. This money business is like the month of March. It comes in like a Lamb and gone with the wind.

I just received a letter from BILL WAGNER. He says we have to have a deadline for our paper. Lordee, I thought all of my lines were DEAD. Oh well, we live and learn.

Boy, are these new stacks getting in the inspectors' hair? (continued on page 27)

YOU WHO ARE LOOKING FOR A GOOD EVENINGS ENTERTAINMENT, PLEASE TAKE NOTE - - - -

On Friday evening, November 14th at 8:00 p.m. the Ryan Dramatic Club will present their latest extravaganza in the form of a rollicking, side-splitting mystery comedy. Every department in the plant is represented in the cast and all have worked hard to make this new production the most sensational ever presented by them.

The scene is laid in an old abandoned house on top of a hill outside New York City. DOROTHY MANNING and VIC JOHNSON play the leading roles while JANET ROSE, WANNIE EDENFIELD, MAXINE MILLER, TUNI NIEMI, JACK CHESS, PAT (DOC) FINNELLY, LEE CURRIER, JAY SMITH, SHANNON LONG, JACK WESTLER, and SCOTT CARL play the supporting rolls. The director is none other than our able inspector, EDDIE O'CONNELL.

Remember---you who are looking for a good evening's entertainment---put "ONE MAD NIGHT" (and I do mean "MAD") on your "MUST SEE" list for Friday night, November 14th, 8:00 p.m. at the Roosevelt High School.



Slim's Pickin's

by slim coats

I don't know whether we are at war or not. We seem to be getting just a taste of it, like a fellow kissing a pretty girl thru a veil. But there is something ominous in the air. Something like dinner music wafted from a cannibal village in Africa. But I'm still an optimist even though I'm fading a bit---like window shades facing south. Remember how the last war started? Listen:

Gen. Joffre: "The Rhine is a lousy river."

Von Kluck: "Yeah? So's your old Marne."

It's nice to see all of the map-happy crew back from their vacations in various parts of the country. "DAD" NOBLE drove his car 100,000 miles and never blew his horn, 's fact. MAYNARD LOVELL spent most of his vacation in Frisco, guess why? R. E. FRASIER while visiting at Durango, Colorado shot a bear measuring seven feet from beezers to bustle.

RUDY GUSSMAN quit us to go back to New York, where the traffic is run by red and green lights, and the rest of the town by Israelites. Are you still wearing the trade mark, Gus?

M. A. BROWN is with us again. He's one of these patriots that wants to be the spirit of 1776 all by himself. He wants to wave the flag, beat the drum, and play the fife, and all he leaves you in the picture is the bandage. J. C. SMITH has convinced welder G. R. STANDISH that there is little percentage in doing janitor work. REX SEATON just gave me what the girls would call "a card shower."

Did'ja know that O. G. ROMIG of the machine shop once won recognition from Henry Ford, and received a personal letter from him, because "O. G." raised extra large potatoes? 's fact. Now that Ford is making cars out of farm produce, they will probably resemble vegetable salads. I hope I don't get another jack made out of mashed potatoes.

Speaking of eats, E. I. "EGGIE" LEACH claims this cool weather is making him hungry again, and he'll consider any handout except eggs. E. P. MALLOTT says a cobbler should stick to his last---and pay alimony to the other three. BYRON GEER's voice is changing and it appears we'll have another boy soprano. KENNY RUSH is angling for a job as deck steward on a submarine.

And those poor Ryanettes again---in their frantic haste to marry off the girls they

have things gummed up like a boy's candy pocket. For the sake of perspicuity, allow me to explain. It's true that KENNY PEARSON has just returned from his honeymoon, but not with the eye-filling MARZELLA AUEN. A great many of the boys have been eyeing the lovely Miss Auen with admiration, but Captain F. A. GRAY of the Guards "muscled in", and persuaded her to marry him sometime in February, probably St. Valentines Day. If you know the Captain's six foot six, two hundred eighty pounds of brawn, you'll know I do mean "muscled in". But cheer up, Pat. Don't feel too badly about it. Everyone makes mistakes once in a while---that's why they put rubber mats under cuspidors. (And for this the Ryanettes will probably glare at me like I was a quail in season.)

Have you noticed how FRENCHIE FOUSHEE is sprucing up to emulate DAPPER DAN BURNETT? Careful Frenchie, the Champ is sensitive. FLOYD BENNETT was quizzed by six different officers as a hold-up suspect recently. Not only did he have to prove where he was born, but he had to give six reasons why. GEORGE DUNCAN, our Klever Kartoonist is so good at multiplying that rabbits look over his shoulder.

BUTCH ORTIZ: "Hey, Tex, tell Tennessee to send Okie and Arkie up here."

WIN ALDERSON says that when he invited his wife down for dinner on one of those rainy evenings, he didn't know he was sticking his neck out like a well-digger looking for his lunch. She turned off on the detour and was bogged down so deep that it took two tow cars to get her out. Win is carrying his lunch in a paper bag now.

Nice to see DON HERSHEY of the Lab. again. Don and I used to sweat blood on the C-701 stack. Now that BOB HARRIS and his Anvil Chorus have moved away from us, it would be nice and quiet if someone could put the damper on FRED STEWARD's train whistle.

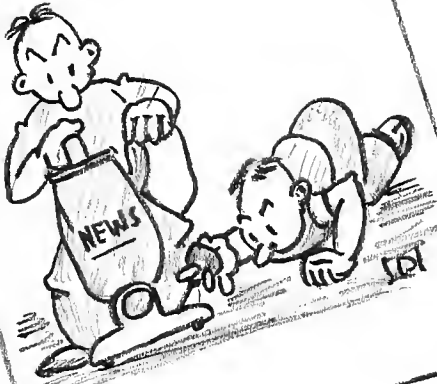
A. L. KEITH is the proud Poppa of a baby girl. Gitcha cigars yet, fellas? H. A. POWLEY, the kid from Jasper County, Missouri, who made good in the big city. Don't miss WHITEY "FRANKLIN D" ROSEN's impression of the Chief Executive. It's the best so far.

The recent high tides swept the Ocean Beach women's club out to sea. It's a good old world after all, isn't it? Now you can

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Engineering

by J. PARK and B. CLOSE



OHLMAN -- Welcome.

COOPER carries his tendency of speeding around corners in his car, to speeding around corners in the Engineering rooms. Occasionally he slips and causes a dent in the floor (or in himself) which might be the reason for so many dents in his car---I mean carrying things too far.

TOM DAVIDSON and LEW DUNFEE went to San Burdoo over the weak-end---wonder why?---As if we don't know!

There's been quite a few things moved around here lately including personnel and desks. If you can't find anybody in the regular place just examine all waste baskets.

Engineering bowling team No. 1---(1 signifies the better team supposedly)---had better watch their step as No. 2 has a slight edge on them.

MILLARD BOYD just returned from a quick trip from the East and informs us they have California weather in the capital. My, my, the California Chamber of Commerce would appreciate that. We would too, after all of the rain and mud we've had lately---Right?

W. SCHROEDER just returned from his vacation, when asked if he had a real vacation or whether he took his wife, he replied that it was real and he took his wife too! Are we hearing right?

GREENBERG has been unfaithful to his gal friend. In fact when news of the \$50,000 inheritance awarded a Mr.

Greenberg, draftsman at Ryan---(of course there are two of them)---published in the San Diego Union reached the eyes of Fred's gal she was surprised to find he had a wife and two children. She immediately called to inquire about the-----wife and children and screamed "unfaithful dog" but it's O.K. as long as he has the \$50,000 (which he has-n't) as the real McCoy, GERALD GREENBURG, resides in the Layout Department. Too bad names mean so much.

MAC CATTRELL informed us that the fishing trip of last week-end was really a fishing trip---with no mermaids involved---tough luck, Mac. I hear that mermaids can be seen eyeing about the rocks on the La Mesa shores.

Since everybody has been so darn good of late and we haven't any news worth mentioning, we are going to turn poetic and indulge in a little ditty we came across the other day that expresses the inner spirit of most people, yet it is spoken in words of thought that could be used as a means of turning blue moods into progressive action in everyday living. You read it and we hope you agree with the author whom we have forgotten.

DON'T QUIT

When things go wrong, as they sometimes will,
When the road you're trudging seems all uphill,
When the funds are low and the debts are high,
And you want to smile, but you have to sigh,
When care is pressing you down a bit,
Rest if you must, but don't you quit.

Life is queer with its twists and turns,
As everyone of us sometimes learns,
And many a failure turns about
When he might have won had he stuck it out;

Don't give up though the pace seems slow,
You may succeed with another blow.

Success is failure turned inside out
The silver tint of the clouds of doubt.

And you never can tell how close you are;
It may be near when it seems afar;

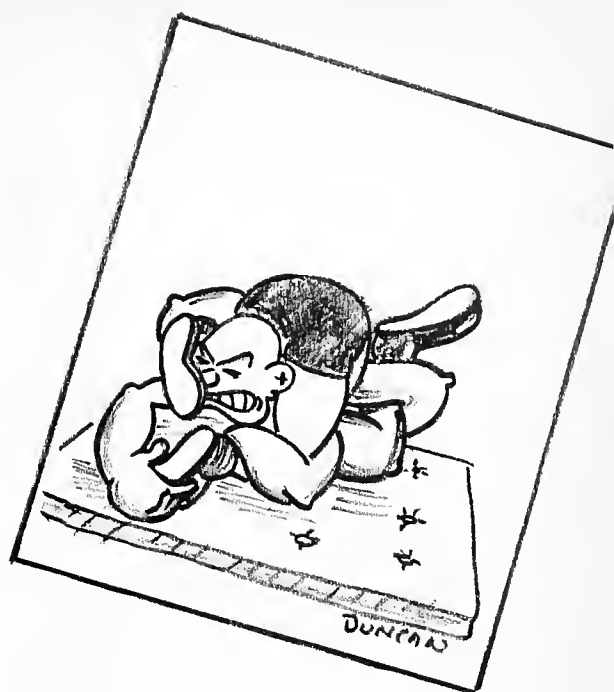
So stick to the fight when you're hardest hit---
It's when things seem worst that you mustn't
quit.

(continued on page 18)

THE

Body Builders

by Jos. G. Groszek



In introducing ourselves in the last issue, we forgot to mention two other gentlemen who should have been added to our list. These two fellows can be seen walking around the department with smiles on their faces, a flashlight and mirror in their hands and a RED PENCIL in their pockets.

Yes, without a doubt, it's our two department inspectors, SHANNON "EAGLE EYE" LONG and EDDIE "THE IRISHMAN" O'CONNELL. These two boys really know their "stuff" when it comes to finding bad rivets and other wrong doings. (I personally can vouch for this as I many a time was the victim of their findings.) But "nuff said" about these two gents and so on with the column.

* * *

When a fellow will travel to Santee, California practically every night to see his lady love, we can say that he really is in love. A pretty expensive date, traveling to and from Santee, but not for our millionaire friend, TOMMY GARRETT.

* * *

It has been told to me that BOB EVANS is so low that he has to stand up to touch bottom.

* * *

Our department welcomes back BOB DILLAN, the boy who was away for a few weeks on account of an operation. With him back, he says, "Production will soon speed up again."

* * *

A poem, that was dropped in our department's "Flying Reporter News Box"---which by the way is located on the back of the Fuselage Tool Cabinet---goes something like this.....

"Go ask papa," the maiden said,
But the young man knew her father
was dead,
And he knew the life her papa had
led,
So she knew that he knew what she
meant when she said
"Go ask papa."

ON THE ALLEYS--

Team No. 1 Beats Team No. 2--In a game that was close from beginning to end, the two department bowling teams met on the field of battle. Both teams tried their hardest to keep the "timber" falling, but luck being more on the side of team 1 made them the victors by a score of 4 to 0.

* * *

Another name added to our "200 column" is MORRIS "RED" HAZZARD. He just made the Honor Column by bowling an even 200 game against the engineers.

* * *

With his feet in a brand new pair of bowling shoes, no one can say that GEORGE LITELL doesn't look like a bowler, even if it is from the ankles down.

* * *

We are still wondering what the fued was about between BILBEN, team 2 and the pin boy on alley 16. It seemed that anytime he bowled, the ball would be returned to him in the gutter instead of on the "return ball rack".

* * *

The ideal life is in our blood and never will be still. Sad will be the day for any man when he becomes contented with the thoughts he is thinking and the deeds he is doing, ---where there is not forever beating at the doors of his soul some great desire to do something larger, which he knows that he was meant and made to do.

-----Phillips Brooks

Machine Shop

by winalderson

WITH SOME LOW-DOWN ON INSPECTION

Many of the men in the shop have wondered about the Inspection Department--why they adhere so closely to the prints and why there is such a high fence around crib three. The purpose of this article is to give the machinists a little more intimate introduction to the men who are in charge of this assignment.

At the helm is BERT HOLLAND, a man of firm, quick and reliable decision. He is the final word in untangling the errors made by others.

Bert is assisted by DON WILCOX and GEORGE DEW whose main duties are to listen to the tales of woe poured into their ever tolerant ears by a horde of inspectors whose job it is to look for nothing but trouble. Some fun.

Next on the day shift, meet HAROLD LA FLEUR. For further information, and for the real low downs, see WALT DIBLEE, Army Inspector. Harold is in charge of crib three.

In the crib we have STEVE STEVENS who works right along, writes his quota of rejections, and has little to say as a rule. If you can find a way to get next to Steve, I'd like to know.

W. G. HUBBELL must have something pretty nice waiting for him at home (or somewhere else). He won't work overtime because overtime is sometimes hard to explain. How about that, Hubbell?

GEORGE TIEDERMAN is the man with the big, red spot right on the end of his nose. Honest, fellows, this is really a boil. (Don't mention to him anything about the fall plowing at Grandma's place up at Redlands. Grandma says that he doesn't get enough work here so she lets him spend his surplus energy digging around the ranch.)

OTTO HATCHER says that all his troubles are now safely behind him. He is just recovering from an operation and says, "Believe me, boys,---it will never happen again."

CLAUDE HOUSER wants you all to know that any time you feel pretty hard just see him and he will tell you just how hard you really are. He is the Rockwell man.

THOMAS DALY has finally moved to a new room. Drapes, an easy chair and running water. But just ask him how far he has to go for his semi-annual ablu-tion.

G. F. BECKER has always wanted to own a motorcycle but he never could figure out why they stood up on two wheels. He has solved his craving by purchasing a Crosley four wheel, two cylinder put-put.

HENRY (SOUTH OF THE BORDER) PIPER is the boy who has lived in Otay Mesa so long that he speaks with

a slight foreign accent. (A good character study for Horatio-Algers.)

CARMACK BERRYMAN ALGOOD, better known as the Cigar Store Indian, has recently returned to the folds of the Crib three inspection department. His pet likes are Stephen Foster, Magnetic Inspection, tennis and the fair sex.

Since PAUL (HERMIT) GUSTAFSON got his new Pontiac, city life has kept him so busy that he has had to give up his mountain retreat. I hear that at the present time he is thinking of building an adobe hut in favor of a pair of dark eyes somewhere in Mexico.

How we come to the Crib Three inspection force, night shift. I think that DAN HARRISON needs no introduction. To those of you that don't know him, may I say that any time that you want to see a big Irish grin, just smile at him. I'll guarantee that he will smile back. Dan heads the night inspection and sheds troubles and grief like a duck does water.

BUD BRAGDON comes next. If you want to stay on the right side of this boy, make a noise like a sandwich.

F. ELMER JACKSON is the man who always wears the white gloves. I guess that Rockwell machine must be pretty delicate. He has trouble adjusting his appetite to the dinner whistle and it seems that occasionally his desire for nourishment gets the best of him.

HOWARD COWHICK, magnetic inspection, says that if you have anything that you don't want, see him. He will have something to trade you for it.

Taking them as a whole, they are really a swell bunch in spite of anything I have written and I sincerely hope that the Machine Shop and the Inspection Department become better acquainted.

AND STUFF

STEVE FOUQUETTE, mill leadman, took advantage of the high rentals and built an overnight house. But it seems that he was a bit hurried about putting the roof on. During the shower we

(continued on page 21)

Maintenance

by pat kelly

"IRON MAN" STARKWEATHER, mayor of Crown Point, met with a serious accident a few weeks ago. After taking the necessary precautions, he went up on the traveling crane track in the drop hammer department. Signals were jumbled, however, and the crane hit Shorty, dragging him several feet. Only a man with Shorty's stamina could have come out of it with a big grin on his face. All of us are pulling for a rapid recovery, Shorty.

Also on the casualty list are MARSHALL with a mashed finger, EULBERG a mashed toe, and FISHBURN a mashed thumb.

(These are typical of accidents which, unfortunately, have been occurring too frequently, but which with proper precautionary measures are definitely preventable. Heavy machinery, in particular, is always potentially dangerous, and consequently everyone concerned with its operation must show extreme caution and concern for the other man. --M. M. Clancy, Safety Engineer)

Any one notice RAPER's polished finger nails? Claims he fell asleep and while dreaming of the Bow and Arrow country, his daughter took advantage of his helpless condition. While Raper is given to dreaming, we must admit the sparkling nails did no harm to his manly appearance.

more Engineering

Where, oh where is KELLER---we never see him any more?

T. HEARNE, local camera authority (questionable by many) invited J. PARK over for a sociable evening to be spent discussing the fine points of photography (and a little poker on the side). At any rate Park took a razzing on the complexity of his new camera as he attempted to take a picture without removing the lens cap. The above-mentioned host then decided he would show Jack how it should be done and demonstrate also the simplicity of his set-up. It was so simple that it only took him one-half hour to set it up. Tom proceeded to take a flash picture and continued razzing Jack. As I hear it, Tom overlooked one minor detail---he forgot to cock his shutter! So it was a nice picture he didn't take.

"CURLEY" CARMONY has a new theme song. It has something to do with "----I am Calling You".

The great white Father in Washington, so the story goes, has reserved a few oddities for Curley. The collection includes a brand new Garand, a complete outfit of O.D.'s, and



a barracks bag overflowing with other odds and ends.

VIC DuSHAUNE is what we might call a picturesque character. Early in '14 Vic joined up with the historic Coldstream Guards and served all through the first big show, inadvertently catching a few of Jerry's bouquets. That wasn't quite enough, so he went to Spanish Morocco for a bit of excitement. Here's the catch. When any one tells a story at noon, that is, shall we say "Off the Record", Vic quietly picks up his mess kit and makes for the nearest exit.

more Nuts and Bolts -- also Rivets

"Do you think papa would murder anyone?" the little girl asked her mother.

"Certainly not, darling. Whatever gave you that thought?"

"I was just out in the kitchen and heard daddy say to Mr. Brown, 'Let's kill this one while we're at it.'"

-- --

A lady entered a doctor's office and said, "I have a little wart I want removed" and the doctor said---"The divorce lawyer is next door."

-- --

"Yes," said the lawyer to the tearful young woman, "A divorce would cost you about \$200.00."

"Don't be ridiculous, I can have him shot for \$50.00"

MODELING

by paul dawson

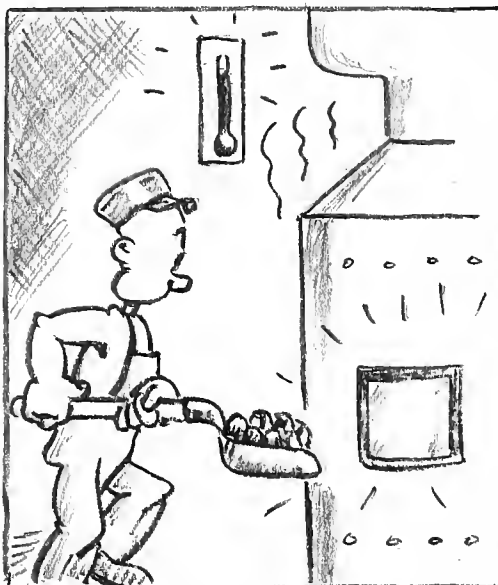
Hi Yo Silver---Away we went, to the biggest gigantic four star celebration in this decade. JAMES "ALONZO" CARLIN's house warming.

Peanuts--Pop Corn--Monkeys--Elephants--we were all there with plenty to spare---beautiful women and song. The celebration got off to a flying start with a wonderful display of fireworks.

To start off the evenings entertainment LOUIE CHAPMAN favored us with the popular song, "Hi---on a Windy Hill".

PAUL "PEANUT" FREAM took his slap happy version of a Jitterbug.

ASHLEY BISHOP and HUGHIE RYAN played anti-i-over, while LESS JAUSSAND and DOGWOOD CLINE indulged in the strenuous game of



tiddle-de-winks. C. C. CLARK and JIM CARLIN bobbed for apples, with JOHNNY CASTIEN acting as our genial host.

A delicious lunch, tomatoes, ice cream and cake, was served a little later with the ladies taking complete charge of that.

History repeated itself again on September 14th when each Ryanite forgot the fight for Uncle Sam, and took off on the "A" train for that Saratoga of the Pacific coast---Del Mar, where each and every one of us enjoyed to the fullest the privilege extended to us by T. Claude Ryan.

Here's to many, many more swell picnics.

P.S.: Thanks for the swell lunch, Mrs. James Carlin

FABRIC HI-LITES

by dorothea kolbrek

Hello Folkses: Did you all find that pot of Gold at the end of the Rainbow, or was it mud? I suppose the Chamber of Commerce will be down my throat for that crack.

News is not so hot at this time of year, especially to the barefoot brigade in the P.K. gang. We are cooling our heels.

Traffic has really become a problem, and I don't mean in the Fabric Department either. I mean getting in and out of work with cars. But then it will probably be ironed out before too long.

A time card was handed in last week that read something like this---"Seven hours forty-five minutes spent on sewing surfaces; fifteen minutes spent sewing buttons on mailman's shirt."

Girls, it's no use. I found out that the *F.A. is married. So you might as well pull yourselves together. Oh, shucks. (*F.A. does not necessarily mean Final Assembly.)

Well, we have another Inspector added to our list---ANN CARROLL is the new one; very nice too. EDITH COLLIER is still very busy---more production must be the only answer.

Yours truly certainly does feel very silly about the blue and green shirt deal. Why don't I keep my big mouth shut? Now I never know when the boss is coming---blue, green, yellow, white and striped too. To say nothing of the polka dots. It's darned confusing.

We are all becoming Slack-ers.

Several of the women have been absent at various times---MARIE, with the flue, EDITH

with the tooth-ache, VIOLA with a sore throat, GRACE had a bad cold, STELLA a stiff neck. Golly sakes, aren't women funny?

Every department has a jack of all trades and we have one too. Sometimes I think MRS. FINNEGAN is twins. First she's sewing on wings, then P.K.ing on surfaces, then a little mending. Well, we won't go into any more.

The Fabric Department lost a good man this week---TOM (I don't know his last name---we all knew him as Tom). Seems as though he is in the Parachute business now with Tex Rankin. Good luck to you, Tom.

Now that the Ghost of Halloween is gone and the spirit of Thanksgiving is upon us, I will give you the benefit of my superior knowledge in cooking the Royal Bird---Turkey.

(continued on page 27)

THE RYANETTES

— This column should be entitled "The Swan Song", "A Columnist Cuts Her Throat", or some such falderol—at least it should be bound in black. Why? Because it is my last column.

Before I say goodbye, and they carry the body away, and Slim Coats has a big laugh, I want to send my deepest apologies to MISS MARZELLA AUEN and KENNY PEARSON, whom you will remember I had on the way to matrimony in the last issue. Well, they were on their way, but not with each other. Gee whiz, please forgive me for opening my big, flabby mouth kids.

I'm not even going to take long enough to tell you about the two new beautiful girls in the front office—I'm just going to slip quietly back onto my high stool in the corner and put that big conical shaped cap on my head. Well, goodbye everybody (I guess my mother reads my column, and she's everybody to me.)

by pat kregness

(PAT KREGNESS - You're going to have an awful argument with ye editor which will be heard all over the factory office building if you try to resign from the Flying Reporter Staff. You're last column? Don't be silly! You should see some of the mistakes I make! You've done a swell job in the past and your column will continue to be a regular feature. Over my dead body you'll stop it! However, your column this time is so well written, we'll allow this public apology to run. But if we honestly thought this was your last column we wouldn't run it. So there! -- EDITOR)

BRENDA AND COBINA

I say, Cobina, you old bat, I haven't been able to catch you for three weeks. How about a little dirt this time?

I got this straight, mind you, by ye old grapevine, no less, that our little DOT ARMENTROUT is going to take up swishing those long shredded wheat biscuits over in Honolulu, with a few wedding bells mixed in so it won't be too lawfully dull. Well, she was a good kid but she sure cramped my style so --

I notice quite a few of the babes around here have been out with colds, etc. First it was GENEVIEVE BERGATH, and on her birthday too, worse luck--then LENORE BARR (she's no competition though) and DOT MANNING yesterday. The old flue is sure making the rounds again.

You sure hit it right on the nail, Brenda, when you said less competition with DOROTHY not around, but who will we have to sing to us. It is kind of nice having somebody sing to us and hand out our pay check at the same time. Like a singing telegram. Maybe it would be a good idea for us to go to the Hawaiian Isles; we might be able to get us some men; at least they couldn't run very far away from us. After that they would have to start swimming.

Did you see the worms around Sherman's birthday party. (Plaster, not human.) They sure made my blood crawl. I wasn't sure



whether they were running to or from the cake and the cider would have been better two weeks from now, but it tasted good then.

Gee, ain't some of the football games thrilling. I can't go any more. At the last one at State, they lost the football and started kicking me around. You sure get a good view from above the goal posts.

I was down to the Accounting Department the other day and there are a lot of cute jokes floating around. One about a lost hairpin and one about a butcher. Naughty, naughty.

MACHINE SHOP

had last week, his tenants woke him up in the middle of the night saying that their roof leaked too badly to get any sleep and could he please put them up for the night.

The next day Steve hired a youngster to help him repair the roof. (I understand that he weighed only ninety pounds.) The boy climbed up on the roof to make the necessary repairs and immediately fell through. Imagine the embarrassment of the tenants when they discovered they were going to have company for breakfast. He fell right in the middle of the dining room table while the victuals were being served. Steve fired the youngster right

away and hired a carpenter to get the job done.

I think that we should run BILL HUBBARD for Fire Chief. The fire whistle blew once last week and SLIM COATS tells me that Bill leaned on the corner so hard when he rounded the inspection crib that he came out of it with his hip pocket full of shavings.

DON POLLOCK should be the best friend that JIM HUMPHRIES has, but Jim doesn't know this. Poor old Jim has been so loaded down with work and worries lately that when Don has a man out of a job, he takes some off the turret lathe jobs and runs them out on the drill presses.

RYAN-DOUGLAS CLOUDSTER

None of them was injured except for the dousing.

"John secured a length of rope from some Mexicans and they tied it up to the landing gear and staked it ashore, expecting to be able to keep the Cloudster from being washed to sea. Next morning when they came down to take a good look there was nothing left but the Liberty motor and the landing gear. The breakers had completely torn the ship apart in the night before."

Thus ungloried and unsung, working as a "flying beer truck", ended on the sands of

the Mexican coast the first of a long line of Douglas airplanes which have made aviation history. A remarkable airplane in its day, it was the direct forerunner of the Douglas airplanes which were the first to fly around the world. And from it have developed the airplanes which today fly farther (the B-19) than any in the world, faster (the A-20) than anything of their type in the world and carry more passengers (the DC-2 and DC-3) than any other airplanes. (Could be that those Ryan Manifolds help keep the Douglasses flying! - Ed.)

SLIM'S PICKIN'S

mind your own business without any help. Those boys and girls who live at the beach will know what I mean.

Another by line in the same paper announces, "Ceiling on Prices of Hides Announced." That reminds me, whatever became of "MOOSE" SIRATON? Since G. STEWARD has replaced BILL CRAWFORD in the inspection department, he's started wearing a necktie. Bill moved into the shipping department, and "TEX" ROWLAND replaces "Stew".

Act II, Scene II, Hamlet "---- your only jig maker--" reminds me of GEORGE DEW. I knew you when, George, remember? BILL "NEUTRAL FLAME" JURNEY claims RED "KEWPIE" BECKER as a football player was a contortionist, because a radio announcer described him as "running around his own end". But that's nothing, BILL CORNETT says that Rob-

inson Crusoe used to "sit on his chest to eat his evening meal."

First Ryanette: "You talk too much to catch a man."

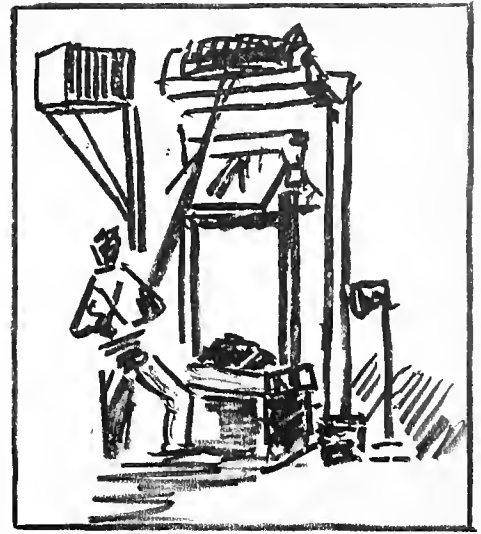
Second Ryanette: "Well, you can't catch anything if you keep your trap shut."

Inspector JOHN MONROE CAMERON is happier than a Dalmatian in a wagon factory, and hints at forthcoming nuptials. Could it be the breath taking Hermaine? DICK GILLAM is trying to convince "Brown-eyes" (Louise) at Glenn's, National City, that he's at least trying, like a grasshopper on the edge of the Grand Canyon.

Well, I guess this is all of "My Day", except I've just seen the schedule for the new income tax, and I guess I'm going to have to change my motto from, "In hoc signo vinces," to just short "In hoc".

DROP-HAMMER DEPARTMENT

by William van den Akker



The big ones go BOOM and the little ones go BANG as production speeds the parts out of the Hammer Shop. Many of us are all too prone to think of the Drop Hammer department as a place of lots of noise, with each operator vying with his neighbor to see who can make the most noise in the shortest space of time.

Stampings, however, are much more than this. The dies, usually of Kirksite and lead, must be carefully made. The upper die, which is for the most part made of lead, is called the Punch, while the lower die, usually of Kirksite, is generally referred to as the Die.

The leveling of the dies is no small matter, and must be of extreme accuracy. The Kirksite die is leveled with a torch. The Lead Punch is poured in position while resting on the Kirksite Die. The latter is meanwhile setting on a leveling plate.

Failure to align the dies properly will result in bad stampings, together with the fact that the possibility of breaking a die is ever present. It is unnecessary to mention that accurate stampings cannot result from dies which are not properly leveled.

The dies are first prepared in the modeling shop as a plaster form. These are very accurate, and it is from this that a sand mold is made. After the sand mold has been accomplished and "slicked", the die is cast. Proper allowances must be made for shrinkage, and upon cooling the die is removed from the mold and "finished". This "finishing" of the die comes under the heading of "craftsmanship" and determines to a large extent the life of the die. Any error, no matter how small at this point will result in error of the same magnitude in each of the stampings which result from this die.

Assuming now that the dies are "finished", and mounted in the hammer proper, we are ready to begin the stamping operation. But let us pause a moment: Do the dies have the proper clearance; that is, are they capable of stamping, let us say .049" material, or was the die made to stamp .065" material? Furthermore, what kind of material are we going to stamp---stainless steel, mild steel, chrome molybdenum alloy, etc? What is the finish of the material? Is it a 2D finish, a sand blasted finish or a #1 mill finish? Will the stamping permit a severe stretching of the metal? Is it of primary structure? How close are the tolerances and what are the allowables?

By now you are beginning to realize that there is a little bit more to this matter of stamping than just raising a die and letting it go, either Boom or Bang. Yes, it is a great deal more than this. In fact, it is an operation which must result in precision parts, while the operator does not possess the precision equipment to do the work for him. He is faced with the necessity of timing his blows of the Punch to a hair's breadth. Each time the operator raises the head, he must know just how high to raise it in order to "Draw" the metal down to the required contour. Mistakes at this point result in wrinkles in the material, excessive thinning of the metal, or worse still, a fracture or tear in the metal which will be cause for rejection of the entire part.

Sometimes it is impossible to make a stamping without wrinkles in the metal. These wrinkles generally show as slight irregularities. When it has been found that it is impossible to eliminate this factor, the irregularities are removed by planishing. This consists of a pneumatic hammer and base which hammers the parts smooth. This operation, like all operations in the hammer shop, must be done carefully, in order to prevent thinning of the material, or excessive strain hardening.

The quality of the metal is also very important. If the metal is too hard or springy, difficulty will be encountered in keeping the stampings uniform. Failure on the part of those

(continued on page 23)

DROP HAMMER DEPARTMENT

checking the materials, will often result in a waste of much material, as well as an increase of many man hours of production. Another important consideration is the finish of the materials. This should be in accordance with the construction of the dies. A very smooth and hard material does not lend itself to deep drawing nearly so well as the same material with a slightly roughened surface. An example of this roughening is a sandblasted or pickled surface.

Harley Rubish, a member of long standing with the Ryan Aeronautical Company, is the Foreman of the Hammer Shop. He has been unceasing in his efforts to constantly improve the quality of Ryan Stampings. It is no small fact that he has succeeded as evidenced by the outstanding quality of the work which is constantly coming from his department. As a further tribute to his successful management, it may be added that with very little more equipment, his department has more than doubled the quantity of output. Along with the increase in production quantity, has been a steady rise in quality of the workmanship. Closer fits are made possible by more accurate stampings, plus a speeding up for the assembly crews and welders who complete all or part of the work on the stampings.

Some facts to remember about the stampings are as follows: The metal is Work Hardened, or strain hardened after the last stroke of the hammer. This generally gives the metal a "spring-back", which must be removed by an annealing process which softens the metal. A final blow after annealing serves to "set" the metal in the die. The uniformity which results from stampings made in this manner is evidenced in the way that the parts can be "nested" together. The above procedure applies to stainless steel stampings. In the case of aluminum alloy stampings, the parts are stamped, then heat treated, and "set" in the final operation.

Stampings can be and are made in "stages" or successive operations in which the metal is gradually drawn or formed to the contour of the die. Much of the staging is eliminated by the use of rubber. This operation involving the use of rubber cannot be standardized, and depends for its success upon the supervision by the department head, and the ability and experience of the operators. Another method which has long been utilized in the Ryan Hammer Shop, is compression stamping.

The use of this principle involves the "bunching" of metal at the point of severe forming. When an excess of metal has been forced into this area, subsequent operations allow the metal to follow the contour of the die so that thickness is uniform over the entire stamping. If staging were eliminated, and the entire forming attempted in one operation, the metal would fracture and tear. A small amount of die metal will remain on the metal stamped. In the case of stainless steel, which is particularly susceptible to "galling", a special acid treatment is required to remove the die metal in order to prevent Zinc Embrittlement.

Lubrication is no small problem. Care must be exercised in the application of the lubrication oils. This problem is sometimes complicated in that a lubricant must be chosen which can be easily removed. In all cases it must be remembered that the QUALITY of the stamping is the yard stick of measurement. If the stamping is accurate, then and then only can we say that we have the desired product, namely quality with quantity.

Another feature to be remembered, is the matter of scrap waste metal. The manner in which the blanks are cut can often be the difference between profit or loss. Suffice it to say that the men in the Hammer Department are doing all of these things plus plenty of work, and GOOD work. Let us then take the thought with us the next time we visit the Hammer Shop, or hear the Booms and Bangs, that the men in the Hammer Shop are doing a good job, a skilled job, and that the Hammer Shop is one which is known up and down the Pacific Coast as one which is able to turn out as fine stampings, and in many cases, finer than the best of them. Good luck, fellows, and by your continued good work, we know that you are doing your part to KEEP RYAN'S A GOOD PLACE TO WORK.

TO RYAN AERONAUTICAL COMPANY EMPLOYEES:

Your kind expression of sympathy

is gratefully acknowledged

and deeply appreciated.

Mrs. Geraldine Broan.

THE WIZARD CANE MAN

BY C.E. THOMAS



DON FLACK, who is employed by the Ryan Aeronautical Company as a janitor, has an invention which he made or secured while working at the Worlds Fair in San Francisco in 1939 and 1940, where he was employed in Robert G. Ripley's "Believe It or Not Odditorium."

While strolling through the grounds one day, Flack stopped to watch a demonstration at the General Motors Exhibit. They were demonstrating with a large piece of Lucite by holding a flashlight in one end, the light coming out of the other end.

Flack, wondering how the light could penetrate the Lucite, secured a stick of it four and one-half feet long and one inch in

diameter. Working day and night, he fashioned it into a cane that illuminates whenever it comes in contact with the ground in the manner of a Neon light.

The vine and leaves, he carved himself, and they extend the entire length of the cane.

He carries the cane with him whenever he goes walking, and values it very highly. Hundreds of people have inquired about the cane, and it has been the sensation of many an American Legion Convention. It is to his knowledge, the only lighted cane in existence. Many people believe it to be Neon, but Flack insists that there are no wires in it, and it is so constructed to light itself whenever it is touched to the pavement. Since its innovation, Mr. Flack has been known as the "Wizard Lighted Cane Man".

"Lucite", if you didn't know, is a polymerized derivative of methacrylic acid, (try that on your zither) and can be procured as a cast resin in the form of sheets, rods, and tubes and as a thermoplastic moulding powder. In both forms it can be procured as a crystal clear product and in a wide variety of brilliant transparent, translucent and opaque colors.

NEWS OF THE FLYING CLUB AND FLIERS

by Earl E. Byrdman

JACK "ACE" GAGE presided over the last meeting, pinch hitting for absentee HARRY MILES. A schedule of fall and winter activities was discussed, the program to include breakfast hops, hangar dance, hay ride and a series of spot landing contests.

ANN BAUER is the latest to solo, and now that vacations are over, there is more action with fewer principals than there was at the Battle of San Juan. Among those attending the meeting were EARL ERWIN, DESSA HOWELL, NONA NEUMONT, SAM PINNEY, ANN BAUER, MARGE PILLING, VINC BENBENNICK, DICK WILSON, DALE FARIS, "SLIM" COATS, JACK GAGE, HANK HANGGI, and JENS NEWMAN. TOMMY FEWINS has just purchased an Arrow Sport--a fine hunk of stuff. JERRY CONNELLY has his Commercial Ticket.

Note to WES MOVITZ: Contact "HANK" HANGGI, leadman on the day manifolds--he'll explain the details for you.

Pilots of airplanes who fly over restricted areas in the United States and its possessions during the present national emergency may expect prompt and severe penalties says Harllee Branch, chairman of the Civil Aeronautics Board.

The prohibition against planes flying over naval bases, military depots, arsenals, and other strategic national defense points must, he says, be strictly enforced. He said that there are a number of such restricted areas in the United States proper, besides Alaska, Canal Zone, etc.

Branch urged that all pilots acquaint themselves with the restricted areas because they are liable to disciplinary action even though they fly over such areas by inadvertance. Lists of restricted areas can be obtained from the Chief, Flight Information Section, Civil Aeronautics Administration, Commerce Department, Washington, D. C. There are a number of such areas in this vicinity, so watch yourself.

DROP - HAMMER NEWS

by Dick Gillam

Three new men have been inducted into the second shift drop hammer department--JOE SIRAGUSA, HENRY HALL and JERRY HANSON. Joe is doing a bang up job of blowing off parts and helping the crane man; Henry has the makings of a drop hammer operator and Jerry is doing a swell job as move man. Keep up the good work, boys. We're glad to have you with us.

JOHNNY MOSER went to Los Angeles this last week-end via Long Beach. Johnny won't say why the Long Beach stop but I hear she's from Northwestern University. Nice going, Johnny.

The speed king of the hour is none other than BUD FARR, our own time-keeper. Bud was cruising down University at normal when John Law nabbed him for doing 35 in a 25 mile zone. Shame for you, Bud--that Chevy will do better than that.

VERNON WINDMILL and Violet Hillberg recited vows and became Mr. and Mrs. Windmill Sunday, October 19th. It seems funny that he didn't tell the gang when and where, or maybe he wanted to be alone. Anyway we all wish you luck.

CURLY HOERMAN, hammer operator #3, broke down and bought himself a car. It's a '37 Chrysler sedan. Curly says he can roll that baby up to about 60 in second gear, throw in the overdrive, push the throttle through the floor board, throw the brake out

the window and just lay back and cruise all day.

The second shift drop hammer bowling league is off to a good start. There are six teams, four men to a team. Team captains are as follows--RUSTON, HOERMAN, TREAT, WAYTE, WINDMILL and COUGHLIN.

How these guys can pull the rope all night and throw the ball all day is beyond me.

The best five players on this team will have a game with the drop hammer league players soon and if they expect to come close to us, they will sure have to practice a lot.

ADOLPH BOLGER, TOM SARICH and MIKE MOYER teamed up to play in the golf tournament at La Jolla. I don't believe they took any prizes but there seems to be a misunderstanding as to who beat who in the three-some. Tom Sarich or Mike Moyer did not tell me, but I heard from a pretty reliable source that Adolph Bolger beat Tom and Tom beat Mike. Nice going, boss.

By the way, the boys on the second shift drop hammer are somewhat in a daze. Here a few nights ago a young lady walked through the shop at 12:00 o'clock--two nights in a row and we haven't seen her since. I hope none of the boys scared her by staring. I wish she would come back because every night at 12 o'clock there is a lull in the shop, and if there is going to be a lull, she might just as well be there.

SPECIAL--On the 7th of November, "POP" LINDERFELT, heat treat man second shift, will be 65 years old. According to law he is totally disabled or unfit for active duty, but "Pop" says he would rather work.

Pop has pulled through six wars--Spanish American, Phillipine, China, Mexico and World War I and he is married. This last war has been going on 37 years and Pop says he never won a battle.

Well, we all wish you a happy birthday, "Pop", and I'll bet that the 8th of November will be the only day in a long time that you won't be fit for duty.

Anything on the unusual side in the cartoons, either in the last issue or in the present one, may be correctly attributed to the vicissitudes of becoming a father. Yea--GEORGE MICHAEL DUNCAN, born one dark and stormy night, October 21st, to our honorable cartoonist and his wife. CONGRATULATIONS!



Final Assembly Notes

BY JACK BILLINGS

JOHN VANDER LINDE, Supervisor, was given quite a surprise the other day. John was reading a newspaper clipping about an old employee of the Ryan Aeronautical Company who at one time had worked in his department. The person was none other than that famous character "WRONG WAY CORRIGAN".

John had just finished reading the article, and was ready to embark on one of his many duties when, glancing up, he saw before him Corrigan himself.

After the shock of the strange coincidence had settled the two took a walk through the plant and discussed old times, and saw many of Corrigan's old buddies

Corrigan was quite impressed at the change that has taken place at the Ryan Aeronautical Company. He was very pleased with the progress of the assembly line.

Doug was in town to witness the opening and the dedication of the new parts plant at Consolidated. However, running true to form

he showed up at Ryan instead, merely to see his many old friends.

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The department now boasts another proud father---Leadman NORMAN LARSEN was presented with a 7 pound boy by Mrs. Larsen. Norman is feeling much better now and of course the customary cigars were in order.

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The department is quite proud of the new flight line---it is a great improvement over the old mud flats.

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Hats off to LARRY "McPHAIL" GIBSON, the welfare director, who in his spare time this summer found time to run the Ryan All-Star Softball team. Not only did Larry do a fine job of managing the team to the city championship, but he also proved to be a better than average pinch hitter and general all around handy man. NICE GOING, LARRY!

Sheet Metal News

BY JACK YOUNG

Ho hum! The Bearded Prophet is no more! He wasn't put to an end for not coming thru with a contribution---for Sheet Metal---in the last Flying Reporter. He merely lost his identity when he rid himself of the bush for picture taking purposes. Good riddance, we'd say.

Sheet metal has enlarged to the extent of requiring assistant lead men. Some growth, huh? L. W. WHITE (his only name is in the form of those initials and he has a birth certificate to prove it) has been picked to lend a hand to DICK WELLS of the riveting group. "PETE" PEDERSEN is being ably assisted by ART KILMER. If you're not acquainted with Art---keep your ear glued to KGB. Art had a very successful audition on that station recently. Good luck, Art! Oh, yeah---Art sings!

While we're on the subject of rapid expansion it would probably be apropos to mention that one F. A. DAVIS is the proud father of twins---a seven and one-half pound boy and a six pound girl, born Friday night, the tenth.

Has PAUL HOFFMAN, Erich's clerk, asked any of you about the training of a bird dog? He was the proud owner of an English Pointer and would like some pointers on catching one. It's also rumored that Erich is going in for hunting dogs. Probably a lot of you guys would get more companionship from a good dog than you do from those drive-in gals. How's about that GRABAR?

BILL BROWN probably won't make that trip. He married Miss Gertrude Swanson in Los Angeles, Saturday the 11th and made a hurried trip to San Francisco over the weekend.

One gent checked out last week with the complaint that the plant was too noisy. JAKE LUNSFORD was quite sympathetic---claiming that it is hard to sleep at times.

Orchestra leader Frank Davis knocked himself out the other night. He practiced on his drums by playing along with Krupa records. Five straight hours proved too long a time for such goings on. He didn't show

(continued on page 27)

more sheet metal

up for work the next day and is still walking around in a dream. ART SCHUBERT will be passing cigars one of these days--for details see J. LUNSFORD.

If DAVE PALASH, timekeeper, really wants to make a winner from his recently acquired race horse ----"Be Under Fire" a two year old filly. In case you're looking for good odds he'd best act as pace setter. Palash beat the whistle to the clock house the other night!

Ever play the game Cats and Mice? See PETE PEDERSEN or FRANK LAMMAR for details.

JOHNNIE KIRWAN, of the routers, really goes in for lengthy vacations. He and his wife have just returned from a 34 day vacation to Massachusetts. Johnnie only had two flat tires going and managed to throw out a clutch in Oklahoma on the way back. Besides being hard on clutches, he claims Oklahoma is also tough about passing in a "No Passing" zone. What's five bucks if you've had a swell vacation, Johnnie?

Back after forced vacations are DICK NARE and JACK BURNS. HARRY PASS is doing nicely at the Mercy Hospital. He's the victim of an auto accident. Hope to see you soon, Harry.

JACK EDWARDS, riveter, has been spending many an hour each night for quite some time now, hopping a model "A" chassis up with a '28 V-8 engine. He's really enthusiastic about the job and will "gow-out" with any and all comers. He plans to run up to Muroc

more of Bob's Bumps

Boy, what excitement we had last night! We had our first fire alarm and it was lucky we got it under control as it could have been very costly. Of course everything went off just like clock work. We have not had enough time to really instruct the fire men in their duties as much as we would like to but we hope in the near future to have a fire department second to none.

Our plant police really give us all the help any one could and we really appreciate it. We hope to have the plant zoned and lettered off so we can go to any certain spot in the plant on a second's notice. G. E. BARTON was there and very willingly gave us all the help possible. He was right in there wading around in the foam with us and I think that really shows the RYAN spirit. Yes, when it comes to a pinch, the men at RYAN can be depended on. Our Super DAN BURNETT and RAY ORTIZ, our foreman, stayed right in there with us too, and we, the Fire Marshals, wish to take this opportunity to express our thanks for their help.

Dry Lake one of these Sundays and will give us his clockings. How's about a Ryan "Gow" club, he asks?

ROY STEINHAUER and HARPSTER have traded shifts as leadmen over the routers. It's a temporary arrangement and will be followed by other such exchanges among the leadmen, as we have it. The idea being to work out a common operations method between the first and second shifts. A very good idea we think! Hope the night shift doesn't affect all of the boys the way it has PHIL STILLMAN. It seems that Phil lost yours truly's lock the other night, was good enough to borrow a combination lock for the drawer, and left an apologetic note saying that he would buy a new lock, but neglected to leave the combination. When did Gertie get back from the coast, Phil?

Air-minded, but in a different way, are HAROLD WALL and LARRY ANDERSON---ex-Colorado and Wyoming, respectively. They've been breaking broncs for Barney, a renter of horse flesh at Bostonia. So far they've tamed and are training three of them. Says Harold, "These horses are being trained especially for Ryan workers. One of them even whistles at red heads in slacks."

EMMY "BETA-CINCH" GUTZMAN, captain of our bowling team---issues a challenge to any established team, for a no-handicap bowling contest at anytime on any alley. In answer to a pin boy's dream we offer---GUTZMAN, FRED HILL, JIM COOK, "SHORTY" PALOMA, ART KILMER and E. BURKS. Keep 'em rolling, fellers!

more Fabric Hi-Lites

First be sure of his or her demise. Feathers are very nice in your hat, but not in the dressing. You must soak him in salt water too, as this will keep him from shrinking. Line your roaster with soap before you stuff him as this will save a lot of dishwashing later on.

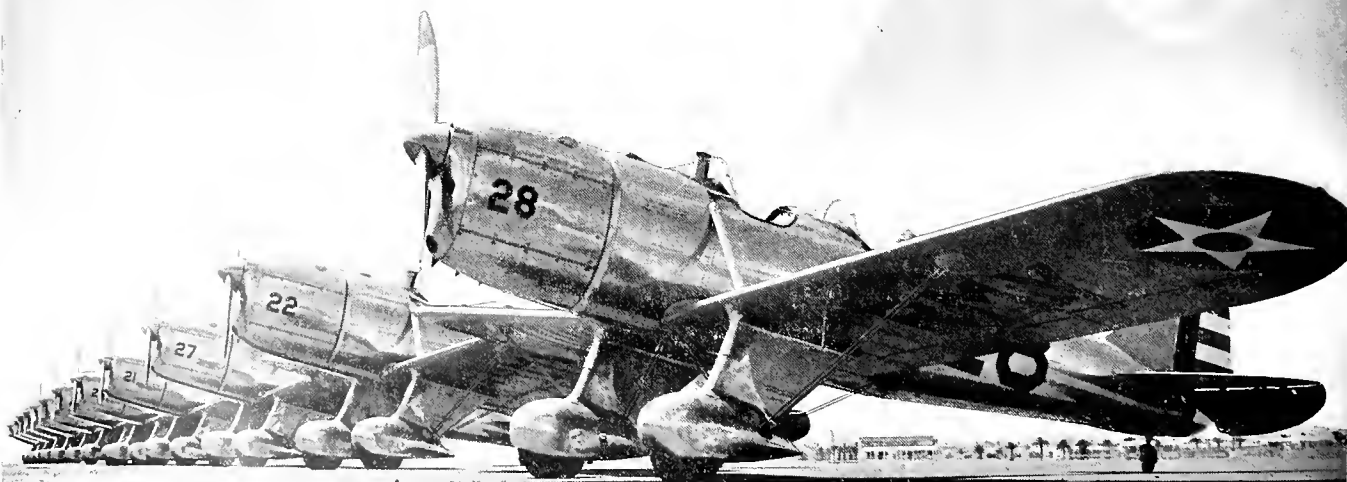
Say, did you ever use bath powder for seasoning instead of sage. It's really amazing. The expression on everyone's face when they taste it. Eggs are too expensive--use dried apples or prunes. Another helpful hint is to baste the bird with cylinder oil from time to time. As a matter of fact, you won't even have to thicken the gravy.

I certainly do hope I have been of help to you. As a last suggestion, it's always best to keep hamburger in the refrigerator, just in case you can't eat the turkey.

Your corn-fed reporter was off work a couple of days last week with the flu but now I'm doing fine, thank you.



● For Land or Sea Pilot Training, Ryan S-T type low-wing monoplanes are establishing enviable records in the service of the United States and friendly foreign governments.

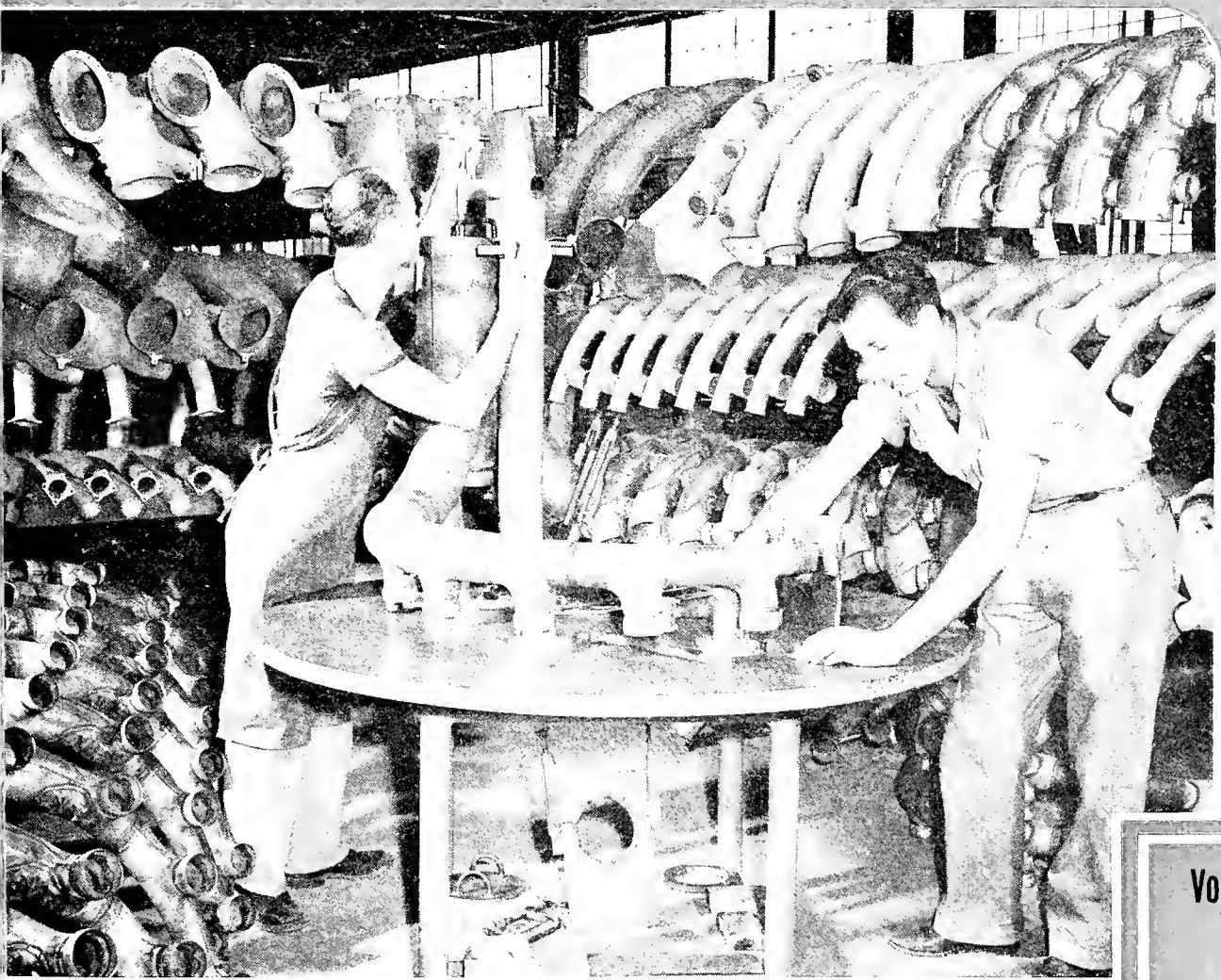


RYAN AERONAUTICAL CO.



SAN DIEGO, CALIF., U.S.A.

Ryan **Flying Reporter**



PUBLISHED BY AND FOR EMPLOYEES



RYAN AERONAUTICAL COMPANY

Vol. 2 No. 9

NOVEMBER

28TH

1941

RYAN FLYING REPORTER

Vol. 2 No. 9

Keep 'Em Flying

November 28, 1941

THOUGHTS OF A DEFENSE WORKER

I am a defense worker. There are thousands just like me throughout our great nation. To me, it is the most wonderful experience of my life--because the nature of the work is so far reaching.

Sometimes--when energy is low, the task seems heavy and wearisome, and I find my mind wandering to thoughts of fishing, golf, swimming, boating or perhaps just resting on the beach. My mind seeks such thoughts as -- "if I only had" -- when in reality I have more wealth of life and opportunity at hand than comes to most people in a normal span of life.

I feel a great deal of pride when I realize that I have proven trustworthy enough to be employed in the great task our country has undertaken. I know that everything I do, however trivial it may seem on the surface, is one of the basic millions of steps which tend to make a picture complete. For instance, I know every job has a meaning and to this end--what I am doing not only helps us to help our friends over there, but enables us to protect ourselves.

It is like a gigantic puzzle in effect--due to the fact that the digit which I have just posted is simply a numeral. But looking beyond the page upon which it is written, I vision those I love, peace, health, happiness, the American way of living with its appetite for freedom; to exercise one's mind and life; to live as God intended it to be lived; to enjoy the beauty of nature; to feel the warmth of the sun upon one; to gaze enraptured upon the glories of the heavens on a clear starlit night; to see the flowers, bedecked smilingly in their brilliant hues as Mother Nature dressed them for the spring; science, art, literature, medicine--and on and on to the things which touch upon the life of everyone.

These things I envision. Then follows a thought of charred ruins, of terror running rampant, of tragedy, starvation, disease, slavery to a hated cause, of a living hell on earth. When these visions have passed, and my eyes alight upon the work at hand, I see it as opportunity--as the tool which has been given to me to help me protect in my modest way these others throughout the land that are going about tasks other than defense work--and those dear to me.

And so, I shan't mind what my country asks of me through those who employ me, because I know we all have a common task, a common duty and a common destiny in the land we

(Flying Reporter publishes these thoughts by a worker in another factory because we feel that they represent a cross section of the thoughts and beliefs of America's loyal army of defense workers in the present national emergency. -- From Douglas Airview)



love. And come what may, deep down in my heart I shall know that I have endeavored to do, to the best of my ability, whatever I could for my fellowmen, my country, and myself.



RYAN FLYING REPORTER

Published by Employees of the
RYAN AERONAUTICAL COMPANY
Through their Welfare Department
under direction of
MERVIN MARCO and LARRY GIBSON

* * * *

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Bolts, Nuts & Rivets Noremac
Blasts from the
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Manifold Exhaust Manny Fohlde
Maintenance Pat Kelly
Final Assembly Notes Jack Billings
The Kite Maker Chas. Anderson
Fabric Hi-Lites Dorothy Kolbrek
Ryanettes Pat Kregness
Sheet Metal Jack D. Young
Engineering J. Park & B. Close

COVER PICTURE - Manifolds aren't very romantic objects we must admit, so we're sure that men in that department will realize that most front-covers of Flying Reporter have been of planes because they lend themselves more readily to interesting illustration. However, just to prove that the editors, too, realize the importance of Ryan's manifold manufacturing activities, we are running the picture on the front cover of this issue as a special tribute to the Manifold Men.

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DEADLINE DATE - for copy for the next issue of Flying Reporter is 5:00 Wednesday, December 10th. Specially prepared sheets on which to put your material are available from LARRY GIBSON of the Welfare Department.

FROM A NEW COMER

I jest wonder if youse Publishers, Binders and Printers would let a new guy nudge in on one of your columns jest long enough to say hello to the finest bunch of fellers and gals I ever met. Really, I kinder figger Ryan has sumthin' there.

You know, as a general thing when a green hand comes lumberin' in on the bunch, the ole timers get sorter clannish all to once like they was wonderin' which side of the tracks you was borned on. Then when they find you really do speak English and don't eat your meat raw, they kinder begin watchin' you with a suspicious eye like you was there to try out fer their job er sumpin'.

But not them Ryan workers. No siree. Why everyone was so dern nice to me, I begin to get suspicious of them thinkin' they had lightnin' rods, er insurance, er sumpthin' to sell me.

Why I was treated like it was mighty nice of me to come and help out. And no matter what blunders I made, seems like there was allus someone handy to smile plesant like and show me how to do it right.

Now to some, that might not mean anything but to me, I tell you, it meant everything. You see, I allus tried to be as nice to the other feller as he was to me and them Ryan folks are makin' it mighty tough fer me to keep up with them.

Really, I don't know where they found so many nice people but I have a hunch the personnel department has sumthin' to do with it. And if the personnel is so dern nice and keerfull of how they select, it can only come from the officials. And them bein' that way too surely must mean that Claude ain't such a bad egg either.

But I'm kinder ketchin' on and have worked three old vertebraes loose in my neck bowin' and sayin' "good mornin'" when I come to work. And the bosses. Well, they really look hurt if they don't get a chance to speak first. My boss is so dern nice I wouldn't dare to invite him home to dinner fer fear the wife would take him fer one of the boys and start tellin' him all my faults.

Anyway, I'm mighty proud to be one of you and sincerely hope I never do anything to make myself unworthy of your company. And when I look down and see that ole Ryan badge shinin' on my chest, my vest pooches out a bit more than normal.

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S-T WINS IN BRAZIL

One of the most enthusiastic private pilot owners of a Ryan S-T is Anesio Amaral, Jr., young sportsman of Sao Paulo, coffee raising center of Brazil in South America.

Amaral purchased one of the first Ryan S-Ts some five years ago, had it shipped to Brazil, and has since been operating it most successfully - so successfully in fact that he has consistently won most of Brazil's important sportsman pilot races and acrobatic flight contests in recent years.

Last week, as most every year at this time, came word from Amaral that he had again won the "Circuito Aero Nacional" - this year for the FIFTH time. The race, we understand, is of some 2000 miles duration between Brazil's most important cities, with points being awarded competing pilots for piloting and navigating ability as well as speed.

Beside being the five-time winner of this most important Brazilian sporting event, Amaral has won numerous other awards as well, all of which are inscribed on the cowling of his Ryan S-T. Pictures received last year showed at least eight awards inscribed on the cowling. We have written Amaral for pictures of this year's event and hope to be able to print several in coming issues of Flying Reporter.

Several other Ryan S-Ts and Ryan S-C cabin planes are operated by private owners in South America, and in fact the S-C of Edgard Rocha Miranda last year was second-place to Amaral in the "Circuito Aero Nacional."

Speaking of Brazil brings to mind a letter Miss Mosena (in Eddie Molloy's office) brought to our attention. It's from a young Brazilian student. Although we're apt to laugh at his struggle with the English language - and who doesn't have to struggle - his sincerity is obviously very genuine, and you can be sure he will receive the pictures for which he took the trouble to write. Here's his letter:

Rio de Janeiro, Brazil
September 25, 1941

Ryan Aeronautical Co.
San Diego, U. S. A.

Respected Sirs

I am a 16 years old student and, as a twenty century boy, I have a great interest by aviation, chiefly in this hour that my country is in a epoch of developement of the air forces. I have a great interest by everything concerning airplanes and its construction.

I wish to know if it would be possible, I receive free of cost and without obligation, photographs of the Ryan airplanes, chiefly of the Ryan S-T and of the Ryan Pt-21.

I am demanding the photograph of the famous Ryan S-T because it will be a great pleasure for me to place the picture of this famous avion in the wall of my bedroom. From that time gratefully, I am

respectfully

Jose Murillo de Carvalho

OPERATIONS OFFICE

In case anyone has wondered what that little white shack in the northwest corner of the factory yard is for, we wish to announce it is Ryan's new operations office.

Due to the increased fly-away deliveries of PT-22s to the Army schools, the need arose for a place to handle ferry pilots and paper work in that connection, and also an operations office for company test pilots.

Office space for use of the Army Acceptance Officers, Lt. Terry and Lt. Jones and Company Test Pilots C. J. Rust, Leonard (Miraculous) Miraldi and Al Lawrence, Army Inspection and Company Inspection has been provided.

Locker space for keeping parachutes and other flight gear is also provided for.

Thus another important item which contributes to the nationwide slogan of "Keep 'Em Flying" is put in operation by Ryan Aeronautical Company.

C. J. Rust

"If you work for a man, in heaven's name, work for him. Speak well of him and stand by the institution he represents. Remember, an ounce of loyalty is worth a pound of cleverness. If you must growl, condemn, and eternally find fault---resign your position, and when you are outside, damn to your heart's content. But as long as you are part of the institution, do not condemn it, for if you do, the first high wind that comes along will blow you away and you will never know why."

SERVICE DEPARTMENT FETES WALTER LOCKE

By Mary Maud Mitchell

Climaxing six weeks of anticipation and planning, the Service Department finally flung its surprise banquet for Walter Locke on Saturday evening, November 15th. The affair was held in the Sun Room of the San Diego Hotel. Postponed on three occasions, the Committee in Charge began to despair of keeping negotiations secret from Walter, but the surprised look on his face as he walked into the room at 7:15, expecting to find another dinner-dance underway there, bore out his words that he "was completely flabbergasted." In his after-dinner remarks, he warned his staff that from now on "he would have to keep a more careful watch over what kind of business went on out in his office!"

The affair was planned primarily to honor Walter Locke who has served so capably in so many capacities in the Ryan Aeronautical Company ever since he first entered the school in 1926. Promoted rapidly to the position of Production Manager, he has worked on almost all the models produced by Ryan, and seen the company grow from its beginning. With a slight intermission in the years between 1928 and 1933 when he was loaned out to various other aircraft companies, he has worked with Claude Ryan continually and held the jobs of Purchasing Agent and Personnel Manager before he became Service Manager in 1939.

The dinner was given as a token of appreciation by those with whom he has worked, and in particular those who are now working with him, and he was presented with the gift of a fountain pen desk set. The head table was decorated with "Keep 'Em Flying!" signs, purloined from G. E. Barton's desk without his knowledge, and subsequently returned; red, white and blue flowers, and a contraption designed to display four photographs of Ryan planes. This latter item, called a bird cage by its designer for lack of a better title, now decorates Walter's office and provides amusement for those who call upon him there.

The dinner also served as a first birthday celebration for the Service Department itself. The latter has expanded so rapidly in the past few months that it has scarcely had a chance to become aware of itself, and

(continued on page 14)

FAITH

We start life with an abundance of faith. First our parents have faith that we shall be born normal, that we shall be healthy and strong, that some day we will be successful to a great degree.

Then we ourselves have an inherent faith in our parents. First, because it is instinctive, the law of nature---Faith that we will be protected and cared for until such time as we have learned to protect and care for ourselves.

Our first break-away from our protected home-life comes when we are left the first day in school. The strangeness of many children about us leaves only the teacher in whom we are now obliged to place our faith. Thru our school life we have faith in some of our teachers and not in others. I am sure that we gain far more knowledge from the teacher in whom we have faith than from those whom we do not. And the reverse situation is of equal importance. There is no limit to the study and work we will do if we know that our teachers have faith in us.

Our first job, we are nervous and apprehensive, and yet somehow we sum up enough courage to apply. After receiving our job we depend largely upon faith, but this time it is faith in ourselves.


Faith in our ability to learn (for we never stop learning), combined with ambition, enthusiasm and sincerity, we are launched on our careers.

Sometime the road is easy going and sometime it is pretty rough and when it is rough we need plenty of faith to carry us through.

When employer and employee relationship enjoys true faith, each in the other, there is greater success in store for both.

Our very government, of, by, and for the people, is an outgrowth of the tremendous faith of our forefathers who believed that they were right and that the future would be bright for their children and their children's children.

Let us now have FAITH in our Neighbor and our Neighbor's Neighbor, and that soon the war clouds will give way to a bigger and brighter ray of sunshine for all the peoples of the earth.


Daniel B. Burnett, Jr.
Night Superintendent

IF THE TIME CLOCK TALKED

CLEANING UP FALLS

Things haven't been so good around old Department "B" for the last ten days.

First off, that new machine helper slipped on a spot of oil, fell and broke his wrist.

Then Fred tripped over a truck handle and cracked his head on the edge of a work bench.

The pay-off was when Larry fell over a piece of steel scrap in the aisle and scraped plenty of skin off his arm and the side of his face.

Then things began to happen.

Super Jack arrived and grabbed Foreman Grindo right out in front of me and Jack sounded off plenty!

Leaving out the cuss words, Jack told Grindo that more men had been hurt in this department during the last ten days than in all the rest of the plant and that Grindo had better get on his horse and do something about it pronto.

He told Grindo what to do, too.

Briefly, Super Jack said that what Department "B" needed was a good thorough house cleaning---that most falls happened because things were lying around where they shouldn't be instead of being piled up, picked up or put away properly.

They both left to make an inspection and it wasn't long before I caught glimpses of the janitor mopping up oil spills; turning truck handles out of the way, cleaning up odds and ends and making aisles clear.

A little later someone put up a new poster right beside me which says "IF IT DOESN'T BELONG ON THE FLOOR--PICK IT UP!"

This is a problem that everyone in the department can do something about and I've seen Grindo talking to most of the boys. From the way things are beginning to look, there aren't going to be any more injuries from falls around here.

Super Jack is right,---"There should be a place for everything--and everything should be in its place."

Too bad for Grindo that he didn't get wise to this before Jack had to put him on the carpet!

KEEP THE AISLES CLEAR

We reproduce the following summation of an address by Maj. J. D. Fullerton, an Englishman of the royal engineers, speaking at a meeting of the International Congress of Engineers in Chicago.

He stated:

"First, it seems quite probable that in the near future aerial warfare will have to be counted on.

"Second, this will, practically speaking, revolutionize the art of war.

"Third, owing to the high rate of speed which airships will attain, it will be necessary for all nations to maintain themselves ready for war at very short notice.

"Fourth, the nations most affected by the introduction of aerial warfare will be those

who depend for their defense upon navies.

"Fifth, as the aerial ships will be, comparatively speaking, inexpensive, the small nations will be able to equip themselves with them.

"Sixth, owing to the possibility of war at very short notice, a larger proportion of the nation will have to be kept under arms.

"Seventh, warfare by sea and land will only be possible when a nation has command of the air."

THE SPEECH WAS DELIVERED IN THE YEAR 1893.



The Body Builders

by jos. g. groszek_____

With the Final Assemblers in need of more space, the Fuselage Department was obliged to move to a new location. We now can be found adjacent to the "Wing Assembly" Department. Though somewhat crowded, we soon will become accustomed to our new home and again the wheels of production will keep moving along.

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In need of a tow truck, which was no where to be found, EDDIE BARKOVIC, found himself confronted with the problem of moving his tool cabinet to the new location. To see him pulling and tugging and making enough noise to drown out a B-24, was really a sight. Anyone needing towing service should see Eddie "We Tow Anything" Barkovic.

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WAYNE HANSON, cruising through Escondido at a mere 80 miles an hour, was pulled abruptly to a stop by an officer of the law. "What's the matter, officer? Was I going too fast?" questioned Wayne. "No!" said the officer. "You were flying too low!" And so Hanson was presented with the officer's autograph on a piece of paper, better known to all as a "ticket".

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HOWARD GUY, our 160 pound weakling, is so skinny that anytime he drinks tomato juice, he looks like a thermometer.

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JOE JOHNSON was reportedly sick in bed, with a nurse in attendance one day last week, but the fish weren't biting. Better luck next time, Joe.

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Two men were lost last week when BOB DILLAN and BOB EVANS left us. But in their places we welcomed back into our midst, GUS "THE GREEK" ELIOPOLOUS. Gus is an old timer and we're sure glad to have him back.

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At a recent football game I happened to meet up with PHILLIP "HAPPY" BARSEN, accompanied by a young lady. From the looks of things, I think he was more interested in the lady friend as he didn't even know what the score was at the end of the game. Wow! Some boy, Barsen!

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"BUCK" KELLY, Sub Assembly Foreman, was proudly passing out the cigars last Saturday--a seven and a half pound baby girl arrived to adorn the household. GEORGE LITELL took several cigars. I've heard six and then again twelve. It is reported that he doesn't smoke them so I guess he is going to save them and then pass them out when and if he is equally as proud.

On the Alleys_____

Fuselage Team No. 2 is in quite a slump it may seem, but according to AL LAUBE, they'll be plenty hot in the second half and maybe even sooner.

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With the help of MORRIS "MOOSE" SIRATON, Team No. 1 should have an even chance to place in the money in the Ryan Bowling Tournament. We might add that "Moose" still holds a record at the Fourth and Cedar Bowling Alleys. He bowled a 279 game there last year and that's really knocking 'em down.

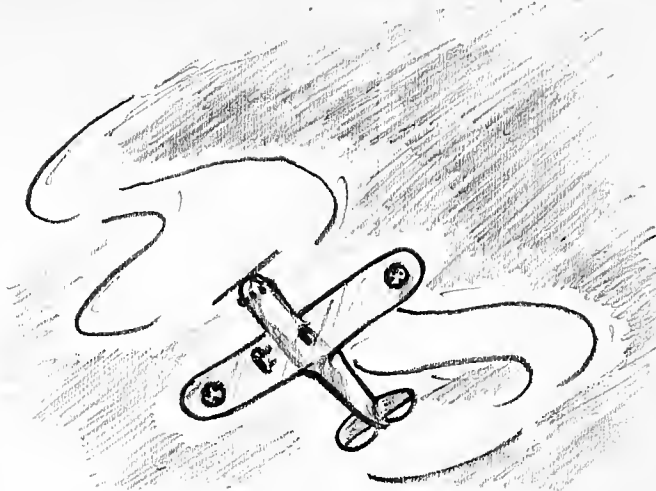
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We want to congratulate E. HERMAN of sub-assembly for bowling that 260 game against team No. 1. They didn't let him get away too far as "RED" HAZZARD was right on his tail with a score of 249.

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News 'n Views

by dick gillam



How many of you fellows read the article "Production" by Dorothy Kolbrek in the last issue of the Flying Reporter. I don't believe she missed a trick and she is right--In order to have production we must have harmony. And it is also true that on how well we do our work may depend some life, or what we do today may have some effect on somebody's happiness tomorrow. So if you still have your last issue, it'll be worth your while to read "PRODUCTION".

DEAR SLIM: Just a few lines to let you in on the latest dope. Brown Eyes (Louise) was very attractive, in fact she was too attractive. The competition was terrific and I was finally nosed out in the home stretch by a Consolidated rivet buckner. But you know how the old saying goes, "It is better to have loved and lost,"--so I'll hop along now.

A new name has just come to light. It is "WATER WAGON JARVIE", or better known as "CHAMP" with his bowling quintet. Only because of his frequent on and off the wagon did he achieve this most flattering handle.

An Englishman went back home and was telling his people how funny we do things over here in America. He told them that when we mix drinks we put in lemon to make it sour. Then we

RYAN DRAMA CLUB SCORES ONCE MORE

The Ryan Dramatic Club scored again, in the eyes of their fellow workmen, with the very successful production of "One Mad Night" on Friday, November 14th, in the Roosevelt Junior High School Auditorium.

It was easy to see that this play was the result of many long hours spent in rehearsal as in the eyes of all of the better critics, the performance was exceptionally finished. The play was well cast and each actor played his or her part very well.

From the pleasant remarks that have been heard in and around the factory, the some 500 people who attended the play were all well pleased and are eagerly awaiting the announcement of the next play to be presented.

The Welfare Department, under the direction of Mervin Marco, Personnel Director, take this opportunity to express their thanks to all of the players for their fine work and untiring efforts in making this high grade entertainment accessible to all of the Ryan employees. Again we say "Thank you for a great presentation of a very enjoyable play."

put in sugar to make it sweet. Then we say, "Here's to you," and drink it ourselves.

Have you noticed the glow in the eyes of LITTLE JOE lately. Well, the answer is an 8½ pound baby girl. Congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. J. SKAINS. And, while we are on the subject, let's all extend our congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. A. W. DUDLEY for an 8 pound 5 ounce baby boy.

Most of the Drop-Hammer boys are breaking out with new cars these days. I don't see how they do it the way prices go up and elevators come down. But speaking of cars ---E. W. KENNEDY of Hand Finish has got a '38 Buick, a lead foot, and a traffic citation for doing 40 in a 25 mile zone. Take it easy, "Buck".

If there are any of you young braves who want to look like the Chief, ask "SCHELL", our oven man, where he gets his hair cut.

RAMSEY and BROWN are back on the second shift Plannishing after a brief stay on the first shift. They have both been on the Owl and the second shift before. Anyway, we are glad to see you boys back.

CLAYTON RUSH had a good start on a moustache here not so long ago. It was, I'll

(continued on page 16)

Meet

WALTER LOCKE

by J. R. CONYERS

Here's a little information about another one of our executives who got his job by the through route, or as it is sometimes called, the complete treatment.

A very few years after his birth in Framingham, Massachusetts, in 1903 his mother discovered that there was no use trying to keep Walter away from that "air-field". The emergency landing field, built by the Army in Framingham during the war was a source of great interest to Walt during his high school years. Between chinning with the aviators and building model airplanes, he was thoroughly air-minded by the time he graduated from Phillips Exeter Academy in Exeter, N. H.

Although the family elders were not so keen on this aviation business as a career, (since his cousin, Weldon Cook, one of the pioneer aviators was killed), Walter started at the M.I.T. in 1922 to learn aeronautical engineering. He didn't get his degree. By 1926 the urge to actually fly and build airplanes was stronger than desire for academic knowledge so Walt hauled out and came to California.

Here he took a flight course from the Ryan School under Red Harrigan, combined with an "earn while you learn" course in aircraft mechanics on the Ryan M-1 mail planes. Later, in 1927, he assisted with the engineering work for Lindbergh's Ryan job, The Spirit of St. Louis, including the complex fuel and oil system.

When the old Ryan-Mahoney company moved to St. Louis in 1928 Locke went to Troy, Ohio to work for the Waco Company. From there he went to Metal Aircraft Co. in Cincinnati and then to the Veville Aircraft Company in Detroit. The guy was getting around.

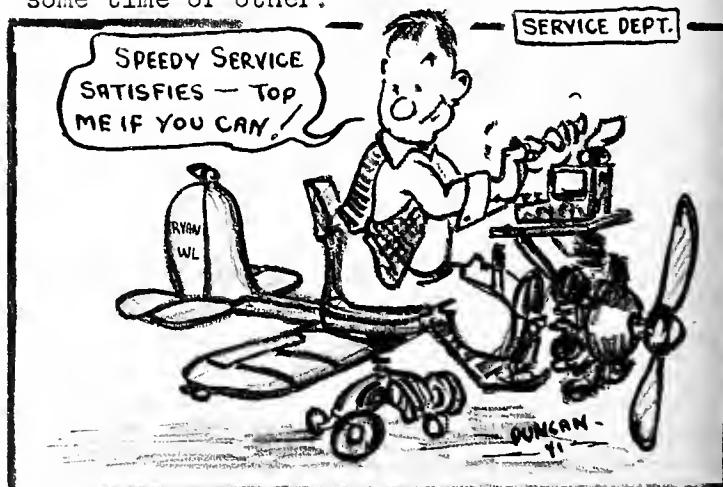
He came back to the coast in 1930 and took a job as production manager in Hawley Bow-lus' glider factory. Next thing you know, he's with the Pitcairn Autogiro Co. in Pennsylvania. There he worked both in production and in engineering. After about two

years things slowed up in the autogiro business and Walter took his only wayward trail from airplanes. He worked in the engineering department of a steam boiler manufacturing company. He blew up at this. (some pun --Ed.)

Next we find him in California again, working for Northrop at the old El Segundo plant. While happily employed on this job, he got a chance to come back to San Diego and his Alma Mater, Ryan. So, in 1934, Walt came back to work for Ryan again.

Previous to this time the first experimental S-T had been built and it remained only to get production rolling on that model. That is where Locke came into the picture. From that day to this, his chief interest has been S-Ts and their successors, including the service detail to "Keep 'Em Flying".

Now for a guy whose wife advised him several times to give up the aviation game, Walter O. Locke has piled up considerable miscellaneous and assorted experience in producing aircraft and such. He says that if all the guys who had been advised to give up aviation had followed that advice, we wouldn't have an aviation industry, and besides we wouldn't have a Ryan Aeronautical Company, since everyone from the bankers down advised Claude Ryan to give it up at some time or other.



Slim Coats'

SLIM'S PICKIN'S

Ah--Thanksgiving again. There will be two Thanksgiving days this year again, but in 1942 there will be only one; the old fashioned kind---that is, the last Thursday in November. The President's switching of dates for the Thanksgiving Day caused a bitter poet to write:

Thirty days hath September

April, June, and November

February has twenty-eight alone,

All of the rest have thirty-one

Until we hear from Washington.

Wouldn't this slay yuh dept: Betty Comp-ton Walker, ex-wife of ex-Mayor Jimmie Walker, "seeks United States citizenship", according to a news item. And of the ex-Mrs. Walker, a British subject, it says, "She did not appear at the naturalization office herself but had her attorney act for her."

Seems to me the privilege of becoming a United States citizen is certainly worth a personal appearance and worth a lot more attention than one gives to squaring a traffic ticket. The importance of becoming a United States citizen should be considered in awarding the privilege. Shucks---this is a lot of preamble for no constitution, so let's start on the news.

Since AL WEBER's car accident his fenders resemble Venetian Blinds, or what the girls would call "accordion plait."

"WEASEL" EVANS: "The horse I was riding wanted to go one way and I wanted to go another."

BUTCH ORTIZ: "Who won?"

"WEASEL": "He tossed me for it." (P.S.- This is no joke.)

There ain't no justice department: BOB HARRIS and his bumpers used to clutter up the place like a prairie dog village in a bowling alley. When they moved, everything was as quiet as an oil burner, and now along comes ED WEBER with his camp kitchen (passivating tanks) which are hotter than the hinges of Vesuvius. BOB HARRIS, by the way, has been suffering for several weeks with an eye infection, so during his absence we will

carry on the feud with DICK GILLAM. Dick's girl, "Brown-eyes" was married last week, and to add insult to injury, she married a Consair man. Poor Dick misses more chances than a farmer at a circus raffle.

LARRY GIBSON: (Far off in rough) "Say caddie, why do you keep looking at your watch?"

Caddie: "This isn't a watch, sir, it's a compass."

We want to welcome the following newcomers to our department: E. O. ELLIS, J. P. HOUSHOLDER, G. F. MARSH and "OLE" JOHNSON from (you guessed it) Minnesota. Plees' ta meecha, fellas.

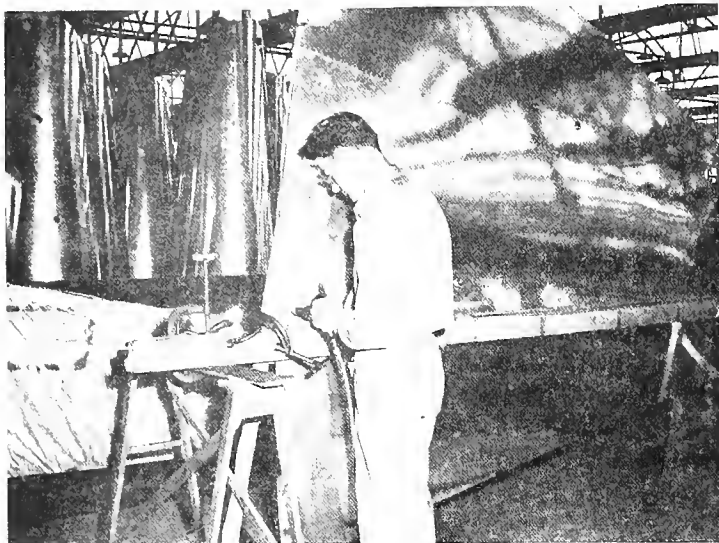
R. SPIKING: "Golly, since I've married, I've lost my five hundred dollar bank balance."

J. V. CRAMER: "Don't let that worry you, you know love makes the world go round."

"SPIKE": "Yeah, but I didn't think it would go around so fast I'd lose my balance." (continued on page 24)



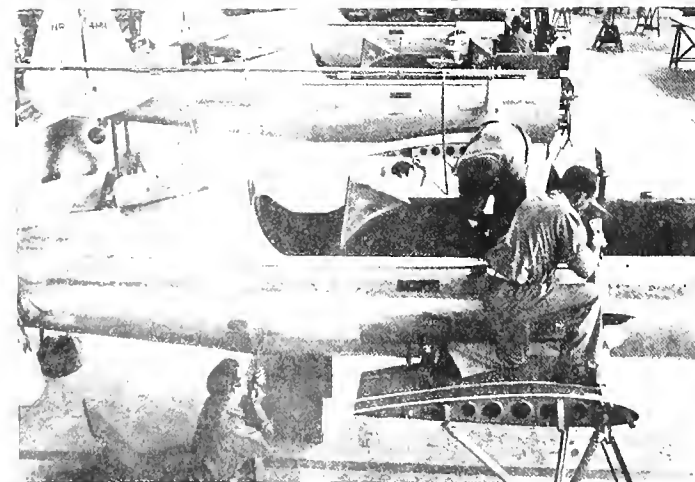
Steps in Assembly



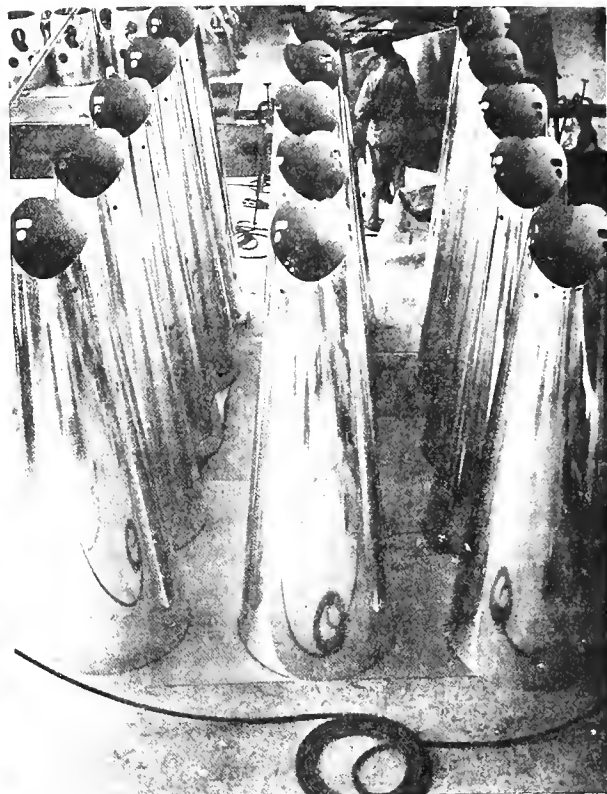
A future Ryan PT-22 trainer begins to assume its first recognizable shape with the riveting of flat pre-cut and pre-drilled aluminum alloy sheets to form the tail cone section of fuselage.



4-1-35 Tail cones were placed in position and the forward fuselage section was attached. The fuselages are now in "front" line.



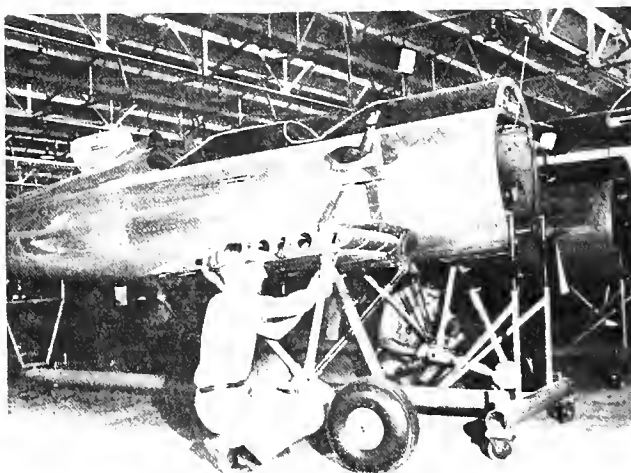
4-1-35 The tail section is being attached to the forward fuselage section.



2-1-35 What's this weird group of bunches of pillars? Tail cones, says for man J. E. Conner, are now "stocked" there for future use just by standing them on end till needed.

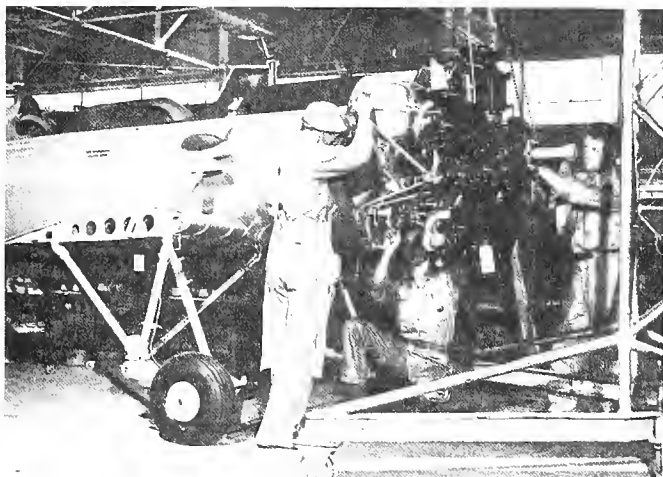
HERE'S THE WAY TO TELL 'EM

Have you, too, been trying to tell the wife and family how Ryan training planes are built? And found it difficult to do without some pictures of actual production work to show 'em? Well, here's the answer - an answer which came to us as the result of a trip through the plant made by Devon Francis, aviation editor of The Associated Press. After Ernie Moore had shown Francis how we build the Army and Navy primary trainers, Devon asked us to have Tommy Hixson arrange a series of pictures suitable for an "over-simplified explanation" which could be easily understood by the layman. The pictures were then sent to hundreds of newspapers throughout the country, - pictures which have shown and are showing millions of readers what an important place YOU have in national defense.



5-1-35 The tail section is being attached to the forward fuselage section.

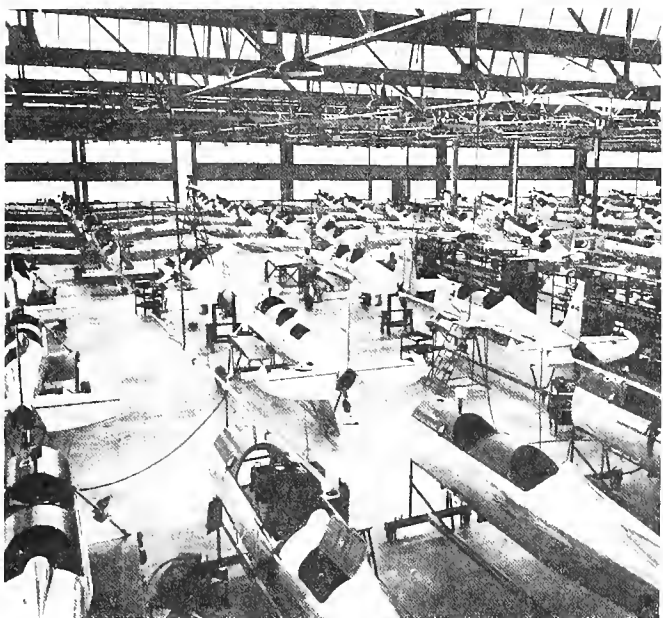
of Ryan Trainers



6 One of the finer five-cylinder radial air-cooled engines is swung into place and bolted to number one bulkhead. All accessories are assembled on engine before it is mounted.

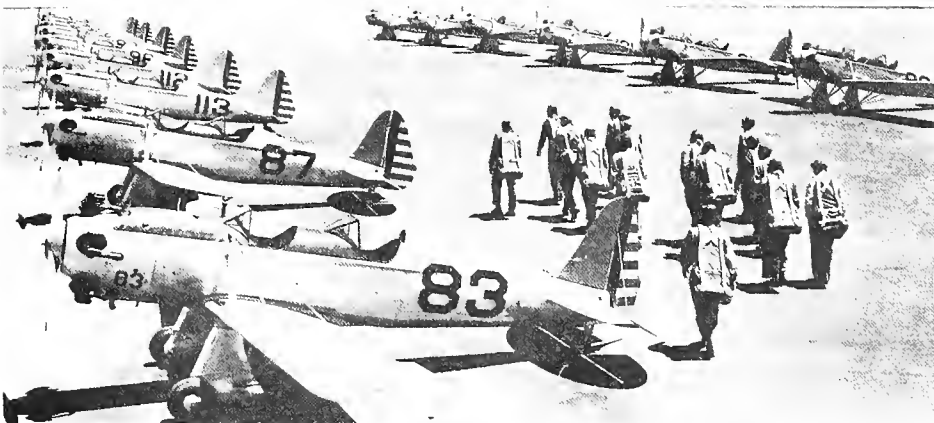
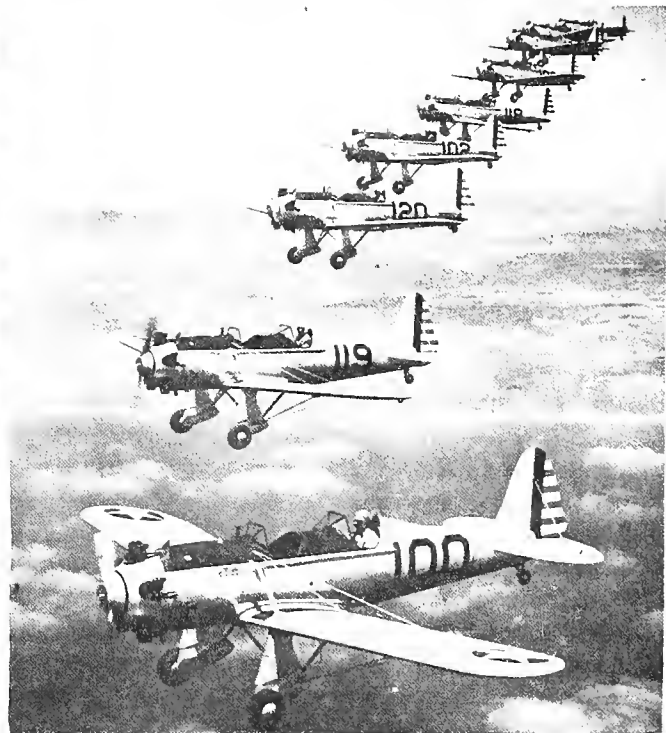


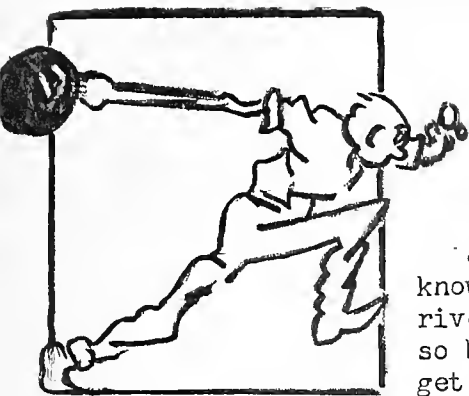
7 While the fuselage has been making its way down the line, Bud Beery's wing men and Carl Palmer's paint shop gang have been readying the outer wing panels for attachment to stub wings.



8 Here's an over-all view of the Ryan production line (since rearranged), supervised by John van der Linde and Roy Ryan.

Joe Rust and assistants flight test every airplane before Army acceptance, after which they are delivered to schools.





Riveting

Just a few lines to let you know that the second shift riveting department have been so busy that they couldn't get a word in sledge-wise. And

what's more, looks like we'll continue to be busy so if we're going to get in the REPORTER we better do it now. (Out of my way, son, out of my way!)

First of all the second shift bowling league is off to a good start. At the first five sessions we had a fine turnout. If we keep up this good attendance and incidentally, the good bowling (yes, I'm bragging), we will have no trouble getting our names engraved on that trophy.

I notice that our floor inspector, BRACKEN, manages to make this sheet quite regularly, but then news is news even if one guy makes it all. Speaking of news, they say that when a man bites a dog that's news and in this case that axiom applies to Bracken.

We all know that there is a state law requiring a red reflector in the rear but when a man carries one in front right on the tip of his nose, that's carrying things too far. He refuses to divulge where, how or when he got it, but here's a little hint---he goes to L.A. every week-end-----All right then, if you don't want me to tell, just stick to your story and see if anyone will believe it.

If you see a flash and then feel a gust of wind, that's BYRON GEER doing his bit for Production Planning. We were going to get him a pair of roller skates but he's doing O.K. with his pedal extremities.

CHARLES BAER, JR. says there should be a law against working eight hours in any one day. Chuck says that if he had his way, we'd come in at noon, take an hour for lunch and check out at one. Some day, Chuck, maybe some day. (Chuck was transferred to the day shift. I guess the night shift got the best of him.)

JOE REDDING and WARREN (better known as "SHORTY") found staring into a cage at the zoo were asked what it was that held them so spellbound. The deer, they replied, swearing that they were the only deer on this continent---and they proved it when they went hunting. The expression on their faces was pathetic but then there is hope---they may get over it. Cheer up, boys, there will be another season next year when you again will be able not to see another deer.

"CHUCK" CHAMBERLIN is thinking about going into the used car business. In the last three months he's had five used cars and is figuring on the sixth right quick now. So far he says he hasn't lost any money on them---well, that is, not much anyway.

The quietest time in the riveting department is about 3:45 p.m. and no wonder---that is the time the girls from the fabric department check out. At first they had stage fright and who wouldn't---one look at the faces in the riveting department and Frank Buck would turn and run like h---. We miss the girls terribly since their hours have been changed.

"FLAT FOOT FLOOGIE" BURDICK has been feeling kind of low the last few days. We know it's something about a girl. Who knows? Maybe he got hitched.

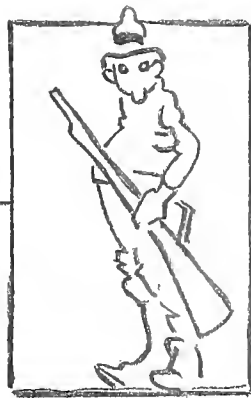
"SLINGING SAM" PINNEY, our lead man, bowled a nice 200 in a league game the other day, and it was high for the day, but he excused himself saying he had an off day. Boy, oh boy---imagine what he'll do to you guys when he's really in the groove. Well, Sam, we'll be waiting.

LOVELL, Captain of the Production Planning bowling team, figured it was coffee nerves when he noticed that every ball his team threw down the alley gave a jump about a half-way to the pins, but on closer investigation they found a hexagonal nut imbedded in the floor. Of course we men in sheet metal got the blame but I assure you we knew nothing about it. It's sabotage---that's what it is.

During deer season DICK GIRD, WARNER "SHORTY" SCHAEFFER and BOB HUGHE, went hunting. They all started out together, but Bob wanted to be alone so he left the rest of the boys. After a while they heard a shot and ran pellmell to help Bob cut up the venison, but the only cut-up they saw was Bob, his face a mile long, with censored words gushing from his mouth. He had missed a 350 pound, four-point buck at forty yards. He might have missed his deer this year but he did get a lug of grapes.

SAM PINNEY, CLAIR SACHS, ANDY

BY M. MAGDICK



FURDOCK, T. KELL, ROSY ROSENBOM, and V. HUMPHREY are the lads who took advantage of the duck season this year. And much to everyone's surprise, they did bag 17 ducks. With a mob of guys like the above, a poor duck wouldn't have a chance. On second thought, maybe it would. Anyway, to those guys who don't believe they got ducks, see Pinney. He has pictures to prove it. And he is just dying to show them to some one.

"CURLY" STILLMAN, one of our riveters (and a good one), believes in the old proverb---"Don't believe a darn thing you hear and only half of what you see." Maybe that's the reason a car sideswiped "Curly"'s on University the other day when he was coming out of a side street. The damage was a mere \$190.00. How's about a stop, look and listen, Mr. Stillman?

BOB GIESINGER has been complaining about the lack of sleep the last few days. We happen to know that it isn't insomnia unless love is a form of it. He mentions casually (?) that his "future" is coming to San Diego all the way from that dear old state of Iowa, (Farmerette, Bob?). Oh, don't bother explaining, Mr. Giesinger, we understand. (Copy boy's note: What do you mean, "you understand", Mr. Magdick? Have you been through the mill yourself perchance?)---But speaking of insomnia, we riveters don't know the meaning of it.

Our bowling team had tough competition when they bowled Manifold No. 3 and none of us can figure out how or why. Maybe it's because RAY MORKOWSKI kept score. (Copy Boy: Don't blame me---I've got to get our team out of the cellar some way.) or was it the 122 pins we spotted them.

The boy who will be getting the bids to attend traffic court will be none other than DICK GIRD who just had his new Dodge overhauled.

We wonder where "DUCK HUNTER" SACHS got the nickname "S.A.S." And why do the boys all flap their ears when they see him?

We welcome two new lads to the Riveting Department---JERRY ZIMMERMAN of Kansas, formerly of North American, and G. ENGEL of Montana. We're glad to have you guys, and you will find out we're easy to get along with.

Bolts, Nuts and Rivets

By N O R E M A C

A woman has two views of a secret. It either is not good enough to keep or it is too good to keep.

"I hope you thoroughly understand the importance of punctuation," said M. MARCO to prospective stenographer.

"Oh yes, I always make it a point to get to work on time."

All of our young ladies should learn to knit. It gives them something to think about when they are talking.

ACE EDMISTON to BILL KELLER as a very pretty girl passes: "Oh, Bill, can't you just imagine her at 1/100, F:6.3 on magnopan developed in micrograin soup and enlarged in a plush-tone black?"

A city and a chorus girl are much alike. A city is built with outskirts and a chorus girl is too.

"Are you a clock watcher?" asked the foreman.

"I am not," replied the man, and was hired.

Later the foreman noticed the man seemed to be the first in line to leave.

"I thought you told me you were not a clock watcher, yet you are always the first to go."

"I'm a whistle listener," said the man.

They now have an apparatus that throws the voice of the after-dinner speaker five miles. Now if they could only invent a device to throw the speaker the same distance, we would be happy. (contd. - page 23)

Blasts

FROM THE FLIGHT LINE

This, as far as I know, will be the first time the "Flight Crew" has been represented in the "Flying Reporter". In beginning, I should like to make one statement---Any reference made in this, as well as following issues, is made in the spirit of fun and with no malicious intent whatsoever.

FRANK "WITH THE LIGHT BROWN BALD SPOT" HANDROCK needs a new pair of specks. Daily assignment of ships as directed by our esteemed chief should be checked as they pass him at the gate. Too many reaching the back line with no gas. Too many kibitzers maybe?

LEWIS (SIX TIMES) KIRKWOOD has firmly made up his mind to keep his hands clean of oil in the future, especially so when tracking a prop. For the information of the kitchen mechanic, Kirk did cut his eye while working on the job and not by talking out of turn.

For the moderate sum of two bits apiece we can buy BILL ROACH a new hat. The one he has should be in a museum. They retire old horses---why not "that hat"? This suggestion will be vetoed by "CHIEF" HANDROCK as the hat is a landmark for him when he needs a cockpit warmer upper.

Where, oh WHERE did "DUSTY" PRETTYMAN ever get that so called "Inspection Scooter"? What powers of persuasion did he use? If

Mrs. Prettyman will inspect her own table or bed at home, we'll bet the casters are missing without her knowledge. However, Mrs. Prettyman, it will have its advantages in that the seat of "Dusty's" pants will remain whole in the future.

We all have heard of the famous fued between the Martins and the Coys, the reckless mountain boys. On the flight line, it's H. L. and J. O. BERRY. The fued between the BERRY boys is rapidly taking on a shooting sequence (for the ten pin). Betting at this point between the stalwart, high heel wearing Texan, J. O., and our exceedingly masculine (even if he does wear a Hollywood hash mark) sailor boy H. L., remains about even. Place all bets with ED SLY who does help with the agitation.

PLEA FOR MERCY! Will whoever puts up BUD SLY's lunch please put more in it? Some of us attempt---I repeat, attempt---to have a snack for a long day only to find that it's gone. After long and vigorous sleuthing, it has been found Bud is the guilty snatcher.

NOTE OF WARNING. For the information of Pilot LEONARD MIRALDI, some of the boys on the flight line have made the statement that "open season" should be declared on some pilots. When are you going to buy a ship. Too many BEEFS. Doesn't your conscience ever bother you?

Service Department Fetes Locke

members of the Department welcomed this opportunity to meet and become better acquainted socially. Several after-dinner remarks were made under the very able guidance of the Master of Ceremonies, Earl Prudden, which informed the group of the various elements including Customer Service, Engineering Coordination, and Field Service, which have to cooperate to make the Service Department work efficiently to keep the planes flying which the company manufactures and sells.

It was most forcefully brought out that "A plane on the ground is of no use to anyone" and the gist of all remarks pointed out that it was due to the efforts of Walter Locke in coordinating the work of all departments concerned, that Ryan planes have the

reputation of being the best serviced in the training program. This same reputation is also enjoyed in the commercial domestic field. As a souvenir of the banquet, and in appreciation of their position in the company, the department adopted new pins with the bold motto, "We Keep 'Em Flying!" and a model of the Ryan ST-3K cast thereon.

Quite incidentally, the dinner-dance was a lot of fun for all who attended! First a full course turkey dinner put everyone in the properly sufficed and jovial mood. Then a round of complimentary speeches marshalled under Earl Prudden's jocular manner! And then an evening of dancing with lots of good music and pretty women! How soon are they going to have another one did you say? Just call the Service Department for information!



A DOPE SAYS

Here I sit wracking my brain (?) for topics of interest to you, and about you Gentlemen in the Finish Department. I hope you appreciate the fact that I am under a great mental strain trying to find nice things to say about you.

For you outside the Dope Shop---any similarity to intoxication in the Dope Shop is purely due to dope fumes. Of course fumes aren't wholly to blame. We're all a little whacky anyway---that is everybody but me. I've got brains I've never even used yet.

You noticed, of course, the beards running around the Finish Department. That is, they were, but wives and girl friends objected after a few weeks so all but one hearty gent shaved.

It seems there was money bet on who would keep boarded longest, but quite a lot of water was backed up when the pay off came. Oh well, you still have your lovely beard, BILL. Some crop too. And by the way, youse guys and gals, if any of you are fishing fans, BILL BEARD NELSON has a nice boat he is willing to take you all fishing in - (for a nominal fee, of course).

As I write I have visions of a beautiful Thanksgiving. O.K., so I had a beautiful Thanksgiving. Here's hoping you did also.

A note to the canaries in the Fabric Department: To improve your vocal renditions, make an appointment with RED in the Dope Room. He's a Nite-in-Gull---he thinks. If you want a truly unbiased opinion, see 6003 in the Finish Department.

Our lead man B. B. is kept pretty busy running between the fabric and dope departments. I think a collection should be taken up to buy him a scooter or sump'n.

If I seem to jump from one extreme to another, don't mind. Being a dope, I'm not responsible.

Christmas, Christmas, you come but once a year---Thank God.

Talking about Christmas---which is the longest time, Christmas to New Years or New Years to Christmas?

There is one person in the Dope Shop that is glad to see December arrive. It seems said person is going to take a ride on the genteel ship of Matrimony. What is that saying, "It isn't the cost (of a wife), it's the upkeep." (continued on page 19)

There are quite a few rumors afloat that the boys are going to boycott GUY BAKER's service station. It seems that we can get gas and oil as required but if tires need to be checked and windshields need cleaning, we have to do the work ourselves.

Conversation between ED SLY and KEITH ROUSE:

Sly: What are you--man or mouse?

Rouse: I'm a little mouse, ----d---m it, how in h--- do you think I got these false upper molars at my age?

How does the mouth full of cups and saucers feel, Rouse?

Welcome BILL THOMAS, pitcher for the San Diego Padres. Take care of the arm, Tommy, we want to see the pennant this coming season.

Will someone explain how one Army man, G. BAKER and one poor little Marine, L. KIRKWOOD, ever found their way to the flight line among all the sailors?

For the information of all men left of the flight crew, from the lowest member to and including our Army pilots, don't feel slighted if your name does not appear here. When and if you ever ERR, however big or small, from now on your lives will be made public, provided, of course, I remain alive after this issue.

Our own little JOHN BIRDSALL
Bought power tools by the roomfull
'Til his wife late one night
Called to him in fright,
"Please, Johnny, don't loiter,
Your thumb's in the jointer--
The end of it's chipping away.
It will start in to aching;
Won't bring home the bacon
And these tools you have yet for to pay.
You walked under the path
Of a red hot salt bath
And burned half your hand on the way.
If you're not careful, by heck,
You'll cut off your neck
On your brand new table saw blade."

MANIFOLD EXHAUST

by manny fohlde

An eminent safety engineer once offered the opinion that love is the greatest SINGLE cause of accidents. We think he should have gone a bit farther and said that if a fellow's in love and is still single, it IS an accident.

Judging from the way SLIM COATS gets around, he must have a bicycle with an out-board motor.

"Is that the chant of the tobacco auctioneer?"

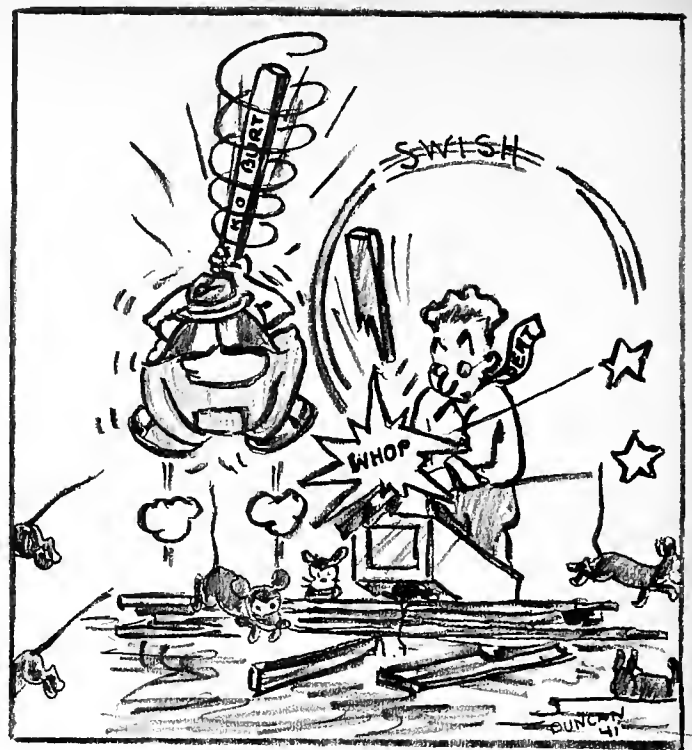
"No, tha's JOE LOVE and BOB GARDNER work-in' up a wager on the week-end football games."

Taxation as a means to stem inflation should begin with factory made cream puffs.

It's been said that ALIMONY is the hang-over of infatuation.

BOB CHASE has the migratory instinct all right enough; --in reverse. He heads north in the dead of winter.

At this point, I find it necessary to resort to a bit of plagiarism to supply the title that is fitting to the yarn, and take it from the name of a well-advertised product that has graced the market for some number of years. "Rough on Rats", seems to be the caption for this tale. To start with, a herd of rats of the large, sea-going variety had taken over one of the wood piles in the back yard by the right of eminent domain. (Squatter's rights to you.) K.O., and we do mean "KO" BURT and J. A. PEAT sized up the situation and decided that reinforcements would be necessary before any attempt was made to rout



the rodents. Drafting a couple of men, our board of experts went about the business at hand with a great degree of vigor. The two draftees drove the rats from cover while the "Club Men" started swinging on them as they came into view. It was a brief and stormy session with Burt having the edge on speed and agility while Peat more than made up for this from the standpoint of accuracy. When finally the dust of battle had settled, it was found that the score stood at ten to nothing in favor of the attackers.

We rather suppose that the victory was not entirely costless, however, as it is an even bet that liniments of various strengths and odors were applied to sore and aching muscles that evening when the warriors hit the hay.

MORE NEWS 'N' VIEWS

admit, a little bit on the Thomas Dewey side but you can't hold that against it. After all, we can't all look like Clark Gable.

It may seem funny for you fellows to know, but in our midst we have a man who really goes out to get the news. If news were dirt (and it sometimes is), I believe he would look like a vacuum cleaner on field day. The only difference between SLIM COATS and a vacuum cleaner is that you can shut a vacuum cleaner off.

"SPARE RIBS" S. C. WAYTE, the leadman in the Hand Finishing Department is having a bad case of too many "ribs". The Hydro-Press is really throwing them out fast,---in fact so fast that Wayte and his boys are having a hard time keeping up. All Wayte

needs is a bull whip and a black moustache to look like Simon Legree.

PAUL LANE, operator No. 5, is the proud possessor of a traffic ticket which he received while driving home one night last week. Paul was doing 35 in a 25 zone on El Cajon Blvd.

The Drop-Hammer boys on both shifts are looking forward to the Golf Tournament between TOM SARICH and MIKE MOYER against LITTLE JOE SKAINS and ADOLPH BOLGER. Tom and Mike were sort of took the last time they played at La Jolla, so will be out there doing their best. Little Joe is riding the dark horse and Adolph says his team will give slice for slice. I never did go in for golf much, but if they're going to have sandwiches, maybe I should go along.

MAINTENANCE

by pat kelly

Just returned from "One Mad Night", and while in the mood, will jot down the impressions. Excellent performance, a vast improvement over the preceding production, and the prophesy that Hollywood scouts will soon find they have overlooked a promising field of talent.

DUSHAUNE and his bull gang celebrated Halloween in grand style in the suburbs of Del Mar. From the appearance of STEWARD, WAGNER, RYAN, and the "DUKE" himself, the sky was the limit. MARSHALL, a maverick, was roped and branded.

Incidentally, MARSHALL is now the proud owner of an hacienda in the beautiful El Cajon valley and it is rumored that he will soon have a house warming with a spot of schnapps for all comers. "EL TORO" JOHNSON, too, is establishing a large rancho up Jamul way.

MILLIKAN, third shift, is a pal among pals, as those who read further will see. Picture a member of the first shift on his day off, sauntering along the avenue and minding his own business, when, from a distant balcony the melodious hail of Millikan dinned in his ears and brought traffic to a standstill. Innocently unmindful of the peril, the first shifter made his way to the sinister balcony and thereby sealed his doom for while partaking of----ah---refreshment, his better half entered a nearby "gift shop" and purchased a winter ensemble which she emphatically declared to be a Christmas present from said first shifter. Moral---be-ware of Millikan, pal. Source of this information, for obvious reasons, will not be disclosed.

Many thanks, BILL WAGNER, for the fine picture of our plane and for the "lift" which was most welcome.

Things are pretty quiet in the ol' corral now, so guess I'd better saddle and ride. So long!

Well! Well! Here we are settled down once more after a tough week-end of moving. Believe me, if you had walked through here Saturday afternoon, you would have thought that Final Assembly was choosing up sides for a battle royal with the winner to take on the Fuselage Department in a grand finale.

When the dust had finally settled and all the noise had ceased, one was amazed at the sight that unfolded before him. It was none other than a new production line, one that everyone should really be proud of.

This change has not only left Final Assembly with an excellent line for production but also it has established a splendid co-ordination with the company inspection and Air Corps inspection. One could not fully describe the new line in so short a space.

However, if any of the readers of the Flying Reporter should happen to come in contact with the line, they could not help but admire and approve of it. Final Assembly is quite proud of it for many reasons, chiefly because of the added space it affords and the time we can save while planes are in production. Things will certainly be rolling along now that this definite form of production has been founded.

Group Leader GEORGE WESTOVER left for Texas last Friday for a week's vacation. Those

FINAL ASSEMBLY NOTES

by jack billings

that are in the know say that George has gone to Texas in search of his heart's desire. Well, George, if that picture you were showing around the Final Assembly is any reason for your journey, you're certainly a lucky fella.

Did you know that ROY "THE STREAK" RYAN, foreman of Final Assembly, owns a seventy-five acre tobacco farm in Kentucky, yet he came to California and the Ryan Aeronautical Company to do his part in this great national defense program.

"You can have your baseball and football," says JOHN VANDER LINDE, supervisor of Assembly, "Give me a good game of soccer." John it seems was a better than average soccer player while a lad in the Dutch East Indies. If you doubt his word, just get him started on the subject. He can show you a dozen scars on both shins.

With a sad heart we mention the fact that WILLIAM "THE BULLET" HOLT, is no longer with us. Bill has taken a position with the Air Corps. Good luck, Bill, the whole gang is pulling for you.


BUD MUNDELL left us last week to go in the Air Corps. Buddie has waited for this
(continued on page 18)

FRONT VIEWS & PROFILES

by Ray Morkowski

TOP NOTCHERS

---by Win Alderson



"OH GEE" ROMIG - The "Gee" stands for Garth which is all right, but that "Oh" is for Orange. Now I've seen everything.

That Orange was tacked on him by his mother on the date of his birth, February 6th,



1877, back in Tuscarawas, Ohio, because, she later explained, of a craving she had for oranges before "Oh Gee" was born, and as luck would have it, they were scarce and expensive at that time and place.

Feeling that that name required more explanation (and I agree with him) he went on to say that his mother was also interested in raising fruit and subscribed to a horticulture magazine published by a man named Orange Judd. Which only goes to prove that if you want a thing bad enough, you're bound to get it---although Romig still thinks she should have named him "pistachio" or "Brazil".

All kidding aside, there may be nothing in a name but you should see his fruit ranch on route #395 ten miles beyond Fallbrook where he raises a variety of oranges that weigh from four to six pounds each. And that's not all. In 1919 when potatoes were retailing for \$2.50 a bushel, he received honorable mention from Henry Ford for raising some jumbos. It was an accident. The soil hadn't been turned well enough so "Oh Gee" instead of burying the cut spuds just laid them down and covered them with sod which resulted in the largest spud at that time.

About the time we entered the World War #1 he went to work for Goodyear and was with them up to 1935. He helped construct those ill-fated lighter-than-air ships "Akron" and "Macon". He learned the machinist trade with the Westinghouse Electric Co. in East Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. He also was in on construction of the power plant at Niagara Falls.

"Oh Gee" finally found the opportunity to fulfill a life-long ambition to visit California, but he stopped in Tulsa, Oklahoma, to earn a little extra cash and he finally got here in 1937. He made no secret of the fact that he was from Oklahoma which was darn near his undoing because at the time California wasn't exactly receptive to Okies.

He claims he wore the hole in the tile at the Driver's License Bureau because of the difficulty he had convincing them that he was here to stay, "Okie" or no "Okie". "Oh Gee" went to work for Ryan at that time in the old plant across the field "when the bay and Mt. Helix were about the same size as now and REX SEATON, DAN BURNETT, 'BUTCH' ORTIZ, BOB GARDNER, ERNIE MOORE and STEVE DEVER were just wee little bits of squirts---and look at them now."

Romig was married in 1901 and has four lovely daughters whom he thinks have trained him somewhat like those Southern mules they used to cultivate cotton, and trained not to step on the plants. He is 5 feet 7 inches tall, weighs 140 pounds, wears glasses that do not conceal his mirthful, sparkling brown eyes and has a head full of grey hair.

After recent observations of a few "Top Notchers" in our company, I believe everyone in this plant can be one too, if he wants to.

The following attributes have been gathered from contacts with DAN BURNETT, JR., GEORGE DEW, G.E. BARTON, BERT HOLLAND, CHRIS MUELLER, CLARENCE HUNT and many others who are on their way "up".

First, a "Top Notcher" is an individual who works for the institution of which he considers himself a part.

He never thinks or says, "I wasn't hired to do that."

When his work is completed, he doesn't leave his bench or desk looking like a map of Long Beach after the earthquake.

He not only knows "how" but finds out "why".

He prizes his health.

He doesn't think of the hours he puts into his job. He thinks of what he can put into the hours.

He is calm, patient, persistent.

He is happy in his work because it is a step toward the work he likes best.

He is honest, frank, natural and sincere.

And last, he is a "Top Notcher" because he has the desire to be one.

And you can be one too.

RYAN

--- more Final Assembly Notes ---

chance a long time and we are all looking forward to seeing him again in the uniform of the Army Air Corps.

BUD SHEARER awoke the other day with the sound of a bugle in his ear. It was quite a coincidence because Bud left us yesterday via the draft call. Cheer up, Bud, it's fellas like you that are going to make this world safe for Democracy.

THE KITE MAKER

by Charles Anderson

For, after all, I'm doing something for defense and while it ain't much, I like it and get paid for working with a swell bunch of folks.

Fer fear of bein' taken wrong I won't sign this if you don't mind, but if you can find it convenient to print it on one of them blank pages you might have, I will be gratefull for the chance to say 'hello' to everyone and thanks for the fine welcome.

A new comer

A. Dope Says contd.

There is another gent who isn't so glad to see December come. It seems his deferment is up on the 10th of said month. Woe is me. Woe, woe is me. I think I'll be sick that day. Don't get me wrong--I'll be glad to go--but my feet don't match--one's a right and one's a left.

Until my next, (you hope not) if I'm not inducted, I remain, A. Dope.

IN ERROR - Somehow, somewhere we went slightly screwy in our editorial credits in the last issue of Flying Reporter. We inadvertently gave credit, or blame, for "Brenda and Cobina" to Lenore Barr, of the Personnel Department. Not only was this an error, but actually, if and when Brenda and Cobina are unmasked, the writers will be revealed as two and not one. So, Brenda and Cobina, whoever you are, our apologies for wrongly crediting the writing of your column to Lenora Barr -- and to you, also, Lenora, our sincere apology for the error. (You see, Pat Kregness, I told you we editors make mistakes too.)

Many a man finds himself behind the eight ball because he spends too much time in front of the high ball.

As this goes to press, BERT YOUNG is in the process of being transferred from Stub Wing to the flight line in Final Assembly.

Some of the boys are wondering what happened to the traffic cop at Laurel and Pacific that the City Manager and the Police Chief were talking about. It seems that they had to wait 20 minutes to get out of the traffic tie up.

CALDER still comes to work at 7:00 instead of 7:30. What kind of beer do they have in La Mesa, SPEED?

We are still waiting for HARRY "RUBE" SCHIDEL to pass out those long-awaited cigars.

MAST sold a half interest in his plane and bought a special-built Pontiac with an Auburn body on it. He drives around in the rain an' all without the top because it spoils the "looks" of it. Anyway, he seems to be doing better with the car than he was with the plane. Who was the brunette driving around with you last Saturday night, Mast?

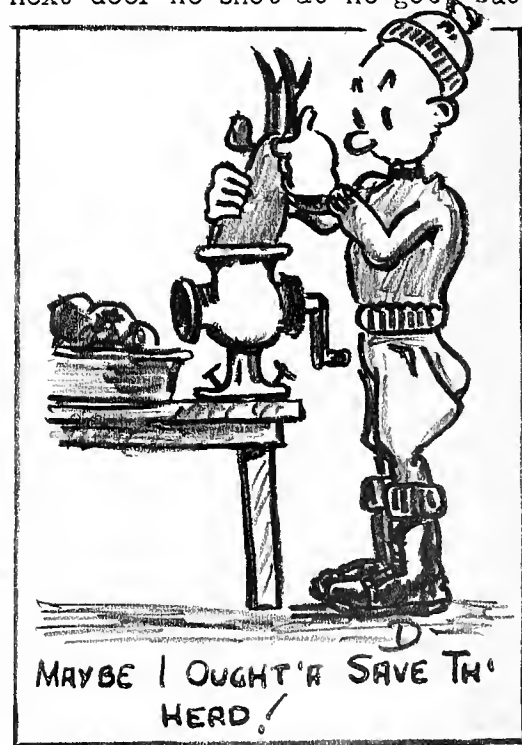
Here's one on deer hunting that sounds more like the truth than most deer tales we hear. R. R. ANDREWS went all the way to Utah and didn't catch anything.

Time Study can't figure out what to do about the time spent looking at "those" pictures on WALT's (KID VULTEE) tool box. You might charge it to Inspection!

MINOR can't get over the fact that if that horse came in just two feet further out in front he would be richer by \$2000.

"WOLF" JOHNSTON tried to horn in on BEEBE's date at the Tower Bowling Alleys last Monday.

Flash! AL JESKE goes deer hunting in a big way. He took six shots at the first deer he saw before he realized that the sights on the yardage business weren't set. But that ain't all--the next deer he shot at he got, but what a deer! It seems that some other hunter had punctured the neck and the deer was slightly underweight. The first shot hit the deer from the rear. Then, after a chase that took him half way through the State of New Mexico, he got a hit on the broadside. A couple of more shots and the chase was over. The story ends--the deer was so much of a mess he had to chop him up for chicken feed. He thinks the taxidermist will be able to fix the head for mounting. It (continued on page 22)



FABRIC HI-LITES _____ by Dorothy Kolbrek

Hello, Folksies, both young and old, this is your repeating reporter reporting. As usual, the weather has us on the run, either for it or against it. Personally, I'm against it. My shoes would make good boats except that I don't have a whistle.

But say, it's nice to have a warm place to work like the Fabric Department. Who cares about old man winter?

I wonder if you all share in my sentiments that somehow we might be able to buy hot sandwiches at noon. Gee! A Hamburger or a Hot Dog would sure go over big at this time of year.

Yours truly went to the Ryan play at the Roosevelt High. The attendance was good; so was the play and so were the players.

We should all have a rarin' exciting time at the Foreman's Dinner Dance on December 6th. I don't mind tellin' you the menu is what interests me.

Dan Cupid seems to be in the offing, but I can't give out with it yet.

ESTHER WARE has been absent for over a week. She has been very ill. STELLA GISH is in the hospital at this writing. We certainly do hope for a speedy recovery for both of them.

BILL SHAINAK is with us again after three months in Los Angeles. Glad to have you back.

This might be a very wild idea but, here goes. I think it would be swell if the employees of Ryan were to have a club where they might play pool, dance, or play cards--a membership club. Perhaps some of the rest of you folks--like my husband and I who like to go places on Saturday nights and can't find a place except a night club that is so crowded and stuffy, and where you have to shout to make yourselves heard---would like to go to a certain place where you know that you will meet people that you know and like, a place where each one would pay monthly dues to pay expenses. What do you think of it, Gang?

For Women Only

Here's what all of you girls have been waiting for: The correct way to give a beauty treatment. In this day and age of burning our bridges and cigarettes to the bitter end, a soothing beauty treatment should take all your cares away.

First, get your victim---I mean your patient---in the right frame of mind. Sing a

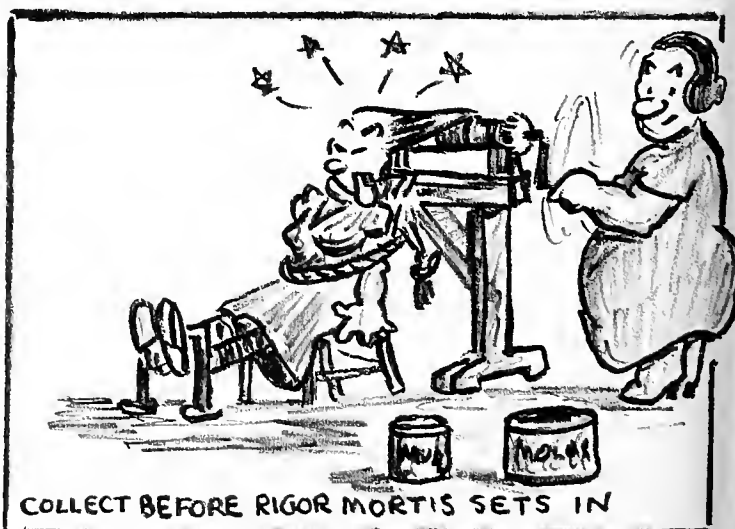
simple little song---for instance, "When You and I Were Young Maggie". Then when she has reached a state of coma, sneak up gently and put a rope around her neck. Tie it around the back of the chair. Next take a couple of good strong clothes pins and pin her ears back. Then grasp her hair firmly in both hands.

If your victim, I mean your patient, will cooperate, have her brace her feet as this will make the result more effective. I've always thought it was so silly to cut hair, when it's so easy to pull it out, and then too, it massages the scalp. If there is any hair remaining, wash it---any good laundry soap will do.

Now here's a little secret that I've learned. It's rather exclusive, don't you know, and just a little on the stuck up side. Instead of using wave set, try molasses. It's not only the color that is beautiful but it has that distinctive scent. When you reach the face, you will have to be more firm as your victim, I mean your patient, will become somewhat restless.

There's no sense in buying expensive Mud Packs. There's nothing in the world as good as good old adobe with a little creosote mixed in. You'll know when you have just the right amount. Of course, use your own discretion. Apply with a wooden spoon, then smoothe with a garden trowl.

If your victim, I mean your patient, still shows signs of life, turn on the heat. I'm just telling you this beauty treatment has made me infamous. As a last bit of advice, you'd better collect your money before rigor mortis sets in. I'll be seein' you.



RYANETTES

by Pat Kregness

Surprised? This column is still being inflicted on you, and after such a beautiful farewell speech, too. Well, now that I'm cutting my first wisdom tooth, I should be able to do a little better; without such appalling results.

We seem to be losing a few of our girls lately. MARGARET TORRE of the Accounting Department is leaving for the big, bad city of Chicago; take care of yourself, MARGARET. Be good, but have a good time.

Although she nearly missed her boat, (but for her they held it)--and taking an aunt and an entourage of 5 Ryanettes--DOROTHY ARMENTROUT was "seen off" on her way to Honolulu (to get married, of course). The girls who went up to the dock with Dorothy were JANE ROBERTS, LENORE BARR, GENEVIEVE BERGATH, BETTY WILSON, and DOROTHY MANNING.

They had a wonderful time, I hear. They got to go on the boat. Incidentally, they were the only people who could do so. Instead of an Act of Congress, the U.S.O. allowed the excursion (due to the fact that there were 400 Australian Sailors aboard). Anyway, that's my guess, but it does sound like fun!

After a lovely Thanksgiving (I wonder when it will be next year?) lots of food, and stuff, (or should I say stuffed?), we're all looking forward to Christmas. Please, Mr. Boss, can we have a party on the day before Christmas?

Lots of people took lots of trips lots of places over Thanksgiving, but mostly to their homes and families like JEAN McNUTT did.

Say are these Ryanettes bowlers? Don't answer that question, but we have a couple of deadeyes. GENEVIEVE BERGATH is no slouch and neither is BARBARA FRY. Both of them are hard to beat. How does DOROTHY MANNING do it? Now that girl has her own private technique, but it sure gets results. We certainly are having fun taking up a couple of alleys one night a week. Why don't some of the rest of you come down?

Unfortunately, PAT "NO-DATES-ON-FRIDAY-NIGHT" KREGNESS, missed the play, but I hear that it was really good and did fit the title "ONE MAD NIGHT". I guess JERRY WRIGHT has herself "typed" now. (She's a character actress.)--and what a character!!!! When are we having the next one?

One of the two unfortunate girls in Production Planning is better off than the other one. MARGARET FUSON got to see her husband for a few days, and then he left right away again. (It was the first time Margaret had seen her husband since they got married.) FLORA SMITH is not so lucky, poor girl. The Navy called her husband away right after they were married and she hasn't seen him for a whole month or more. I don't

think I could be as swell about it as those two, though. Speaking of that part of the office, isn't BETTY HINES' plaid suit a knock-out? I mean isn't it pretty? (for the benefit of the people who might think I was being nasty.) Any chance of getting that suit when you tire of it, Betty?

RUTH BOWEN says the only thing she doesn't like about having the Police Department take your picture is that you don't get any proofs.

"SLIM" COATS (we speak occasionally) was telling me that he was going to ride in a "Rodeo". I'll be surprised if he didn't walk off with all the first prizes 'cause he sure can "throw the bull"!

LORNA WARREN and PHYLLIS CREEL were the two lassies who celebrated their birthdays at the luncheon this month. It was a lovely luncheon at "Tops" and congratulations to the two pretties.

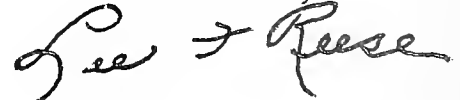
Thanks for bearing with me to the bitter end.

MRS. LEE F. REESE who has been connected with the Air Corps Inspector's Office here in the Ryan plant for the past few months and who just left to make her home in Norfolk, Va., sent the following letter before her departure:

Dear Ryanettes -

I'm especially poor at "Good-byes", so I shall say in this way that I enjoyed knowing all of you so much. It was really appreciated when you took me in as one of your group and my life has been enriched by my acquaintance with each of you.

Hasta la vista,



Sheet Metal

BY JACK D YOUNG

It's my own fault that I've put off writing this article till the day before F.D.R.'s Turkey Day. My mind has slipped below my belt to thoughts of turkey and all that goes with it.

Celebrating Thanksgiving in a big way and with much to be thankful for, will be Mr. and Mrs. HOWARD ENGLER. Howard has recently taken possession of his new home at 4435 Louisiana St. We all hope they'll be very happy with the new surroundings.

Our big, broad-shouldered, 6 ft. 6 in. VIRGIL HUNTINER will soon be interested in a new home. He's marrying Miss Yetta Jean Gershan around Christmas time. The ceremony will be at St. Josephs and will be followed by a wedding jaunt to Phoenix.

We of the first shift welcome EMIL MAGDICK of the second shift with their contribution to the Flying Reporter. We didn't willfully neglect mentioning the second shift and their news--a certain chap was to have gathered some news but didn't.

Seems as how the only challenge our first shift bowling team has had is a challenge from the second shift team. How's about a challenge from another department.

Our Ryanettes have really let a good thing slip through their fingers! Sheet Metal's most eligible bachelor, BOB O'KEFFE has been seen holding hands with a very

beautiful brunette---but she's not a Ryanette Brunette. We don't know what Bob's intentions are, but there's a very definite gleam in his eyes when the gal's mentioned. Every little deduction will help around March 15th, Bob!

If PAUL HOFFMAN dons a mask one of these days and thrusts a motor at you, think nothing of it! He's former holder of the novice foil championship of Colorado.

We also boast of our DON NELSON. Don was one of the country's outstanding midget drivers. His driving took him to all but two of the 48 states in the five years he drove and he has some very fine memories, but thinks some of the new comers should have a chance to hit a few bales of straw.

If all of the other foremen build up enthusiasm for the coming Foremans' Dinner-Dance to the extent ERICH has, it's bound

to be a great function. Having it on a Saturday night will lend a nice atmosphere.

We'll see you there on the sixth of December.

Kite Maker contd.

sounds funny to me, but Al swears that it is true.

It seems that ANDERSON met two dolls on the train coming back from L. A. the other evening and offered to take them home from the station as his car was parked there and he felt that it was only the right thing to do. The dolls accepted and when the train pulled in, Andy gave the girls instructions as to where he would meet them. When he got the car and came back to pick them up, there were two sailors with 'em (SURPRISE)--so Andy obliged and took the girls home and then ran the sailors out to the Training Station--what a man! What a man!

PHILOSOPHY

My intentions are good and my will,
it is strong.

And my heart, it is light, as I burst
into song.

But some slight, though fancied, or cross
look will crush,

And then BOOM, my intentions go way with
a rush.

For no matter how hard I try to be strong,
At the end of the day, I've done many
things wrong.

I toil and I fret and I sweat and I stew.
At the end of the day, there's still lots
to do.

Yes, I guess I'm a pebble on life's end-
less beach

And the circle's not wide of the few I
shall reach,

For I'll never know the impression I'll
make

Nor the trust I'll inspire, nor the hearts
that I'll break.

It's a comfort to know that tomorrow will
come,

But to know that I've failed or I've fal-
tered, there's none.

For today is the day that I'm living, you
know.

What I plant here today, tomorrow will
grow.

--Dorothy Kolbrek

What with Thanksgiving over, this department sure looks bloated. Now we wonder why? Quite a few of the boys went home to Mother and indulged in that longed-for good ole home cook'n. Say, 3,000 miles is some jaunt just for one dinner. Hmmm! Must be a woman mixed up in here somewhere. Sure, you dope, his Mother! Nah!

Just in case youse guys and gals on the first floor of the office are wondering what all the noise on the second floor last week was all about, we will be glad to enlighten youse. 'Twas merely the scuttling of the engineering personnel. In fact you can't even find them in the waste baskets now. It just goes to show you? And don't ask me what!

FRED GREENBERGH has recently contributed to the San Diego treasury the tremendous sum of \$10.00. (The dear soul.) A traffic citation, no less.

MAC CATTRELL claims his hard working brother is becoming a trifle lazy these days. He won't even wash Mac's car. Boy, Mac, that's tough.

Looky! Why is it when a new girl is hired it takes them some months before they get around to this department? After all, engineers could use a couple of female secretaries and beside, what does production planning have that we ain't got? (My, My, such languish!) No, we won't go into that.

----- (one of the attractive young ladies just walked through the department.)

BOB COOPER claims a sarong is something a Hawaiian sings. Personally, we'd rather

more Nuts, Bolts and Rivets

A man arrived home after a night out. His wife was away. He was trying to fit a key in the lock and singing a happy song when a voice from the window above shouted, "Go away, you drunken bum, you're trying to get into the wrong house." "Don't kid yourself," the drunk replied, "you're looking out of the wrong window."

Many a man's peck of trouble comes in liquid form.

If you would get up with the lark, you must go to bed without one.

Engineering

BY J.PARK & B.CLOSE

hear the sarong on Dorothy Lamour. Or, why bother with the sarong? (Hmm, that's a bit off key!)

EARL BRUETER, ED SPICER, TOM DAVIDSON, and LEW DUNFEE have decided that cards can't be trusted. Besides they lost more than money. But look what they had to gain! Cash or trade--boy, what a deal!

Rumors have it that the sign on this department's door will be changed to "smoking Room" as it is frequented so often by those who are restricted from smoking elsewhere. We are dreadfully sorry this is not England or we would have them up for a spot of tea--righto ole boy.

We work by the bay so you all must drop in someday soon.

GORDON RUPP has recently joined the Technical Coordination Section of the engineering department in the capacity of secretary. Welcome, Rupp.

BOB EVANS is back after a week of sickness (?). Which nurse did you have, Bob?

JACK and I have been trying for the last 15 minutes to think of nice thoughts about the engineers, and rather than write our actual thoughts (mmm-m), we intend to resign to the fact that our careers as reporters will be long lived if we leave well enough alone.

A young English girl sent over to this country as a refugee got a job helping out in a music store.

"I want an E string," a customer said one day.

"Would you mind picking it out yourself, sir? I hardly know the difference between the e's and the she's."

A horse may sweat, a man perspire, but a girl merely glows.

I am for America first because I want to see it last.

WELCOME, NEW EMPLOYEES

THE ENTIRE RYAN ORGANIZATION welcomes the following newcomers to our ranks. With their help we'll keep Ryan's a good place to work:

<u>NAME</u>	<u>DEPARTMENT</u>		
G. R. Sutcliffe	Sheet Metal	W. B. Presley	Manifold
D. M. Carman	Tabulating	W. L. Palmateer	Maintenance
L. L. Holmberg	Finishing	J. C. Robley	Stockroom
R. McDaniel	Time Study	A. M. Sampo	Manifold
C. Umansky	Sheet Metal	J. T. Webber	Service
R. W. Egbert	Maintenance	H. C. Blood	Final Assembly
E. H. Dreyer	Sheet Metal	T. H. Carter	Final Assembly
E. H. Johnson	Stockroom	J. W. Wilson	Finishing
J. P. Householder	Manifold	J. E. Sklar	Final Assembly
A. M. Goldman	Inspection	S. B. Gray	Manifold
R. T. Hughes	Finishing	H. Van Zandt	Machine Shop
W. L. Sether	Final Assembly	M. T. Skelley	Final Assembly
O. E. York	Manifold	M. S. Snipes	Sheet Metal
G. F. Marsh	Manifold	G. G. Anderson	Final Assembly
R. N. Rieder	Time Study	W. S. Randall	Final Assembly
O. P. Harlow	Janitor	R. L. Read	Stockroom
W. H. Dean	Plant Engineer	W. D. Hammack	Inspection
M. R. Robbins	Planning	O. Larson	Final Assembly
		W. Shainak	Final Assembly

SLIMS' PICKIN'S CONTD.

Did you know that DAPPER DAN BURNETT was given a write-up in the September issue of the Douglas Airview? By the way, Dan is giving the Plant Police lessons in pistol shooting, at a dime a lesson.

Have you met our movie actors? AL GEE appeared as an officer (and a gentleman) in "Thunder Afloat". And "MAC" McWHORTER, our jockey appeared in "Broadway Bill", and many other race horse pictures.

JIMMIE LARSEN, JR.: "When are you going to play football, Grandad?"

GRAMP: "What ever gave you that idea?"

JIMMIE JR.: "Dad said we are going to get a new car when you kick off."

SUE ZINN tell us that her ideal must first of all be a man--from there on out it doesn't matter. Did you ever ask to see someone in the office, and have NORECE KIRKSEY give you that sweet smile and say, "wadijuwannaseeim-about?" (Slim--Norece is over at the school now--where have you been?--Ed.)

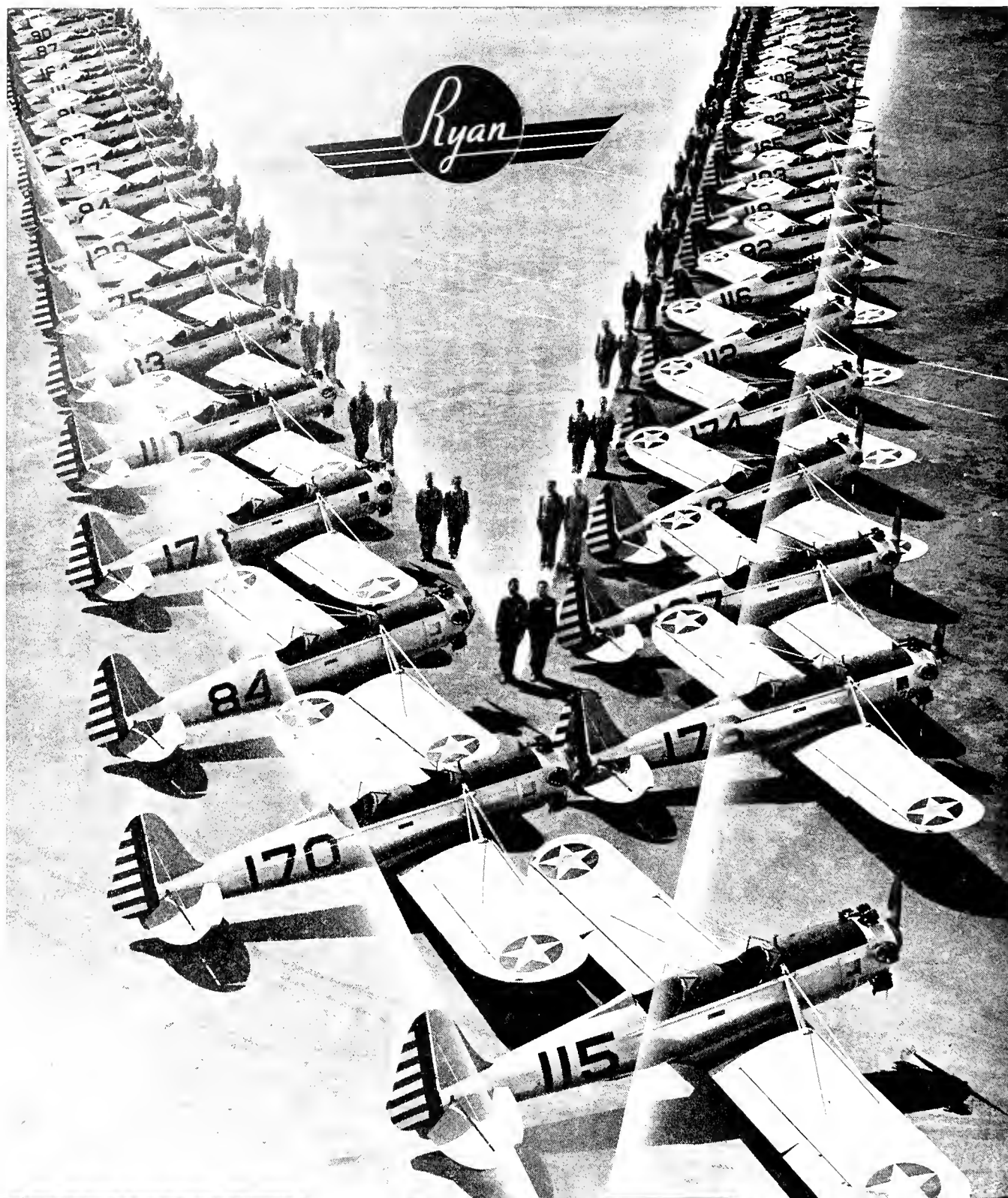
CARL THOMAS finds that by kicking wooden legs he isn't getting anywhere faster than a jacked up truck in a slow garage that's been picketed for a year. He'll tell you so himself. Have you noticed that our new guard A. C. SMITH carries his jacket on his arm all

evening? He won't leave it in the office because he doesn't trust the police. He says it's an old Army game. What about it, Captain NORRIS? (The Captain lost his.)

Tsk, Tsk. H. F. McMAHON playing pursuit ship with a paint gun. That lovely little girl that trips along as tho' the world was paved with fresh country eggs, and causes all of the boys to "eyes right" is GENEVA GRAY of the second shift tabulating department. She's prettier than flowers in the rain, and the only trouble is that after she's gone by, the parade is over for us.

Don't let JIMMIE RUPERT give you that "woman-shy" stuff. He gets up every morning to take his girl to Sweetwater High School, and then goes back to bed. Another lad who is about as optimistic as a cat in an aquarium is JOHN MONROE CAMERON. He's just gone into escrow for that huge sparkler he picked up for Hermaine. JACK HARTLEY showed us a picture of Lila Hayes of Orange, California, whom he hoped to marry on December 1st. She's prettier than a lumber yard calender, good luck, Jack.

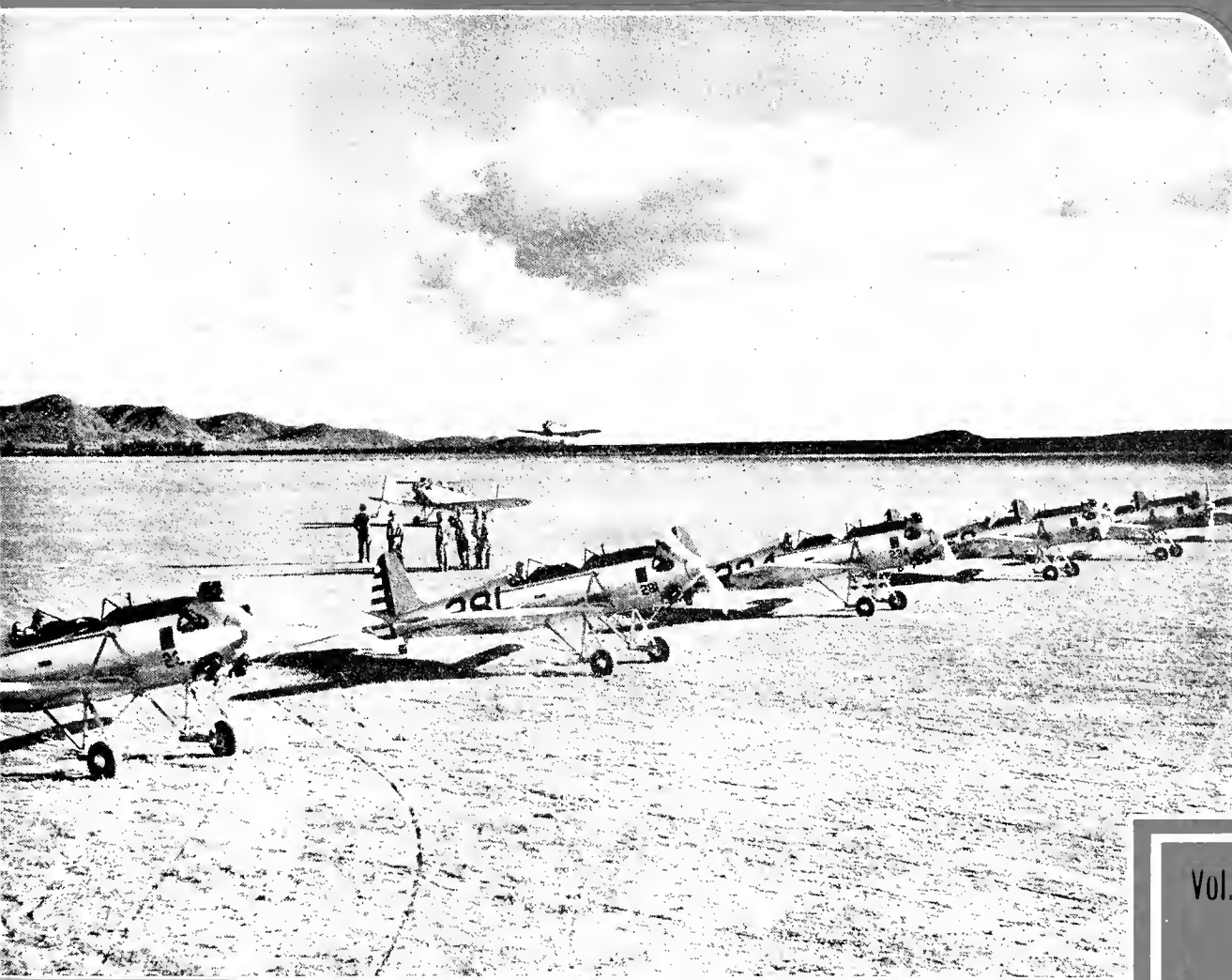
Well, marriage is a wonderful institution all right---and the prospective bridegroom is generally ready for one.



Design for Victory

VICTORY for the Democracies is being speeded by the
VOLUME production of Ryan Trainers for the U. S. Army, U. S. Navy
and friendly foreign governments and their assignment to
VOLUME operations where Ryan planes are playing an important role
in training the world's finest pilots.

Ryan **Flying Reporter**



PUBLISHED BY AND FOR EMPLOYEES



RYAN AERONAUTICAL COMPANY

Vol. 2 No. 10

DECEMBER

19TH

1 9 4 1

RYAN FLYING REPORTER

Vol. 2 No. 10

December 19, 1941

H I G H M O R A L P U R P O S E

This was to have been our Christmas issue with particular emphasis throughout Flying Reporter on the spirit of a joyous holiday season to which we were all anxiously looking forward.

Now all that has been pushed into the background by the world-shaking events of the past ten days and into its place in the center of the stage has appeared the grim reality of war.

But in spite of the emphasis now centered on man's most uncivilized side - killing other men - there remains for America and the Democracies, and for us only, the HIGH MORAL PURPOSE and inward strength which can belong only to those who are on the side of RIGHT.

By their infamy and treachery, America's enemies have in final effect done us great service and themselves an equal disservice - they have welded the nation into a single, determined unit and have given us that HIGH MORAL PURPOSE which we would have lacked had we struck first. That HIGH MORAL PURPOSE can and must be expressed by every Ryan worker in one single, unswerving direction - INCREASED PRODUCTION.

It is said that you can't destroy until you hate. Certainly this nation and we as individuals have every reason to hate our enemies. Then, let us express that hate in the one way which for us can be most effective. We must build so that we can destroy. We can and we will deliver ever-increasing production.

KEEP 'EM FLYING

KEEP 'EM ROLLING





RYAN FLYING REPORTER

Published by Employees of the
RYAN AERONAUTICAL COMPANY
Through their Welfare Department
under direction of
MERVIN MARCO and LARRY GIBSON
* * * *

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News In Views Dick Gilliam
Bolts, Nuts & Rivets Noremac
Blasts from the
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The Kite Maker Chas. Anderson
Time Flies Bill Munson
Comments on the Staff Ray Morkowski
Ryanettes Tom & Jerry
Bob's Bumps G. "Bob" Harris
Plant Police Notes Al Gee
Engineering J. Park

NOTES FROM THE PLANT POLICE

BY AL GEE

The officer who directs you to a place in which to park when you come to work is trying to help YOU and your whole hearted co-operation with him will make both your and his task easier.

Have you registered your car license number with the Plant Police? If not, please do so as soon as you can, as it may save your battery being run down by lights absent-mindedly left on or a radio left playing. This is another place that your plant police department can help you, with your cooperation.

WARNING

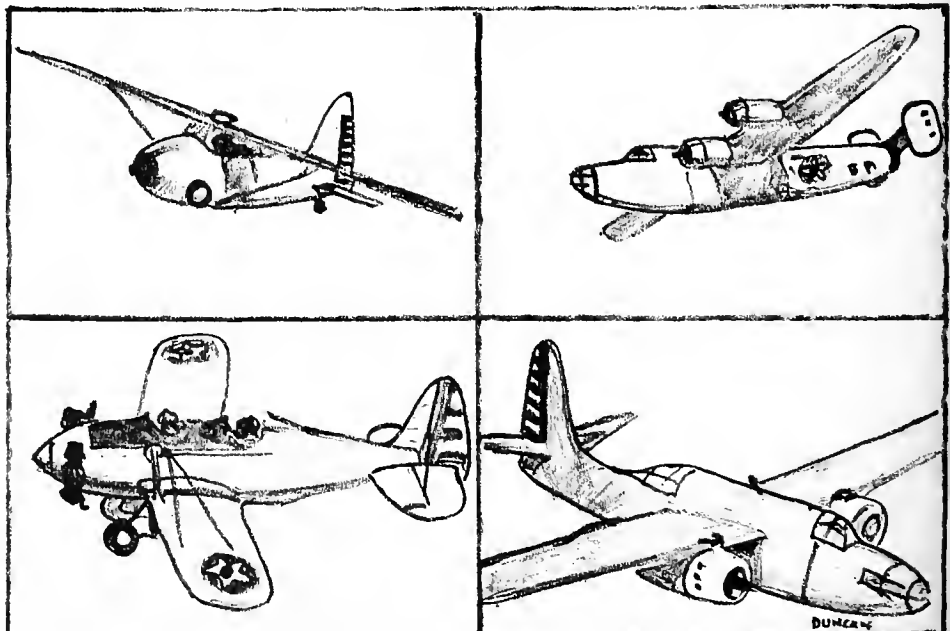
Never be without your badge and identification card. In times like the present, one never knows when one will have to prove his real identity.

DEADLINE for copy for the next issue of Flying Reporter will be 5 p.m. on TUESDAY, December 30th. The deadline has been pushed up one day for this next issue because of New Years Day falling during the time that the Flying Reporter is going to press. If you do not have the special sheets prepared for your copy, these are obtainable through Larry Gibson either in the Tool Room or in the Personnel office.

- PICTURES -

The cover photo of Ryan PT-22 trainers was made at Ryan's Air Corps school at Hemet, Calif.

The beautiful color insert of Air Corps planes has been made available for the Christmas number of Flying Reporter by the editors of FLYING and POPULAR AVIATION to whom we are indebted. We suggest you frame or pin the pictures on the wall as indicated in the drawing opposite. Besides showing our own Ryan low-wing PT-21 Army trainer in full color, this color print also shows the Douglas A-20A, which is equipped with Ryan manifolds, and the Consolidated B-24 bomber.



N.E.I. AIR FORCE OFFICERS VISIT RYAN FACTORY

Two high-ranking air force officers of the Netherlands East Indies were in San Diego recently visiting the Ryan Aeronautical Company factory, where they studied production methods and reported to Ryan officials on the operation of Ryan primary trainers in the Dutch Indies.

Gen. L. H. Van Oyen, commander of the Netherlands East Indies air force, was accompanied on the local factory visit by Maj. E. J. Te Roller, aircraft purchasing agent for his government in the United States. They conferred with Claude Ryan, Sam C. Breder, and WALTER O. Locke.

According to the visitors, the Ryan planes delivered earlier this year are being used for pilot training both by the air force, which is headed by Gen. Van Oyen, and by the Fleet Air Arm which is operating the first Ryan trainers ever to be equipped as seaplanes.

After his visit here, Gen. Van Oyen departed by Clipper plane for the East Indies, where he has now probably resumed command of the Dutch Air Force after an absence of two months. He had acted as observer of war games in the south and east and conferred with officials of the War Department while in the United States.

Our special greetings and thanks at this Christmas Season go to those loyal Ryanites and Ryanettes whose continued interest in writing news and departmental columns for Flying Reporter has made possible the greatly improved employees magazine which you now receive every third Friday.

We could name several dozen employees who have given of their time and effort in order that all Ryan employees might enjoy the companionship and common interest which is the goal and purpose of Flying Reporter.

You who have given your cooperation know without our mentioning names that you have done a good job--so accept our sincere thanks.

THE EDITORS

EMPLOYEE TRAINING PROGRAM UNDERWAY

Since the first announcement two months ago of a company sponsored training program through the home study courses of the Ryan Aeronautical Institute, some 70 employees have enrolled and are now making good progress in their instruction.

Under the Institute program, the Ryan company has arranged to pay half of the tuition costs for employees enrolling for training in

Aircraft Construction and Maintenance, Aeronautical Drafting and Engineering, Airplane Stress Analysis and Aircraft Power Plants.

Payroll deductions can be arranged for those employees interested in the home study training, and it is possible to discontinue

the instruction at any time without penalty or further payment. No down payment is required. These liberal arrangements for the employee are made possible because the company absorbs half of the costs.

Training courses are still available to those who have not yet had an opportunity to enroll and to new employees who have been hired during the past two months.

If interested in the program, a word to Ernie Moore, assistant factory superintendent, will bring you more complete information.

KEEP YOUR MOUTH CLOSED!

These are blunt words all right and we hope they startle you enough to make you read this notice for they're meant in all seriousness.

The country is now at war. It has become a matter of absolute necessity and personal honor that employees refrain from discussing company matters of a military nature with any outsider. Particularly must they not discuss such matters with the press!

It is your and the company's responsibility to safeguard against release in any way or by any means information which has been classified as secret, confidential or restricted.

Loose talk can get you into serious trouble with Uncle Sam. Real cooperation in this matter is vital. How about it?

JACKSONVILLE NEWS

about the base

First Ryan planes ever used by the U. S. Navy are the NR-1s which were completed some months ago and are now in active use at the new Jacksonville Air Base in Florida. A picture of Ryan planes at Jacksonville appeared on the cover of a recent issue of Flying Reporter. Now we bring you a recent newspaper description of the new training base.

- - - -

In little more than a year, one of the world's largest naval air stations has grown out of swamp land on the edge of Jacksonville.

More than \$35,000,000 already has been spent to build airfields, hangars, repair shops, trade schools, administration building, barracks, supply depots, officers' quarters, mess halls, recreation buildings and other facilities.

And at least another \$15,000,000 probably will be spent before the station, under the command of Capt. C. P. Mason, is completed. It sprawls over 3200 acres on the west bank of the St. John's river, part of the site of old Camp Johnson of World War days.

The station was commissioned Oct. 15, 1940, and less than two months later the first group of cadets arrived to begin flight training. Since then about 450 fliers have passed through the cadet course. There are 1300 in training at present and another 200 or so at the station awaiting their turn for instruction.

Officers say the Navy has a goal of 17,000 military fliers with 5,000 pilots already in service and another 4,000 students at training centers.

But for every man who pilots a plane, the Navy must have approximately 10 men on the ground as mechanics, metalsmiths, radio men and ordnance men.

Training these ground crews is one of the most important functions of the Jacksonville station. More than 3000 enlisted men at a time are schooled for aviation ratings of machinists' mates, metalsmiths, ordnance men or radiomen. Each of them already has had elementary naval training before undertaking the 16-week schooling.

Each man is an embryo specialist when he is graduated from the trade schools. At the present rate, at least 9000 craftsmen will pass through the schools in the next twelve months.

from eddie oberbauer

Hello, everybody, especially those whom I haven't had the opportunity to greet and let you all know that I certainly am glad to be back here in sunny California. (Eddie - this reached my desk the day of the last flood.--Sunny?--Ed.)

I had a rather long assignment which gave me an opportunity to see the greater part of the United States. Much of it I had never seen before, so it was all very interesting and educational. Seeing both the Navy and Army in operation with all their different types of planes was something I had long hoped to be able to do.

Of course, after being away from San Diego so long, I really appreciated coming back and seeing all those changes here at the plant and in the city. Some people working here daily do not notice the change, but I can see it after being away so long. It all seems so different--so many new faces that I almost feel like a stranger. The many old familiar faces look good to me, though, after seeing only strange ones for several months. So you can really see how glad I am to be back here in San Diego. With the world situation as it is, however, it might be nice to be in a lonely cabin in the mountains in Montana where I spent several days of my vacation. Outside of being cold there, these days you wouldn't have to worry about blackouts.

But I wouldn't be satisfied anyway. It is so much more interesting to see what's going on.

The production line certainly looks good and makes one realize that our company is doing its part--a part of which we should all be proud.

So many people asked me, "Where is the Florida tan (which they imagined I should have)?" All I can say is, maybe the sun doesn't shine down there very much or maybe it has to filter through so much moisture in the air that it hasn't the necessary rays left to give it to you. It does feel awfully hot though and even Sam Breder can't convince me otherwise. And the fact that I have regained my weight is because of all the Thanksgiving dinners I had on my vacation.

Speaking of Florida reminds me that shortly before I left the Air Station at Jacksonville,

(continued on page 18)

Meet EARL PRUDDEN

BY BOB CLOSE

As Vice President of the Ryan Aeronautical Company, Vice President and General Manager of the Ryan School of Aeronautics, and Vice President of the Ryan Aeronautical Institute, Earl D. Prudden is definitely not lacking in titles or duties; in fact, this accumulation of "alias's" is entirely the result of hard work in the right direction.

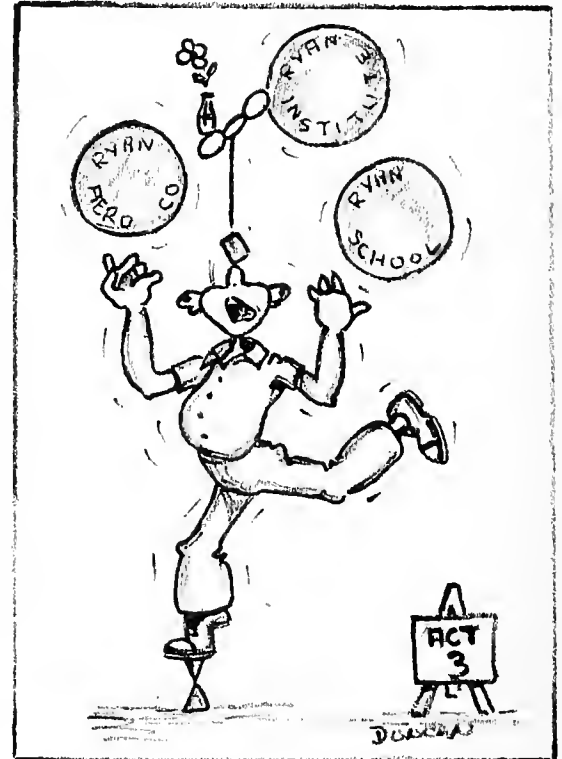
During his early years in St. Paul, Minnesota, Earl received his first interest in aviation, guided by the influence and hero worship of his older brother George. Everything George did, Earl did. George was absorbed in aviation, and built gliders with the aid of designs obtained from British magazines such as *Flight*, inasmuch as American aviation magazines were lacking at that time.

At eight years of age, Earl was selling newspapers in Duluth, and during his high school and college years, added to this experience by the door-to-door selling of household brushes and later, life insurance, all of which used considerable extra energy in addition to the time allotted to his studies. In fact, he learned about life and knowledge the only way or, as he said, "work and plenty of it."

The University of Minnesota took four years of Earl's energy, and rated him a B.A. Two weeks after graduation in 1917, his youthful, adventurous spirit found him in Paris, France, where he enlisted in the French Army under the American Field Service for the duration of the war. He couldn't wait for our country's official entry. He laughs when he tells of the pay he received which amounted to 5¢ per day plus a semi-monthly ration of tobacco. In addition to this he recalls that

A serious loss to *Flying Reporter* is the recent resignation of J. R. Conyers who, because of the illness of his father, has had to move inland from the coastal area to a drier climate. Conyers has been one of the mainstays of *Flying Reporter* almost from its beginning just one year ago. His regular column, "Meet Mr. Blank", has introduced to Ryan employees the company's principal executives in an interesting, humorous way which has made everyone of us feel a great deal closer to them. Conyers has rendered a valuable service. His enthusiasm and hard work will be sorely missed.

This regular feature of *Flying Reporter* is, however, going to be continued under the capable hand of Bob Close, who has heretofore collaborated with V. J. Park in writing the Engineering column. Bob introduced his first interview, with Earl Prudden, with this remark, "My humble attempt to fill the capable literary shoes left by my co-worker, J. R. Conyers, reveals the fact that my shoes are very small and leave empty areas all around when placed inside his enormous boots."



it was necessary to enlist the aid of his parents in the paying of his uniform and passage to France.

In October of the same year he received an honorable discharge from the French Army, and enlisted in the American Army as Private. Shortly thereafter he was sent to a French non-com school, followed by service as a Corporal at Soissons. Two months later he was sent to a French officers' school at Meaux, where he received his commission. In January, 1918 he returned to the front where he was given command of a motor truck unit with the Tenth French Army, the work of which included the carrying of ammunition to the front and returning with engineering supplies, German prisoners and French wounded. Just before leaving France in May, 1919, he was promoted to Group Adjutant of this motor unit.

While in France, he had his first plane ride in an old two-seater
(continued on page 8)

Several months ago Adelaide Smith submitted for Flying Reporter an article appearing in a Honolulu newspaper, entitled "AN ALIEN SPEAKS", and written by an American newspaperman there. Since then it has been held in our files for an appropriate occasion to use in these pages. That occasion has now arrived.

With anti-Japanese feeling running at a high pitch we must not lose sight of the fact that many native-born Japanese are sincere Americans and that they, too, deeply deplore the treachery of their blood brothers.

Two wrongs will never make a right. Let us remember to maintain a feeling of tolerance toward those unfortunate Japanese who, though good Americans and through no fault of their own, may be the subjects of unjust treatment unless there is an understanding attitude on our part.

This article, taken originally from The Honolulu Advertiser, should remind us to pause before making snap judgments without supporting facts.

Tolerance-AN ALIEN SPEAKS

Would that thousands of Americans could have sat with the recently-arrived farewell dinner party, given in a little Loo Loo restaurant by an alien Japanese and his wife for three boys who had been honored by the United States Government with an invitation to serve in the Army. That is just the way they put it.

One of the boys, 18 years old, was the son of an alien Japanese.

With a good but simple meal had been served, the toastmaster, an American of Japanese ancestry, got up and said that on behalf of the restaurant owner and his wife he had gathered in honor the boys who had been chosen. They wished to thank the guests for honoring their house.

He then said, "The father of the American boy, of Japanese ancestry, who has been called for Army service, wishes me to present this speech" (which I quote "in essence"). It would pay every American to study it well.

"We are gathered together here tonight to honor three men whom the United States Government has favored. Among them is my boy. For many years the pineapple company here has given me employment. They have treated me well and I have been able to educate my boy. He is going to serve in the Army of his country. I am proud that he is one of those so honored.

"I am an alien Japanese, and can never be anything else under the laws of America. I am proud and happy my son, who is an American by reason of his birth and on account of his loyalty, is one of those who will serve.

"If the time comes, which I hope it will not, when he has to carry arms against the country of which his father is a citizen, I

want him to do so. He will only be doing the right thing; the thing that any American citizen must do. All of us have our duties and responsibilities. His is plain, and next Monday he will start his service to his country.

"His mother and I naturally hate to see him go, but I want everyone here to know he goes with our full approval. We hope that he will always be a credit to his country and to his parents."

As the chairman read his speech, the father sat alongside, his eyes on the table, listening intently. At the end, he rose and stood quietly while the room resounded with applause; then he gravely bowed and sat down. No one could deny the honesty of his words, nor the sincerity which characterized his entire attitude.

IT'S HARD SOMETIMES--

To apologize; To begin over; To take advice;
To face a sneer; To be charitable;
To admit an error; To avoid mistakes;
To keep on trying; To obey conscience;
To keep out of a rut; To profit by mistakes;
To forgive and forget; To think and then act;
To smile in adversity;
To shoulder deserved blame;
To dispute underhandness;
To subdue an unruly temper;
To make the best of a little;
To recognize the silver lining;
To accept just rebuke gracefully;
To value character above reputation.

BUT IT ALWAYS PAYS.

Submitted by A. A. Jueschke

Slim's Pickin's

Well, here it is Christmas again. I think it was Dickens who once said, "He could tell that it was the holiday season, as our neighbors' party was louder than usual--" Well, Christmas may come but once a year, but we spend the other 364 days paying for it.

Christmas reminds me of the poem by Lydia Child:

"Over the river and thru the wood,
Now Grandmother's cap I spy.

Hurrah for the fun--

Is the pudding done?

Hurrah for the pumpkin pie."

The above was written sometime ago as you can judge by the reference to "Grandmother's Cap". Nowadays the visiting relatives usually spy grandma's new permanent wave as, attired in purple slacks and smoking a cigaret, she stands on the porch waiting for them.

Is Our Face Red Department: Last issue we told you that McWHORTER had been riding in pictures. Plees to be excusing--the man was LASSWELL, as fine a jockey as ever warmed saddle leather. We sincerely hope you will pardon us and hope that Warner Brothers didn't pay the wrong man. He tells us, by the way, that FLOYD BENNETT is the most humane man he ever saw. Floyd once put his shirt on a horse that was scratched.

While we are on the subject of horsemen, allow us to introduce the new "Four Horsemen", "RED RYDER" BECKER, and BUTCH CRTIZ. You don't think that's four? Look 'em over. WARREN CORLEY, JOHNNIE JOHNSON, and CARL RASMUSSEN have been riding every Sunday. Golly, sometimes I wish I could ride. I'm scared stiff of the haybags. I never could understand how an animal stuffed so full of hay could be so hard to sit on.

Heard in the Tabulating Department at end of second shift:

HARRY BCGGS: "How about taking a pair of my shoes up to Pacific Blvd.?"

ELVIRA CURRY: "A pair of shoes?"

Harry: "Yes, I'll be in them."

ELVIRA CURRY, by the way, is that blonde, tall and slender as a minaret on a mosque in Istanbul, very soothing to the eyes, and works with GENEVA GRAY, the little lovely in the Tabulating Department. Really a pair of Queens. All in favor say "Ah--".

Was very much impressed with DAPPER DAN BURNETT'S column on "Faith". It reminded me

of an incident that happened recently. Both AUDREY BAY and NORECE KIRKSEY were on their way to work, and a little bit late. Audrey said, "Let's stop a minute and pray." But Norece said, "No, let's run as fast as we can, and pray at the same time." That's what I like, a practical working faith.

City slicker JOHNNIE COLES, was held up recently in Hollywood, and the bandits left him standing on the corner in his bare feet. SUE ZINN says the only difference between the cutie and the old maid is that the cutie goes out with the Johnnies and the old maid sits home with the willies.

During the recent blackout, we had the pleasure of doing all-night guard duty along with AL GEE's Grenadiers. Believe me, a guard's job isn't as soft as a baby's blanket after all.

Everything started out as smooth as the bottom crust on a pie, and then it turned colder than a beautiful girl's heart, and I finally found out that my cheeks were frost bitten. In fact, I haven't been able to sit down for several days. And then it started to rain--now I can understand why Capt. MORRIS has been pleading for roofs on the towers. Anyway, it was nice of FRANK BENNETT, KENNY PEARSON, and AL GEE to drop around to our post to swap a joke or two. We are now a Westerner, the man from "Painted post".

Well, before we go to the five and ten to do our Christmas shopping, we would like to thank the many people who have sent us the encouraging letters. We didn't realize that the Ryan Flying Reporter was so widely read. We should like to thank the boys of the 75th Material Squadron, the 69th Air Base Squadron and the 394th School Squadron of Keesler Field, Biloxi, Mississippi, for their letters. Also the boys on the U.S.S. Pennsylvania, the U.S.S. Colorado, the Navy Training Station, the boys of Battery A, 52nd Training Battalion, at Camp Callan, and the boys of the Anti-aircraft Unit at Camp Haen.

Thanks a lot, fellows, we appreciate your letters very much. We are a chummy guy and get a heap of fun out of receiving mail. So if you have any ideas about how we can improve the column, we'd be mighty glad to have you
(continued on page 9)

BY SLIM COATS

Every Ryan Worker Is A

more about Earl Prudden

French fighter. Of all places to go, the pilot picked a flight over the front lines. Earl says the only fright he had was learning, after the return from the flight, that the pilot had a grand total of fifty hours to his credit and that this was his first trip since a protracted illness. The French Sergeant who authorized the trip thought the pilot needed to build up a little more time.

After the war, Earl returned to St. Paul and immediately continued to exercise his talents in salesmanship by selling life insurance, one of the most difficult things to sell at the time. In 1920 he and his mother, with whom he now lives (Earl is still a bachelor), moved to Detroit where his brother held the position of Aeronautical Engineer with the Stout Airplane Company. Continuing his selling activities in this area, he expanded his field to real estate and construction, and ended his career in the east as Secretary and Treasurer of a large construction company.

In Detroit his continued association with others interested in aviation aroused in Earl a desire to lend his talents to this new in-

dustry. In 1925 his brother came to San Diego and formed the Prudden-San Diego Airplane Company. Assuming that airplanes would have to be sold, Earl followed his brother to San Diego and applied to him for a job in the sales department. The answer was that the company was in an experimental production stage, and did not need salesmen.

Shortly thereafter, Earl saw an ad in the paper which stated that this same company needed production mechanics, and it was his brother's surprise when he walked through the shops one morning and found Earl manicuring the fuselage of one of the early metal ships -- a job which he obtained through the factory employment office.

Early in 1928, an opportunity presented itself with San Diego's "Pacific Technical University", or P.T.U. as it was known, which served as the ground school division for Ryan flight students. His ability to convince others of the opportunity this training afforded gained him the position of sales manager of the P.T.U. and the T. C. Ryan Flying School.

Those were busy days for Earl with mornings spent at the P.T.U.; afternoons at the Ryan airport on Barnett Avenue; evenings back at the P.T.U. for the supervision of night training activities; and Saturdays and Sundays back at the airport for the sale of courses, passenger rides, and airplanes. It is recalled that within twenty-four hours after Ryan was appointed a distributor for Great Lake training planes, a carload sale of these planes to individual purchasers was made, which was one of the highlights of aircraft sales activities in those days. In addition to his duties, Earl also found time to take flight lessons early in the morning at the airport which gave him his pilot's certificate.

In 1931 Earl was made Vice President of the Ryan Aeronautical Company; and in 1935 he was made Vice President of the Ryan School of Aeronautics, with the added responsibility of General Manager of the latter organization being given him in 1939. Although the activities of the commercial school and the Army schools at both Hemet and San Diego keep him well occupied, he nevertheless has the deep-

(continued on page 20)

A DREAM --- YES, A DREAM WHICH CAME ALL TOO CLOSE TO BEING TRUE -- Just two months ago Flying Reporter printed an article, "Let It Not Be So". It was the story of a dream about an air raid over San Diego. Little did we think at that time how close to actuality that dream might have been.

We suggest you get out your October 17th issue of Flying Reporter and read the article again. We hope that your doing so will serve the valuable purpose of making you realize the utmost seriousness of the present situation and the need for coordinated effort and calm planning here in San Diego in case of actual attack.

In reading the article again we were particularly struck with one somewhat prophetic paragraph - "What queer quirk of the sub-conscious mind had caused me to dream this terrifying experience, which, God forbid, may never come to any American city."

America's Freedom Must Be

Soldier On The Assembly Line

WHERE ARE THOSE PLANES?

Sidney Weinstein, American sailor, has written a most sincere poem on behalf of his shipmates in Iceland, appealing in their behalf for production at home to support the men on America's far flung defense lines. It is so appropriate to the present pressing need for increased production that we reprint its closing verses.

BROTHER, YOU WHO ARE SECURE,
WITHIN THE RAMPARTS, FEEL SO SURE
THAT YOU WILL KISS YOUR WIFE TODAY,
THAT YOU WILL HEAR YOUR CHILD AT PLAY--
YOU DO NOT KNOW THE PANGS THAT FILL
THE HEARTS OF MEN, WHEN IN THE STILL
OF "LIGHTS OUT" EACH MAN WRAPS THE GLOOM
AROUND HIMSELF AND DREAMS OF HOME.
THEN MANY A BRAVE HEART HEAVES A SIGH,
AND ON MANY A CHEEK A TEAR WILL LIE.

THESE MEN WHO SILENT DO REMAIN,
WHO DO THEIR TASK AND DON'T COMPLAIN,
KNOWING FULL WELL WITHIN THEIR HANDS
THEY HOLD THE FREEDOM OF OUR LANDS.
BUT AN UNEASY MURMUR BACKWARD RUNS,
"BROTHER, WHERE ARE THOSE PROMISED GUNS?"

WHEN THE HOUR STRIKES, 'TIS THEN TOO LATE
WITHIN THAT HOUR DECIDES OUR FATE
AND IF OUR LINES SHOULD FORM AND BREAK,
BECAUSE OF THINGS YOU FAILED TO MAKE,
THE EXTRA TANK, OR SHIP, OR PLANE
FOR WHICH WE WAITED ALL IN VAIN
AND THE SUPPLIES THAT NEVER CAME,
WILL YOU THEN COME TO TAKE THE BLAME?
FOR WE, NOT YOU, WILL PAY THE COST
OF BATTLES YOU, NOT WE, HAVE LOST.

ARMY PARADES AIR STRENGTH

Southland warplanes swept off the Long Beach Municipal Airport November 26th in an air parade preluding the United States Army Air Forces' expanded recruiting program.

From Ryan trainers to gigantic four-engine bombers the roaring ships exemplified the growing air strength of America.

Leading the zooming parade was the yellow-winged Ryan primary trainer, one of several flown to Long Beach for the occasion.

Next came Vultee's blue-and-gold basic trainer and North American's Harvard advanced trainer.

Then into the air sped Vultee's Vanguard pursuit and the sleek Lockheed P-38 interceptor, to be followed by the rising roar of the Douglas DB-7 and North American B-25, twin-engine attack bombers; Lockheed's Hudson and Vega's Ventura.

Last to be air-borne were the massive heavy bombers--Consolidated's Liberator and the Boeing Flying Fortress, both four-engine craft.

The exhibition was organized by the Army in conjunction with the Aeronautical Chamber of Commerce of America to acquaint the public with the progress of aerial rearmament and stimulate further interest in the air services.

Newspapermen, press photographers and newsreel companies were on hand to cover the event, and pictures of the aerial review have already appeared in San Diego motion picture theaters.

more of Slim's Pickin's

tell us about it. And if you don't like the column (perish the thought) you can tell us about that too, in your letters, or, if you just feel like letting off steam about things in general, we'll lend a willing ear to that too.

Thanks again to all of you folks, and as we wind up another year, we'd like to extend a wish to everyone, inside the organization and out, that this will be the Merriest Christmas and the Happiest New Year you've ever had. And if you will permit us to paraphrase Dickens once more, "God bless you everyone," cried Tiny Slim."

Won On The Production Line!

NEWS'N VIEWS

BY DICK GILLAM

If BROWN and RAMSEY are going to keep breaking in on this column, I guess we'll have to grin and bear it, but one thing that everyone should know is the true friendship, cooperation, and fellow brotherhood that these two boys created in our department last week. Ramsey asked Brown if he could have a date with his girl and Brown consented. Then Ramsey asked, "May I use your car?" and Brown said he could. Then asked Ramsey, "Would you loan me \$5?" and Brown said yes. Boy, oh boy, if that's not team work I'll sit the next one out.

ADOLPH BOLGER has been off a few days with a bad case of pink eye. I hear there are so many cases of it over at Consolidated that if the boys had longer ears it would look like a rabbit form. The recent rumor about G. RUSH was just a lot of hot air from our oven man W. SCHELL.

Just as a suggestion to the Ryan Dramatic Club--the next time they have a play they ought to book SLIM (PICKENS) COATS. Besides grapple

the normed wimpy he can ride three horses at one time.

Those pretty new gold shirts didn't do the second shift Drop Hammer Bowling Team any good. Isn't it so, boys?

At last some of the second shift Drop-Hammer boys are getting a break. D. HELMS, E. RUSTON, P. LANE, and C. HOERMANN are going to swap shifts with B. EVERLEY, JACKSON, W. BURROUGHS, and G. BROOKS.

SPIDER: Joe, I thought you said you wasn't afraid of anything or anybody.

JOE (SAY NO MORE) ORTIZ: Sure, that's what I said alright, alright.

Spider: Then why did you run when that boy hit you?

Joe: My feet just couldn't stand there while my body was being mutilated.

Flowers in the rain--or just 10 minutes to 8 o'clock--the Drop Hammer boys are glad to see GENEVA GRAY and her pal as they pass thru the shop to buy their lunch.

RAY TREAT plans to spend Christmas with his folks in Phoenix, Arizona. The day shift fire fighters are really on the job. A blaze broke out by one of the small degreasers and before the fire whistle sounded some quick thinkers had the fire out. That's nice going, boys.

BOB DAVES and yours truly picked up a couple of citations while coming to work one day for
(continued on page 13)

To our employers and all Ryan Employees:--
We, the Bumpers, wish to take this opportunity to thank you one and all for the wonderful cooperation you have shown the Bumping Department this **past** year. You have been swell to us Bumpers and if at times we have made mistakes you were always ready to forgive and forget. To help each other **here at** Ryan seems to be the rule.

This Bumping is a nerve wracking business as you all know and if at times we have been too quick tempered or too outspoken, we are sorry and hope you understand. We thank you and wish you all a MERRY CHRISTMAS and a trouble free New Year. Signed--G. HARRIS, K. WOOD, H. FLOOD, JONES, E. COTTON, YORK.

Well, Gang, here I go again. You know I have been thinking Impossible, you say--Well, maybe. But what I've been thinking is what a swell bunch of idiots you guys are. I have never worked for and with a better group anywhere.

And in this national emergency our work may have to be done under trying conditions but I

BOB'S BUMPS BY G. "BOB" HARRIS

speak for all of us when I say that our Government can depend on all of us to do our utmost in any way that is needed. Yes, I still think you are the swellest bunch of idiots I have ever had the pleasure and honor of working with.

Several of the boys have given me news items for this edition but I hope they will forgive me under the conditions for not getting them in. Wishing you all a merry Christmas and a better new year, your friend and co-worker, G. "Bob" Harris.

G. Any men wanting to join the California State Guard, contact Captain Gray at the police desk at once. Capt. Gray can give you a written pass that will clear you through the guard at the armory. Make all applications to Capt. Gray as he has authority to sign passes that will admit you to Balboa.

Blasts from the FLIGHT LINE

BY PROP WASH

Attention to all men of our crew--Final Assembly may well take note. It seems we have a thief in our midst. Not only do we have a thief, but one who combines theft with the ability of a magician. CHARLES "FRIZZLE TOP" MARTIN is missing a sweatshirt. Missing the sweatshirt is bad enough, but the manner in which it was taken is a puzzle. According to Charlie's story he was wearing: 1. Undershirt 2. Sweatshirt 3. Regular shirt 4. Sweatshirt and 5. Leather jacket, all in the order named. Sweatshirt number two in the above is the one that is missing, taken entirely without his consent and knowledge. ROY RYAN has agreed that this matter is entirely beyond the scope of our Plant Police and shall be turned over to the local office of the FBI for investigation.

Extra note of importance for men of the Flight Crew: I have it from well informed circles that our Army Test Pilot, Lt. B. F. JONES, is strongly considering adding to his already arduous duties, a class in higher mathematics. It is believed that he will give special attention to fractions. If Lt. Jones has a certain few men in mind for this instruction and if he will pardon a bit of personal advice, I would suggest the use of a few concrete examples, such as, shall we say, an apple, or perhaps a GALLON of gasoline, divided into THIRDS. Eleven and THREE thirds gallons? FRANK "SIMON LEGREE" HANDBROOK will of course be interested in joining this new class. (Boy, oh Boy! Will I pay for this one.)

Second nominee for our new class in mathematics might well be Inspector A. S. BILLINGS, with his THIRTEENTH month, 24th day. But then Mr. Billings may be one of the advocates of 13 months of 4 weeks each and perhaps his error was only an oversight.

While on the subject of instructors and their duties, it seems we have a new one, who possibly may be a little over-zealous. It seems that STAN STORZYJAK, (boy what a name, I think, would change it to Jones), was given the job of bleeding brakes on a ship and given a newcomer as a helper. The newcomer, of course being anxious to please, asked Stan

if he should save the oil that had been bled from the line. Stan promptly told our new helper that the oil was of no further value since the loss of time required to break each air bubble, BY HAND, precludes any saving of oil.

Personal nominee for the "Liars Club" is HOMER "SPARK PLUG" MULLINIX, a constant wearer of glasses, who reported for work this past week with a cut on the underneath side of his left eyebrow. Story as told by

Homer is that a pair of diagonals slipped, fell, and cut his eye. Since, as stated, a constant wearer of glasses, same glasses being unbroken, HOW, OH HOW, could this happen? He thinks Mrs. Mullinix hung a red rejection tag on Homer.

Why is it some of us have to be dumb and have to slave a full half hour, prior to being checked up on by our flight chief? Recently one of our members was told to get a certain ship cooking. He cranked, spun the prop, and of course (I suppose) let out a few minor cuss words and still no start. When told the ship would not start, our flight chief inspected same and found all plugs undone. J-----d sissy ship, I calls it.

Personal Grievance. It is requested that there be no more holidays in the middle of the week. This past Thanksgiving, having a bad habit of awakening early each and every

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YOUR BOSS

Whom do you work for? The boss? Ah, no! He merely points you the way to go-- he sets us the tasks that you're hired to do. But he isn't really the boss of YOU.

Whom do you work for? The boss of the boss? The company handing your pay across? You owe them the best that you have, 'tis true, But neither one claims to be the boss of YOU.

Whom do you work for? Yourself, my friend. From morning's light till the day's dark end-- And the boss that you finally answer to Is nobody else in the world but YOU.

Submitted by A. A. Jueschke

RYANETTES

by 

I hope you can bear with this column this time, cause we are changing horses in mid-stream, so to speak. It seems as though our heretofore Ryanette Reporter has decided to turn the column over to yours truly. Hope you won't miss her too much, though we will all miss her fine humor and wit.

Now to get on with the news of the doings of the Ryanettes. Things as you know, are somewhat quiet because of the latest developments in these good United States. Smiles are now in order, so let's hope that we see plenty of them.

We have three new girls in Production. Miss AMY JERDE, of Methods Engineering, Mrs. EILEEN BENSON, of Planning, and Miss LORRAINE MARTIN, of Contract Planning. We are happy to welcome these girls in our midst and hope they will join us in our monthly luncheons.

But out of our group goes an equally nice group of girls. Leaving on the 15th to get

married are BARBARA LIPPITT and CLEOLA BOYD. Also out of our ranks on the 15th goes FLORA SMITH to join her husband in the East and BARBARA FRYE who will take up the domestic duties of housewife. We'll miss you every one. But best of luck to all.

The lovelight is glowing in Planning these days. There will probably be fur flying up there when it gets out but it's just too good to keep. Start ducking, Tom. Sorry I can't say more, but you'll just have to read between the lines.

Well, Slim, now you have two women to contend with. Do you think it will be worth it. Because when two of us get together, it is hardly worth a battle, do you think? If the men are all they claim to be we will expect a run for our money. (We've got our fingers crossed.)

Well 'bye now, see you subsequently.

NOTES ON AND ABOUT THE FOREMEN'S DINNER DANCE

BY SLIM COATS, SOCIETY EDITOR, PRO TEM

This is being written while I'm on guard duty during a blackout, with a blue flashlight and the stub of a pencil, so if it seems to lack the usual society touch, don't blame me.

In the first place, I thought the Ryan Foremen's Club staged one of the finest dinner parties I've attended in many a moon. I had expected the usual chicken croquettes, when Lo etc. a huge sizzling steak was placed before us. Wow. BUD BEERY did a first class job as Master of Ceremonies. After the music started there was more action with fewer principals than there was at the Battle of San Juan, so I'll skim lightly over the high-lights.

We should like to thank CLAUDE RYAN again for introducing us to DAN BURNETT. Sorry I didn't catch the name the first time. Mr. and Mrs. CLARENCE HARPER won the prize waltz contest, while ERICH FAULWETTER was trying to find a girl to fit a shoe he'd found. Taking a quick gander around the room, we spotted B. F. HOLLAND, Mr. and Mrs. BARTON, Messrs. MARTIN, CUNNINGHAM, LEONARD, W. J. VANDEN AKKER, WHITEY LEHTO, and Commander D. S. BILLINGS.

Now a good society editor would tell you how the ladies were dressed. "Mrs. So-and-so was handsomely ensconced in pink tulle, with over drapes of outing flannel, tight at the bodice and flounced at the waist, with pockets of flowered organdie, and a bit of ric-rac throughout." But to tell you the truth, I don't know swasette from chenille, so you'll just have to take my word for it that it was about the loveliest bunch of women I've ever seen (and I've seen some). I will say this, that Mrs. JOHNNIE CASTIEN was one of the cutest things you ever laid eyes against in her little "Scarlett O'Hara" dress, and was Johnnie's chest way out to here.

All you had to do was walk over to the bar where LYLE SMITH, E. P. MALLOTT, BUTCH ORTIZ, CAROLYN ROGERS, W. T. IMMENSCHUH were standing, and mention drinks, and their ears would come up like weeds in July. We trailed along pretty close to ERNIE FIELDS as he was packing the dinero for the party, but it did us no good.

Then they started the rhumba. There were eight lessons in the course of dislocating
(continued on page 15)

INCIDENTS FROM EARLIER DAYS

by Velma Dunlap Mann

The motors used in the old training days quite often threw oil and when we girls began to take flight instruction, we discovered it was a good idea to carefully tuck our hair under the helmet and then smear our faces and necks with cold cream; we could clean off the smudges more quickly and look less frightening to newcomers and visitors.

The pilots had already discovered that Mentholatum around the lips, chin and nose was not a good idea. The force of the wind made the skin more tender, more apt to blister, or peel. It was better to use cream or oil, and then use some mentholatum at the end of the trip.

Yours truly usually borrowed a pair of coveralls for instruction flights to protect her clothes. One of the early girl students at the old Angelus-Mesa field (Los Angelus terminal of Ryan Airlines--Ed.) wore a fur coat and the fur became entangled in the unprotected control wires. This caused the plane to go into a flat spin - all the way down. Both instructor and student received minor injuries. The wires were protected after that and restrictions were put on flight apparel.

Jack Harrigan was my instructor. One day when he was absent from the field, I went up with Hawley Bowlus. The next day we were both thoroughly "told off". To change pilot-instructors before solo time just wasn't done;

Velma Dunlap, the writer of this article, was the first Ryanette, being employed by Ryan Airlines, Inc., in 1925 and 1926 when Claude Ryan and his associates, who started business in San Diego in 1922, were operating the "Los Angeles-San Diego Air Line". Later Ryan built the first M-1 mail plane which led up to the early "Brougham" cabin planes and later to the S-T trainer.

bad luck, unethical and so on.

Over a year later, on the field of the Aero Corporation in Los Angeles, I really found out why. I had been taking further instruction from Lee Flanagan and Lee Willie. Then one day Ole Olson was taking us

up. These pilots had been trained in different schools.

Ole intended me to make a loop; the signal, to me, meant an Immelman. I thought we were rather low to attempt one in an old Jenny but obeyed orders. Result: He took over the controls and we hung upside down out of control---just settling down, heads down, over the big water tank at 98th and Western.

I began counting the oranges floating there, noticed the moss, and wondered how it was going to feel, and if I should unbuckle my safety belt and dive in ahead of the plane. Then, for no special reason at all, we whipped out of it and just missed the edge of the tank. After landing, we each went up again in another plane. Then the instructors all got together and made up a set of signals. If I remember correctly, this experience was taken up with the managers of other airports.

Perhaps this was one of the forerunners of air regulations.

RYAN

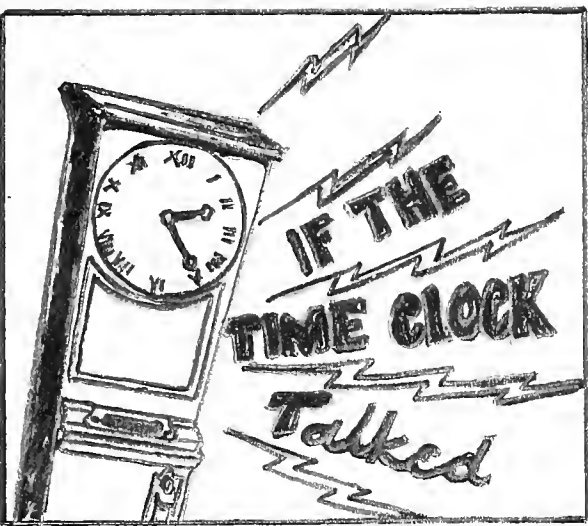
MORE NEWS 'N VIEWS

making too much noise at Fifth and Broadway. Straight pipes are all right if they're on a drain.

In the last issue of the Flying Reporter DAN BURNETT, Jr. had quite a little article on Faith. And right now is a good time to show all the other nations what kind of Faith we have in ourselves and in America.

The Governor of California has called for 10,000 additional men to join the California State Guards. Anybody who wishes to join should get in touch with POSY over in the Shipping Department or come up to the Armory in Balboa Park. The first shift men meet every Thursday night and the second shift men meet every Thursday afternoon at one o'clock.

Well I guess I'd better quit now so I'll close with a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year to everybody.



Every once in a while, there appears in Flying Reporter some comment about how fast one of the boys can make his car travel in second or in third, or a little ribbing about someone getting a ticket for breaking some speed limit.

Perhaps that's what is thought to be a "normal" attitude--most people like to talk about how short a time it took to reach some point several hundred miles away in their car. I'll bet there isn't one man in ten who can answer several fundamental questions correctly about the basic principles of driving a car. To prove it--here are three questions:

1. How long does it take you on the average from the time you see an emergency until you actually start to stop? (In other words, till you get your foot on the brake.)
2. How many feet will it take you to stop your car after your foot is on the brake at 20 m.p.h.? (Four wheel brakes - concrete road.)
3. If a car going 20 m.p.h. hits a stone wall with a force of say 2000 lbs., what will the force be at 40 m.p.h.?

You can get the correct answers to these questions by asking for them at the Clock House.

Recently we found that five times as much time was lost from outside injuries--that is at home, auto accidents, etc.--than from accidents in the plant. Yet it was lost production time just the same. Auto accidents lead the list, and one sure way of doing your share is knowing how to avoid them. If you know the mechanics of driving a car and keep them uppermost in your mind all the time, you'll save yourself time, money and suffering--and perhaps do the same thing for some other family.

Time is short! Let's save all the time we can by avoiding accidents!



comments on the FLYING REPORTER STAFF

by R. J. Norkowski

ONE ON FORTY DOTS CLUB DINNER

M. MARCO on vacation.. Thank goodness BILL WELCH has broad shoulders,--he'll need them

LARRY GIBSON...it will be a cinch to double the floor space in the new tool store. Just replace Larry with someone not quite so bulky

You never saw a guy so vitally interested in anything as BILL WAGNER is in this newspaper of ours. BUT just what do you mean, "manifolds aren't romantic objects". We'll never forgive you for that,---

SUE ZINN who is sincerely sorry when she has to inform us that "Mr. Wagner is not in" but then it is nicer talking to her than it is to Bill anyway.

JACK CONYERS, the greatest compliment to the original is its imitation. (Re, my Front Views and Profiles copying your style), BUT if you don't give a tumble to "Dapper Dan" Burnett real soon you'll have the whole night shift on your neck.

GEORGE DUNCAN's illustrations are just the thing that make us want to turn the pages without reading them. (Oh, I can read, all right, but I do like to look at pictures too.)

WM. J. VAN DEN AKKER, we missed your contribution in that last edition--don't let it happen again.

SLIM COATS, 'nuff said.

RAY LORKOWSKI,--who let him in here?

How the duece did greased lightning ever get a name like C. J. RUST.

When it comes to "Top Notchers", BILL ALDERSON is one you can't leave out.

DANIEL BURNETT, versatility plus.

Service Department would have a time trying to live up to that name if HARRY MAUL MITCHELL ever left.

JOS. G. GROSZEK--that's really covering ground from "Pole to Pole".

If DICK GILLAM keeps dishing out all that dirt, he'll have to change his title to 'Boos and Bruise'.

M. MAGDICK, so you can bowl better than I? So what? So I can play ping-pong better than you. So there!

NOREMAC "Bolts" his food, is "Nuts" about salads and just "Rivets" himself to Southern style chicken. Welcome to the "Flight Crew" and special thanks to "Prop Wash".

MANNY FOILDE, don't cry. Bill Wagner is a big bad man so don't believe him. There is just oodles of romance in you.

PAT KELLY, you sure were fortunate to be able to see "One Mad Night". I would especially have liked to see "JERRY" WRIGHT who is an old friend of mine. Don't you think they might arrange to have some of the many affairs on a day that would enable the night shift to participate?

JACK BILLINGS, thanks for that bit of news about BUD MUNDELL leaving us to join the Air Corps. We join you in wishing him well.

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tips. When PAT KREGNESS, GEORGE DEN, ACE and "DUECE" EMMISTON, Mr. and Mrs. BOB GARNER, and Mr. and Mrs. REX SEXTON all got on the floor they made more motions than a brown bear fighting bumble bees. I soon discovered that the rhumba is broken field running with your brakes on. You hold your hands like a carpenter who has just measured a doorway without the aid of a yard stick. Then you sort of wiggle-foot across the floor, taking a step here and there like a posse looking for dry spots in a swamp! Rhumba music sounds like a knock in a two-cycle marine engine. You get the same effect by throwing a monkey wrench in a washing machine.

DAN BURNETT's dancing was beautiful to see. Sports writers would say "his flashing foot work foiled many massed attacks." He was hotter than a single over second base.

EDDIE OBERBAUER dancing the rhumba looked like a drugstore clerk trying to shake up an egg nog in his hip pockets. I tried it and I looked sillier than a beached whale. We tried several times to get a dance with Mrs. LIMPITT's cute daughter, BARBARA, who displayed more lovely curves than a mountain detour, but we were ruled out by priorities. At the bar, CLEM told me that Mrs. CLEM once dropped a liquor cure in his coffee, and he hasn't tasted coffee since.

Mrs. DAN BURNETT confided that the next time she appears at a rhumba dance she's either going to wear a sun bonnet or a football helmet to keep it from being elbowed off her head. Could I loan you my old Poke Bonnet, Mrs. Burnett?

Personally, we don't know how long the party lasted as we had to hurry home to study our Sunday School lesson.



NUTS, BOLTS AND RIVETS

BY NOREMAC

"BUCK KELLY and Mrs. KELLY sure put it over on Walter Winchell. They had a "bundle from Heaven" last month and Walter did not sense it.----

Girlie: Oh, Doctor, will the scar show?

Doctor: That, my dear, is entirely up to you.----

The auction suddenly stopped and the auctioneer explained: "Folks, a gentleman in this room has just lost \$50.00 from his wallet and offers a \$10.00 reward to anyone returning the money to him." Silence

followed for a few moments, and then a voice called out: "I bid \$11.00."----

A woman was telling her club that every time she got down in the dumps she bought a new hat. Someone made the catty remark: "I wondered where you got them."----

Political orator (getting ready to introduce a candidate)--He is braver than Lancelot, wiser than Socrates, more honest than Lincoln, wittier than Mark Twain, and more handsome than Apollo! Do you know who I mean?--Voice from the gallery: Sure--my wife's first husband.----

The Lord gave us two ends. One is to sit on and the other is to think with. Your success depends on which one you use. Heads you win, and tails you lose.----

If Washington wants to recover all the old metal, they might start with the brass hats, tin horns, pinheads, screwballs, ironpants, crackpots, dumbbells, hammerheads, wire pullers, deadpans and silver tongues.----

BUD BERRY advises us that a person should learn to use manicure scissors with the left hand. "The reason," he says, "is simple. If you lose your right hand, you can do your manicuring with your left."----

WILL VANDER MEER to ED BERLIN: I think I'll get a globe. Things are happening so fast I want to keep up with the news.

BERLIN: Do you want one with Japan on it?

Will: Sure

Berlin: Well, you better hurry.----

A father was quizzing his small son (about seven) as to how he was getting on at school. "Ah, I ain't going to that old school any more." "Why not", asked the father. "Ah, that old teacher don't know what she's talking about. Yesterday she said three and two are five and today she said four and one are five.----

Have you ever noticed that the Lord is mighty good to some people? He compensates those who are not important by making them feel important.----

A doctor says a little honey would keep many a man feeling young and peppy....No doubt! --providing the man's wife didn't find out about her.----

A preacher says women spend too much money on unnecessary clothes. It cannot be so. I never saw any woman wearing unnecessary clothes.----

I never heard of a blind man joining a nudist colony!----

M. MARCO to applicant: "I suppose you know the King's English." "Of course he is, who said he wasn't."----

"Who's the head of the house here?" asked a peddler as he appeared at the home of DAN DRISCOLL. "I am," said Dan boldly. "My wife's visiting in Los Angeles."----

I am told that one definition of petting is to call it a study of anatomy by use of the Braille system.----

He: I think I'll go out and get a bite out of the refrigerator.

She: Wait a minute and I'll go along and gnaw on the sink.----

People have a confused idea of what heaven is like. No confusion in my mind. My idea of heaven is to sit in the rear seat and watch the back seat driver take an official test.---

And girls, it's well to remember that the only girls who leap from stranger's automobiles are those who climbed in.----

Women don't marry geniuses. Of course not. It takes a genius to escape.----

A credulous woman is the one who believes the dentist when he promises not to hurt her.---

I hope the Japs don't sing, "California, Here I Come".

BODY BUILDERS

JOS. G. GROSZEK

With the Christmas season here, I think that on opening our page, it would be well to quote the great writer, Charles Dickens, who gives us the full meaning of Christmas in these few words.

"I have always thought of Christmas time, when it has come round, as a good time-- a kind, forgiving, charitable, pleasant time; the only time I know of, in the long calendar of the year, when men and women seem by one consent to open their shut-up hearts freely. And therefore, though it has never put a scrap of gold or silver in my pocket, I believe that it has done me good, and will do me good, and I say, God bless it."

In keeping these few words in mind, I think that all who see Christmas as he did, usually are the happiest when it comes around.

On the subject of Christmas, many of the boys will find this Christmas quite different from what they are used to. Instead of snow and ice, old man sunshine will come streaming through their windows. Yes, Christmas will be quite different.

REPORTS ON THE ANNUAL FOREMEN'S DINNER DANCE---

On December 5th, the dinner dance sponsored by the Foremen's Club was held at the San Diego Hotel. We are proud to say that the "body builders" were well represented. The hilarity from the first three tables over in the corner indicated that Fuselage was having a wonderful time. Among those present were JORGE LITELL, GLENN SCHROEDER, RED HAZZARD, HAPPY BARSON, WAYNE HANSON, AL LAUBE, EDDIE CARVAJAL, LORREN FARMER and BOB WALLIN, along with their Mrs. and Misses. Also present were Mr. and Mrs. JOSEPH JOHNSON and from the smiles on their faces, one could easily see that they too were having a swell time.

The girl who accompanied WAYNE HANSON was none other than the sister of HOWARD "CASA GRANDE" GUY. It sure is funny how looks differ in that family; she as beautiful as she is and he---, oh well, I should stick my neck out!

JORGE LITELL was so busy directing traffic on the dance floor that he had very little time to dance with the "Mrs." He managed to have the last three dances though, and from what I heard, he is a real jitterbug.

LITTLE EDDIE CARVAJAL, with his "one and only" gave a swell performance on the finer arts of jitterbugging. Jorge should take note.

On closing, I'd like to take this opportunity on behalf of JOE JOHNSON, JORGE LITELL, all the lead men and myself in wishing all a very Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

THE KITE MAKER

CHAS ANDERSON

If you want any ducks cleaned and cooked, ZIOLKOWSKI has a new and different angle. It seems that some friend (?) left four ducks on his front porch. He got so sick cleaning 'em he couldn't eat 'em. So he wished them off on some friends who cooked 'em. They in turn invited him over but he still couldn't eat 'em. Neither could they. They couldn't have been ducks of the "mud hen" variety could they, Dick?

Just because HARRY passed out a few cigars at the Foremen's Dance, EASY NORTH and some of his boys feel pretty much brought down about the deal. But this reporter can tell you, Easy, that unless you're an old stogie man, watch out for those cigars. I about strangled

on one of 'em last Saturday night.

BOB PLUMBER is a papa now. It's a boy. BILL "SPEED" CLEVELAND has his second ticket since he bought that Ford. Bill, you should know better than to gun it with those straight pipes on the corner of Pacific and Market, or were you just trying to find out if the Police Department was on the job.

"BUGLE BOX" CARPENTER says he can't remember anything at the dance except BUD and Mrs. BERRY's expressions when they tried to tune in K.F.S.D. on his "Bugle Box" radio.

After hearing Bud sing (?) some of the boys think he ought to make music his business. That rendition of "Stardust" was a

(continued on page 19)

Time Flies By Bill Munson

The Time Study Department wishes to express their sincere sympathies at this time to FRANK LEMARR of Tool Design in his recent bereavement.

W. A. "WALT" WALKER, Operation Analysis Engineer, left for Santa Monica Sunday, December 7th, to serve The United States Army in capacity of Second Lieutenant. Walt has been with Ryan since April 27, 1939 and he wishes to take this opportunity to say "goodbye" to the many friends he was unable to see before leaving. Certainly this is a loss for Ryan and a gain for the Army.

The recently issued list of employees' telephone numbers and addresses has been a boon to the male members of this Department. There isn't one of them that can't give you BETTY HINE's telephone number - or even call her for you if you insist.

W. E. "WALLY" GERHART, who is well known in the factory as Head of the Times Study Unit has replaced WALT WALKER. Good luck "Wally" and we know you'll do a swell job!

Three of our Department members were determined to see that the Japanese were properly "squelched" so M.C. CAMPLIN, JUNIOR DAY, and JAY SMITH made a wild dash for the recruiting station on December 8th to join the Air

Corps; however, they failed to meet the educational requirements. They haven't given up hope, though, and Camplin is leaving for his home the fifteenth of this month for a short visit and is then coming back to sign with the Army. Day is leaving the 20th for his home, if he can get leave, for a visit, and he too will return to join the Army.

Sorry - F.D.R. has forbidden the further issuance of "uncensored" news - so until a censor shows up - TIME (STUDY) MARCHES ON!

more from Oberbauer

Fox Movietone News was making a two reel short on Navy training of which quite a number of shots were taken of our Ryans on the line, take-offs, and formation flying. So if this movie comes to town, it should be interesting to see. Whether it will be shown in movie houses or only on special occasions as with clubs or dinners, I don't know. Anyway, if you do have a chance to see it, I suggest you do so as it will give you a good picture of the Navy and how our Ryans are working for them.

more Comments on the Staff

Charles ANDERSON, if we keep harping about that cop on Laurel and Pacific, maybe the city will sit up and take notice.

DOROTHY KOLBREK, why all the beauty hints? Your gang don't need them.

PAT KREGNESS, I wish I knew how to say nice things. I'd say them all to you for coming back, and the Manifold boys second shift are backing you. They all got a kick out of the lashing you gave Slim Coats.

JACK D. YOUNG, thanks for acknowledging the efforts of Emil Magdick. You'll soon be hearing from the second shift bowlers.

J.PARK and B.CLOSE twin ignition.



**TERRIBLE TARRY HAS QUITE A TIME
STANDARDIZING TIME IN MANIFOLD
MACHINE SHOP.**

Engineering

by J. Park

Seeing as how B. CLOSE is now in charge of "Meet The Execs" column, I'll have to struggle on without his able assistance. JACK CONYERS has left to seek greener pastures.

I've heard and read considerable "CORN" in my young life but never before have I read such an outstanding example of 100% proof as that appearing in the square on the middle of page 23 in the last issue. JACK may be the wit (and I'm half right) of Sheet Metal, but he'd better pull his neck in ELLSWORTH he'll get shot. Hinnnnnnnn!

I'll bet when this issue comes out every column will have some mention of the blackout. So I'll be different and won't say a word about it. Only one thing—I can't understand about these going ons and that is why all the single fellows up here are in favor of blackout. Er-a—that is, all single fellows including T. F. FEARNE.

All of you, sometime or other, have heard the theory claiming all engineers to be crazy and to substantiate this I will quote FRED GREENBERG's idea of prose.

TITLE: "THE FIVE O'CLOCK WHISTLE" or, in other words, what are you hanging around for?

I bought a wooden whistle, but it wooden whistle.

I bought a steel whistle, but it steel wooden whistle.

I bought a lead whistle, but the copper wooden lead me whistle.

I bought a copper whistle, but the copper steel wooden lead me whistle.

I bought a tin whistle--no, I tin whistle.

So you see, it just goes to prove--what am I saying?!!!

A hearty welcome to PAULER WENTWORTH, assistant to Standard Engineer.

I was noticing this morning most men had their pant legs rolled up. I wish AL JEE would sic his boys on the mouse.

Superman has a cold this morning. Imagine that and guess who I mean. With such a splendid physique it is truly a shame.

Congratulations are in order again and this time they go to RALPH HAYER who is the proud father of baby twin girls (double trouble). Babies, mother and father are doing fine. Boy, what a man! Ryan's papa Dionne.

Has anyone noticed the halo about LEO DUNFEE's head recently. He's drinking only milk now. God, what an existence.

Cheer up! There's still 370 days till Christmas--(1942).

That's all--and don't forget to wear your black glasses during the blackout. Ow! Somebody got cold hands in this elevator?

It's rumored that Sam Greder wired Ralph Hayer as follows, upon receipt of word that Hayer, then in Columbus, Ohio, had just become the father of twin girls.

THIS ARRIVED AND DOING FINE. MORE LATER. SAM

And here's what is reported to be Ralph's reply to Sam's wire:

CANCEL THAT ORDER, TWO'S ENOUGH RALPH

More Kite Maker

Killer, Bud. So was the feather on your wire's hat. For further details, read your favorite newspaper or ask CHARLIE "SNEEZE" FLOTO. It seems that while they were dancing, the feather made contact with Charlie's nose.

MAST is only 5 minutes from a Commercial Pilot's license as we go to press.

BLOUNT has been keeping a secret from us all these months. His Saturday night occupation has been bartending.

"OUR HERO" MORGAN is Wing Assembly's Fire Brigade Leader.

The three Wing Assembly Bowling teams seem to be playing in a blackout lately.

With all these lovely lassies in the Fabric Shop, we can't understand why FLOTO had to "wolf" on all our women. "U.J." (another wolf, last issue) was quite brought down by the competition.

When you get into a tight place and everything goes against you till it seems as though you could not hold on a minute longer, never give up then, for that is just the place and time that the tide will turn.

---Harriet Beecher Stowe

more Blasts from the FLIGHT LINE

morning, I got up, washed, dressed, reached for the lunch box, found it empty, and on calling my daughter to find out why it wasn't packed, was promptly informed; "Why, Daddy, today is Thanksgiving, you don't go to work."

Signing of Non-Aggression Pact, Notice Of: ROBERT "T-I-N-Y" DURR and "Prop Wash" Being of sound mind, have come to the following agreement: In exchange for omitting Mr. R. Durr's name from this column in a glib and slanderous manner, Mr. Robert Durr has taken over the position of Body Guard to "Prop Wash". **All of you have seen Robert pick up and heave around two wing weights at a time, when one throws the rest of you for a loss. Be warned fellows!**

Has the rest of Final Assembly noted JOHN VAN DER LINDE's sox? Why the rainbow would be put to shame at times. Could it be possible that John's hours bringing him to work early, allows him his choice at home before the kids get up? That's the Green Eyed Monster showing up John--my kiddies aren't that big, YET.

Red Letter Day! Saturday, December 6th. Word was received at the back gate to warm up a plane for top boss CLAUDE RYAN. Now when I say Red Letter day, I mean just that. The request came as such a surprise that all members of our crew being anxious to help and please were getting in each others hair. Why even some of the inspectors worked!

While not present at the time of T.C.'s landing, I am told that even a soft-shelled egg wouldn't have broken, had it been on the tail assembly. This, Mr. Ryan, was your first

more about Earl Prudden

est interest in activities on this side of Lindbergh Field, and keeps well informed of all company problems and contributes markedly to their solution.

The policy of this company to expand all phases of its activities has resulted in the birth of a new baby, the Ryan Aeronautical Institute (of which Earl Prudden is also Vice President), as an affiliate of the Ryan School of Aeronautics. Now, it appears that when a man is shouldering quite a bit of responsibility on two separate jobs we generally consider him a good man, but when a man takes on three and really enjoys doing a good share of the work on all three--well, you draw your own conclusions.

Under his leadership the results of the efficient management of the school in the training of young men in the field of aviation has drawn many compliments. This, we feel, is indicative of Earl's ability to select capable

SAFETY MEETING

Thirty safety engineers from all principal Southern California Aircraft Plants met in San Diego November 29th for the monthly aircraft manufacturers safety council conference. It was the first local meeting of the group.

Representing Ryan were Al See, Chief of Plant Protection, and M. M. Clancy, Safety Engineer. A very interesting talk on Industrial Safety was given by Dr. Clarence E. Rees of San Diego. Following the meeting a tour of the local airplane factories was made.

Companies represented were Ryan, Consolidated, Solar, Lockheed, Douglas, Vultee, Northrop, North American, Rohr, and Standard Parachute Company.

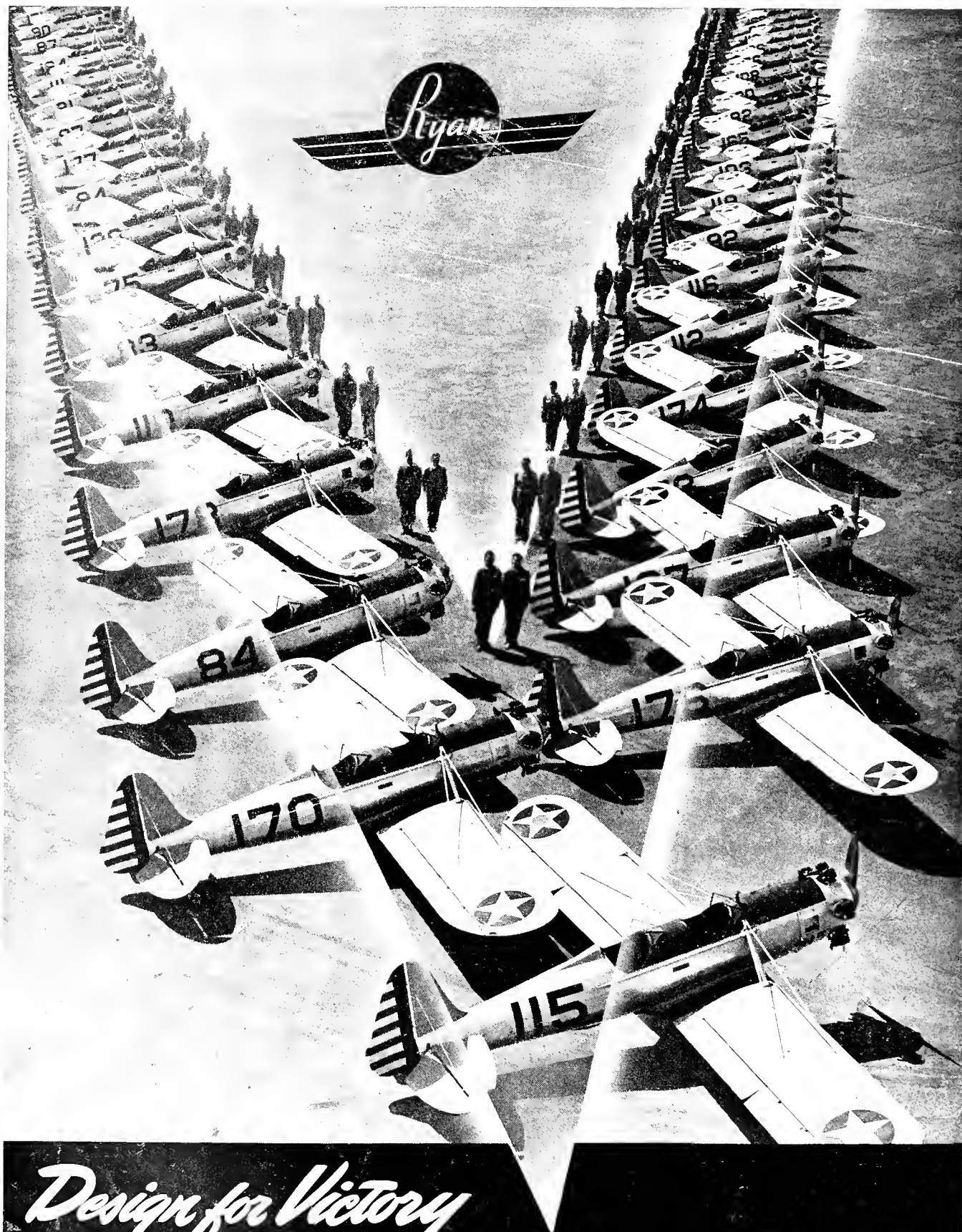
appearance on the flight line in some time. We know you are busy ~~no~~ end, but come out on the flight line soon for another hop.

(Note to "Prop Wash" - When turning in your column, please put the title "Flight Line" on it so we'll know where it's from. Also, let me have your name. We'll continue to run the column by the name "Prop Wash" but would prefer using your name if you don't object. Also see Larry Gibson sometime in the tool store and get some special copy paper from him.--Editor)

men to head the various departments. He has never endeavored to run the show, but is always willing and anxious to give not only the responsibility but also credit to those who head the various sub-departments.

For outside recreation, Earl found time for two years to serve as President of the San Diego Chapter of the N.A.A. At the present time, he serves as Chairman of the Chamber of Commerce Aviation Committee. He also manages to find time to attend the majority of the activities of both the company and the school.

Although the seriousness of the present crisis has finally come home to us, we are confident that Earl's experience in matters of managing under fire will be needed now more so than any other time, for the protection of our interest and indirectly those of our country itself. He radiates confidence and does more than just "KEEP 'EM FLYING."



Design for Victory

VICTORY for the Democracies is being speeded by the

VOLUME production of Ryan Trainers for the U. S. Army, U. S. Navy and friendly foreign governments and their assignment to

VOLUME operations where Ryan planes are playing an important role in training the world's finest pilots.